

*These Are
The Prairies*

THESE ARE THE PRAIRIES

Zachary Macaulay Hamilton
Marie Albina Hamilton

483 900

THESE ARE THE PRAIRIES

By

ZACHARY MacCAULAY HAMILTON

MARIE ALBINA HAMILTON



SCHOOL AIDS AND TEXT BOOK
PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

REGINA AND TORONTO

Printed in Canada

802000002528

Copyright in Canada

School Aids and Text Book Publishing Co., Ltd.

REGINA and TORONTO

This book is dedicated to the memory of my
Father and Mother who, at an age when most
people enjoyed the quietness and comfort of
a well settled life, embarked on a great
adventure in a new and unknown land.

MARIE ALBINA HAMILTON.

THESE ARE THE PRAIRIES

These are the gardens of the desert; these
The unshorn fields boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AN EXPLANATION

Recently the pioneers of Regina gathered for a celebration. Those who had arrived the first year of the Railway were asked to stand. I was able to qualify, and when I looked around I was startled at the ancient nature of the company into which I had fallen. Most of the people in that group were old, and the youngest, judging from appearances, had left middle age far in the rear. Despite the fact that I had been very young when I qualified for the guild represented by that patriarchal company, I had a feeling akin to panic. Until that moment I had not realized how far along the road of life the years had carried me.

The incident engendered a retrospective state of mind and I then felt I had a fairly clear recollection of the happenings of the intervening years and that I might have something of interest to tell. During more than half a century spent almost entirely in the Prairie country, accident or design placed me in contact with people making western history. Where our paths intersected I have made divergences to follow them along the roads they travelled.

In compiling the following pages I have enlisted the aid of my husband whose experience of the West is only a few years short of my own, and I wish to state frankly that without his collaboration this book could never have been written. It must, therefore, be regarded as our joint work.

I would like to express my gratitude to George Stephen of Regina, Clerk of the Saskatchewan Legislature, for constructive criticism, freely given when he could ill spare the time from exacting public duties; to Ivon Burrell, of the Highways Branch of the Provincial Government, for preparing maps showing the landmarks of the country; to Garnet Hazard, Artist of Toronto, for his Frontispiece illustration **THESE ARE THE PRAIRIES**.

With these explanations I submit this work to my readers, in the hope that the simple record of events of a time gone by, may interest people living under modern and entirely different conditions.

—MARIE ALBINA HAMILTON.

Government House,
Regina, Saskatchewan.
March 22, 1948.

This prairie region is very young. There are people still living who can remember when it was almost an unknown land—when buffalo herds thronged the prairie pastures, when Indian bands rode on tribal wars and “The Prairies” were marked by map makers as part of the “Great North American Desert”. Sixty years ago explorers and agricultural experts were still debating whether it were possible to produce cereal crops from the prairie soil, and if summer frosts would permit even the hardiest plants to survive.

The changes have been tremendous and having occurred before our eyes, perhaps, may have lost some of their significance. History—mighty history—was in the making, but much of it lacked an interpreter.

And now, we have here a book that may fill a long felt want. The Authors have lived long in the West. They have seen “The Prairies” emerge from the shadows of time, to become one of the greatest productive regions of the continent; they have travelled the rutted trails of the pioneers; experienced seasons of crop failures and discouragement, succeeded by periods of production and prosperity, and have had personal contact with people important in every phase of life of the country. They have a tale to tell, and they do it simply without stage setting or artifice. They travel the paths of the years and tell of their fellow wayfarers.

This book makes no pretensions of being history, and yet it contains much authentic history in its pages. It is neither fiction nor romance; yet it shows that the western stage may be set for incidents as dramatic as anything in Canada's story. In a word, it is a simple record of other days in this, our western land, told with sincerity not to be denied.

R. J. M. PARKER,
Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan.

“These Are The Prairies”

Contents

	Page		Page
The First Days of Regina.....	11	Major Montgomery—A Forty-	
Choosing the Prairie Capital.....	12	Niner.....	135
Plans to Settle the Wilderness....	13	How Tom Hourie Carried Des-	
Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Lieutenant-		patches.....	138
Governor.....	16	First Expedition of the North	
Story of the Pile o' Bones.....	17	West Mounted Police.....	143
The First Settler on the Townsite	20	The Young R. B. Bennett.....	146
Patriotic Pioneers.....	20	Life in a Cow Town.....	152
Buffalo Meat.....	24	The Mormons in Alberta.....	155
Nicholas Flood Davin, and the		A Daughter of Brigham Young...	155
Leader.....	25	The Big Cattle Outfits.....	159
Jean Louis Legaré and the War		Christmas Eve, 1900.....	163
Chief Sitting Bull....	26	Mr. Tomlinson of The Herald....	163
Sanctuary Claimed from the Queen	29	Paddy Nolan.....	165
Major Walsh and the Sioux.....	30	Bob Edwards and his Character-	
Father Hugonard and Sitting Bull	33	istics.....	169
The Final Surrender of the Sioux	35	The Hound of Calgary.....	178
Archbishop Taché.....	46	King of the Cattle Country.....	184
The Qu'Appelle Mission.....	46	Glen Campbell, Tom Three Per-	
An Interrupted Tea-Party.....	50	sons and a Friend of the Indians	188
Causes of Rebellion.....	53	Father Lacombe.....	190
British Government Opposed to		Royal Visitors.....	195
Execution of Riel.....	57	Geese Squadrons in the Qu'Appelle	199
The Last Melancholy Day of the		Nicholas Flood Davin.....	205
Rebel Leader.....	58	Political Persecution.....	209
First Years in Regina.....	61	The Rumbling of the Land Boom	211
The North West Mounted Police	67	C. W. Speers.....	213
Prince Albert the First White		The Saskatchewan Valley Land	
Settlement in the Saskatchewan		Company.....	215
Country.....	71	The Barr Colony.....	220
The Almighty Voice Story.....	74	Doukhobors.....	229
Captain Allen and the Outlaw....	75	Rustlers of the Range.....	233
The Great MacKays.....	79	The Willow Bunch Giants.....	236
Trouble at Cut-Knife Hill.....	83	The Lawyer and the Horse Thief	242
A Prairie Romance.....	87	Death of an Outlaw.....	250
Texas Longhorns.....	95	West of the Saskatchewan River	253
Round-Up Outfits.....	96	The First Days of Saskatoon....	259
Coming of the Grey Wolves.....	99	Provincial Establishment.....	266
The Métis Folk.....	106	An Ocean Tragedy.....	269
Old Wives' Lake.....	109	New Great at the Council Board	270
A Matriarch of the Plains.....	111	Richard Bedford Bennett.....	272
Father LaPlèche and the Sioux...	112	Sir Frederick Haultain and His	
Old Wood Mountain.....	121	Times.....	273
The Hamilton Family.....	123		
Lawrence Herchmer of the North			
West Mounted Police.....	129		

List of Illustrations

for "These Are The Prairies"

	Page
"These Are The Prairies" — Frontispiece	
Map of the Prairie Country in 1882	16
Jean Louis Legaré, the Friend of Sitting Bull	26
Sioux Chiefs	28
Monument to Father Hugonard at the Indian Industrial School in the Qu'Appelle Valley	39
The Qu'Appelle Valley	43
Killers of the Range	100
Monarch of the Plains	108
Diamond Jubilee Contingent of the North West Mounted Police	127
Father Lacombe	191
Wild Geese	200
Map of Federal Constituency of Western Assiniboia ...	208
Ourselves, 1902. (Mr. and Mrs. Z. M. Hamilton)	211
Map Showing Points Affected by the Great Colonization Movement of 1902	216
Pascal Bonneau, Equipped to Take the Trail of the Outlaws	240
Marie Albina Hamilton, 1905. (Mrs. Z. M. Hamilton) ..	276



de la Vérendrye, the first white man of whom we have authentic record to
see the Great Western Plains, December, 1738.

THESE ARE THE PRAIRIES



CHAPTER I

THE FIRST DAYS OF REGINA — (THE CAMPING PLACE OF SITTING BULL) — CHOOSING THE PRAIRIE CAPITAL — (AN INDIAN CARAVAN — WAGON WHEELS) — PLANS TO SETTLE THE WILDERNESS — THE FIRST PATHFINDERS FROM FRENCH CANADA — LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DEWDNEY — THE STORY OF "THE PILE O' BONES" — FIRST SETTLER ON THE TOWNSITE — PATRIOTIC PIONEERS — THE FIRST WINTER — BUFFALO MEAT.

My first recollection of Regina was in the early summer of 1882. I was only four years old, but the picture then presented, emerges from the mists of childhood as clearly as if it had been seen yesterday. A few weeks previously there had been no Regina, no railway and not more than half a dozen people in the vicinity; and only a few days had elapsed since Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney had caused notices to be posted reserving land for townsite purposes. These notices, dated June 30th, 1882, indicated that the Government had finally decided upon the Pile o' Bones location for the new Capital of the North West Territories.

The previous summer the Crossing of the Pile o' Bones Creek had been the camping place for a night of the Sioux War Chief Sitting Bull and his wild horsemen on their last despairing journey from Fort Qu'Appelle to Wood Mountain.

To my childish eyes the scene was strange. There were no permanent habitations—nothing but a few tents. Horses were out on picket lines, wagons and camp paraphernalia were scattered around; men in high boots and wide hats were unloading wagons of the barest camp essentials and one or two women were tending fires in the open and engaging in very primitive cooking. Except ourselves there were no children.

From our little elevation we could see to the eastward my father's workmen as busy as ants with pick and shovel, horses and scrapers, adding with furious activity to the grade that, like a great brown snake, was steadily uncoiling its sinuous length. Behind them were white plumes of smoke from construction engines. All around the prairie lay flat. It was not a bit like the land from which we had come where there were trees and rivers and lakes. It seemed to a little girl as if we were in a new and naked land.

The little tented village, occupied by the first arrivals, was situated on a small hill—almost the only elevation in sight—overlooking the Creek where there is now a bridge

at the western extension of 13th Avenue. It was the camp site selected by T. S. Gore, a Dominion land surveyor who, with two or three young men, had been early on the scene, probably on account of information received from Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, who employed Gore to run lines and get correct locations.

Mr. Gore's tent was regarded as a headquarters of sorts for information and was used frequently as such by Mr. Dewdney. Indeed, it was to Mr. Gore's tent-pole that the first notice was affixed indicating the selection of the Capital.

While we were still in our tented headquarters, we children were frightened by the arrival of an Indian caravan that made camp close at hand. It came in a long trailing procession of men and women on horseback and on foot, loose horses and dogs, and children riding behind their mothers or packed in mossbags attached to "travois". These "travois" consisted of two poles separated by cross pieces, the front and shorter portions of which were attached to the pony's sides like the shafts of a vehicle, while the long ends bumped over the prairie hummocks.

The Indians presented a wild and fantastic appearance, with painted faces and feathers in their hair. The men wore coloured blankets or tanned buffalo robes, belted at the waist, and kept up a ceaseless drumming on the ribs of their ponies with moccasined heels. Most of them carried rifles and all had long hunting knives in scabbards.

Many years later I learned that they were a band of Assiniboines under Chief Carry-the-Kettle, on their way from their ancient hunting grounds among the Cypress Hills to a reserve selected for them by the Government some sixty miles east of Regina.

Not long ago I was talking to Dan Kennedy, an educated and intelligent Indian, who told me that he had been of that company. He was then a little boy and it was his first glimpse of the white man's civilization. He was dressed, he said, in the Sunday-go-to-meeting finery of an Indian child belonging to a family of consequence—beaded buckskin suit and ornamented little leggings and moccasins. He told me recently that his first recollections were of camps deep in the wooded recesses of the hills, where the talk in the lodges and around the campfires was still of the war party and the buffalo hunt. He had seen the country black with buffalo, and some of his relatives had been killed in the massacre at Farwell's Post, perpetrated by a band of American outlaws a few years previously. He had scarcely

ever seen a white man, and never a wheeled vehicle until camp was made on the Regina townsite. The wheels on wagon and buckboard fascinated him and he spent every moment watching their revolutions.

Although I was in Regina in 1882, I am not a native of the North West. I was born in St. Bridget, a village of the County of Iberville in the Province of Quebec, on June 14th, 1878, the youngest of a large French-Canadian family.

My people were settled in rural Quebec from time out of mind, having come from France in the days of the Old Regime. My great grandfather had some of the qualities of a patriarch. He exceeded the century mark by several years, and survived five consecutive wives. My grandfather carried the Papineau Gun in 1837, and nearly lost his life for his pains.

The year of my birth was the commencement of an epoch significant in the history of Canada. The country was emerging from a period of depression that had overshadowed all North America and retarded the development planned by the Confederation Fathers. People still thought of the Dominion as the Maritimes, Quebec and Ontario. The lately acquired western domain lying eastward of the Rocky Mountains, was unsurveyed, little known and inhabited mainly by wild and wandering Indian tribes and natives of the mixed blood. British Columbia was regarded as more of a liability than an asset; western Ontario was still the backwoods, while to reach the prairies from the eastern side more than a thousand miles of rock and forest, lake and river, had to be traversed.

The great western estate, that only a few years previously had been added to the Dominion, was untouched and undeveloped. It lay, as yet, almost as virgin as when it came from the Hand of God, and was so vast that none knew its uttermost limits. Some sketchy exploration had been done and those who guided the destinies of Canada were beginning to envision tremendous possibilities, so the first duty of the Government was to make plans for its development.

Already the Canadian Pacific Railway was building and it was apparent that before long the steel rails would carry the locomotive to open up

"The last and largest Empire,
The map that is half unrolled."

All Canada was stirred by the epic of a new country coming in.

Owing to the fact that the first pathfinders of the remote western region had been of their blood, and also because of old association with the North West Company, French-Canadians had perhaps more idea of the Great Lone Land than dwellers in other parts of the Dominion. For generations some of the young men had travelled to the *Pays en Haut* to serve as voyageurs on the inland waterways, as hunters on the plains, and to engage in the trade for furs with the Indian tribes. There was scarcely a village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the St. Maurice or the Richelieu that did not have some tradition of the distant West — some record of a far-wandering lad who had come home to relate many a tale of adventure to an absorbed audience by the crackling wood fires of winter.

And now had come a new urge. The wide domain that lay under the western stars had become a part of Canada; the railway was going there; vast areas of virgin land offered illimitable possibilities, and the thoughts of the youth of a race always adventurous, were stirred by the idea of a new country in the making.

The previous decade had been difficult and many people in rural Quebec had found it hard to make ends meet and to provide, on their limited areas, for the traditional large French-Canadian family. There had been considerable emigration of the younger generations to the neighbouring States of the American Union and to manufacturing centres of New England where many secured industrial employment.

My father saw little future for his growing family and looked around for an opportunity to improve his position; but he had no desire to leave Canada. In 1878 he obtained a small contract on the Waterloo Railway. He was an active man with the pioneering instinct strong in him and, when the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway offered a wider field, he seized the opportunity. The summer of 1881 found his construction camp on the Lake of the Woods near the North West Angle. There he established temporary headquarters and was joined by my mother and the members of the family.

Of course, I can present no authentic recollections of that period, yet somewhere from the nebulæ of childhood, dim pictures emerge—of the sparkling waters of summer and the clean, green conifers that enshrouded the land and encroached on lake and river; and sometimes too, I seem to see the railway dump winding along the lake bank, and the men busy with pick and shovel; but how many of these pictures come from actual memory and how many from

what I have been told, I cannot say. My first coherent memories date from the early months of 1882, which we spent by the banks of the Red River at St. Boniface, when my father was preparing to move his workmen and plant to engage in construction work on the prairie section of the Railway.

With the opening of Spring in 1882, work was pushed rapidly westward from the end of steel, then at Flat Creek near the present Manitoba village of Oak Lake. The speed with which grading was done and steel laid across the level plains was almost incredible. As a matter of fact, four hundred and eighty miles of roadbed were constructed that summer.

Following the passage of the North West Territories Act of 1875, Battleford, in a beautiful situation at the junction of the North Saskatchewan and the Battle River, had been designated as the seat of local government. It was then understood that it would be on the projected transcontinental railway. After the return to power of the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald in 1878 and the subsequent speeding up of the Pacific Railway project, the later surveys indicated that there might be many engineering difficulties in the way of rapid construction on the northern route, and that the railway would pass at least three hundred miles to the southward. Therefore, provision would have to be made for a different capital location.

The first agricultural settlers during the seventies and early eighties of the last century had gone into the country along the North Branch of the Saskatchewan and the two important settlements of Prince Albert and Battleford had come into being on the implied promise that railway construction would follow the wagon wheels of the pioneers. The bitter disappointment of these early settlers at this change of route may well be imagined.

Towards the end of June my father had a gang at work at the western end of construction. An experienced farmer, his admiration was aroused by the rich and fertile plain in the vicinity of the Pile o' Bones Creek, a shallow stream which meandered its sluggish course through a wide prairie stretch for some seventy miles. Therefore, when the news went out that the capital would be located there, he decided to cast in his fortunes with the new place. He brought his family from St. Boniface and made preparations to engage in mercantile business.

There had been much speculation as to the exact place that would be chosen for the new capital. The chief town-sites along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway

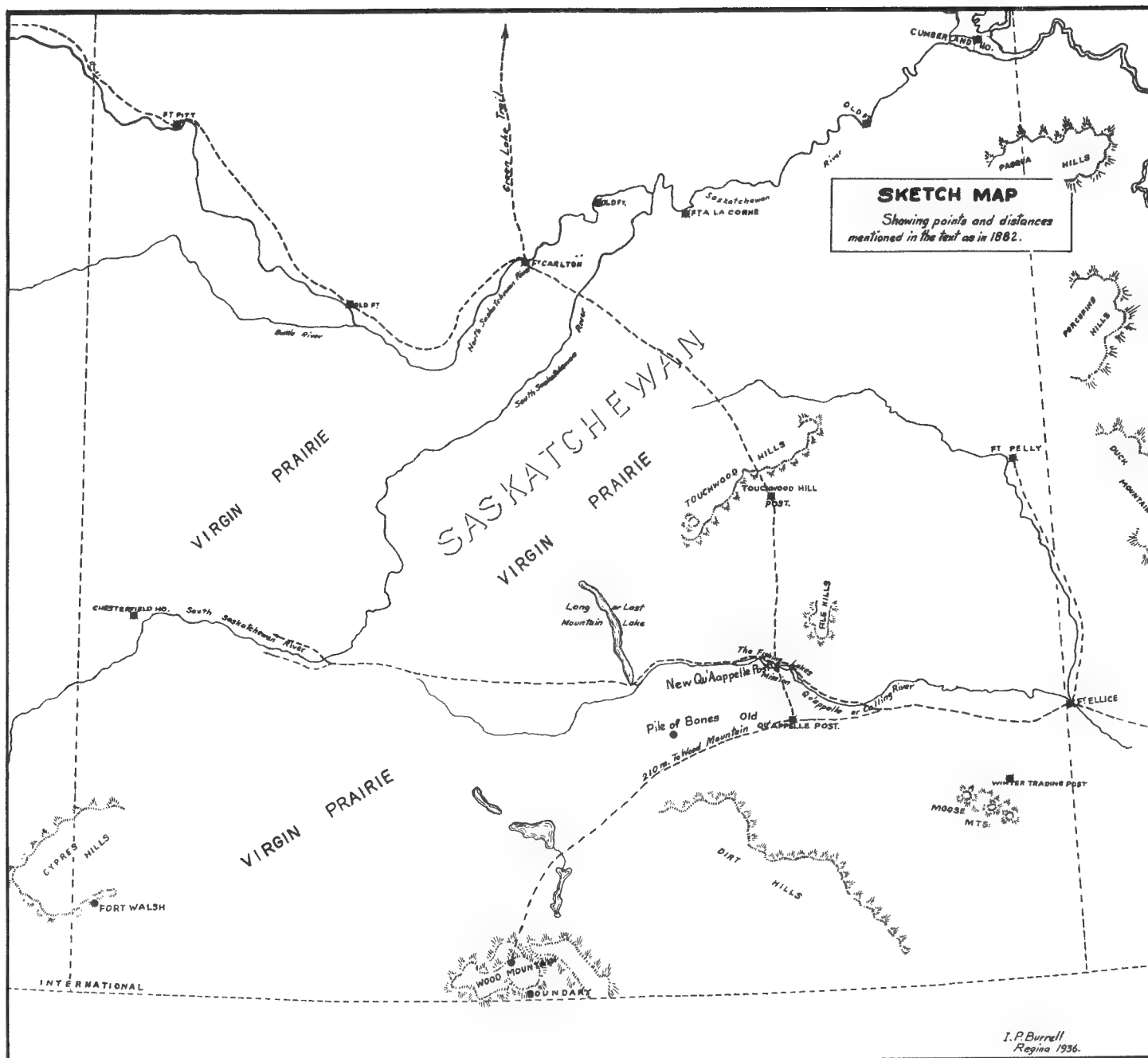
were controlled by a corporation known as The Townsite Trustees, and owned jointly by the Dominion Government and the Railway Company. Fort Qu'Appelle, the western outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Plains, had many advocates. It was beautifully situated on the Valley flats between two lovely and extensive lakes and, since 1864, had been the chief centre of commerce for the Indian trade.

Indeed it would have been a picturesque situation for a city. There were difficulties in the way, however. During the previous year, certain speculators, who had taken it as a foregone conclusion that Fort Qu'Appelle would be the choice for the capital, had acquired most of the land suitable for townsite purposes and held it at what seemed exorbitant figures. Then again, the steep hillsides and the deep ravines of the Qu'Appelle Valley presented engineering difficulties that would have seriously delayed the extensive construction programme planned for that season.

The C.P.R. representatives and the Townsite Trustees were understood to have favoured a site between the present towns of Indian Head and Qu'Appelle (or Troy as it was then called) on land belonging to a large colonization company, the moving spirit of which was a certain Major Bell, who was an interesting and picturesque figure in the life of the region for a long time.

Our local magnate during the first years of Regina was, of course, Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territories. Sir John A. Macdonald seems to have given him a free hand in respect to the choice of the seat of government. He was a tall, good looking man with a magnificent set of Dundreary whiskers and, when I saw him in Victoria, B.C., many years later, he still had them.

Despite some considerable opposition, Mr. Dewdney carried his point, and his recommendation in respect to the Pile o' Bones location was accepted and confirmed by the Ottawa Government. He personally made a careful examination of the district, and his letters to the Canadian Premier, still extant, indicate that he had sized up the situation with accuracy and foresight. 1882 was a wet season, and travel must have been uncomfortable. The Lieutenant-Governor in his correspondence complains of rheumatism, likely contracted from sleeping on the open prairie. In examining the Regina townsite he hobbled about on a stick, and even, on occasion, had to be supported by his faithful henchman, Bob Green, who drove him from place to place and ministered to his comfort. In writing to Mr. Dewdney, Sir John condoled with him and pointed out that he, himself, suffered from the same affliction.



Mr. Dewdney became a familiar figure to the first dwellers in Regina. His whiskers and his great stature marked him out from lesser folk and he was usually attended by two immense dogs of the famous Newfoundland breed, that had been presented to him by the Marquess of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, on Mr. Dewdney's appointment as Lieutenant-Governor. Apparently the Governor-General believed that the only means of winter travel in the North West was by dog train.

Mr. Dewdney was an Englishman, an engineer and surveyor, who had pioneered in British Columbia when it was only a Crown Colony. He was a pathfinder of sorts, and had been engaged in trail building between the widely spaced settlements of that wild and mountainous country. When British Columbia became a portion of the Canadian Confederation, he was elected to the Dominion Parliament and, in attending sessions, had to make tremendous journeys. He went by sea from Victoria to San Francisco from which place he took the new American Transcontinental Railway to the Eastern States, and in that way reached Ottawa. He became a friend of Sir John A. Macdonald and, when the Prime Minister was defeated in his own constituency, Mr. Dewdney surrendered his British Columbia seat to him.

After the return of the Conservatives to power in 1879, Sir John, who always gave tangible expression of gratitude for services rendered by his supporters, appointed Mr. Dewdney Commissioner of Indian Affairs for Manitoba and the North West Territories, and in 1881, on the retirement of the Hon. David Laird, first Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories, Mr. Dewdney fell heir to that position in addition to the one he already occupied.

The name Pile o' Bones was the cause of many witticisms in the Eastern press and elsewhere. The first construction train that reached the place carried an important official of the C.P.R. who was tall, lean and cadaverous and so skeletal that the railwaymen said they could hear his bones clank as he walked. They claimed that the place had been named in his honour. However, it had long been known to the Plains Indians as *Ooskunna Kahstakee*, which, in the Cree tongue, means a great pile of bones heaped up. *Ooskun* is the Cree word for a bone and "a" is the plural given to inanimate objects in that language. *Kahstakee* means a large heap. The old name is still used by the natives. The Métis buffalo hunters who usually spoke the French tongue, named it *Tas d'Os*.

The Indian tradition is that the name was derived from a great heap of buffalo bones that garnished a butte over-

looking the creek at a place about twelve miles from the present site of Regina, long known to the prairie hunters as The Old Crossing. It had been a wilderness rendezvous of sorts. The incident that gave rise to this designation was related to my husband and myself by a very old Indian of the File Hills, named Buffalo Bow, who had then passed the century mark. He said that on a long-gone summer, when the Indians of the Qu'Appelle and the Touchwood region reached The Old Crossing on their way to the buffalo grounds, they found the neighbouring plains black with herds of the shaggy wild cattle. They decided to construct a trap or pound into which they might entice large numbers of these animals.

Accordingly they built, with the poplar trees that grew in the ravines and on the banks of the creek, a stout enclosure from the opening of which they extended wide wings reaching out to the plains. These wings were constructed of brush, sods, stones and anything that came to hand and were given an appearance of solidity by blankets and robes thrown over them.

When everything was ready squaws, boys and girls stationed themselves outside these somewhat flimsy barricades and, if any animals attempted to break through, they endeavoured to drive them back by firing blank shots or waving blankets. The wings were nearly half a mile wide at the mouth. A party of mounted hunters detached from the main body of the grazing animals a considerable number and drove them into the wings. They then crowded them into the chief enclosure where they were securely penned.

At once the work of butchery commenced. The terrified creatures were killed at close range with balls of smooth bore muskets, with arrows from bows, and even spears were used. According to Buffalo Bow, the carnage must have been pretty dreadful. Several hundred were slaughtered. The meat was processed according to the Indian fashion and when the hunting caravans took the homeward trail, their "travois", their horses and even some of their dogs were laden with dried meat.

The following summer when the Indians returned to The Old Crossing there were still buffalo herds on the surrounding plains and preparations were made to resume the pounding operations. The interior of the central enclosure was a veritable charnel-house. During the winter the wolves and coyotes had cleaned the bones to a ghastly whiteness. The enclosures were strengthened and reconstructed but when the attempt was made to crowd the animals into the wings, they showed marked aversion to entering the trap

that had proved so fatal to their kindred and, breaking through the wings, spread out on the prairie and escaped. Discouraged, the Indians held a council and came to the conclusion that if the relics of the dead buffaloes were removed from the pound other animals of the same species might be induced to enter. Accordingly the bones were gathered up and carted and carried to a nearby hill, where they made an imposing if somewhat ghastly pile. But the buffaloes refused ever again to enter the wings of the trap, and indeed soon betook themselves to other pastures.

That is how the old-time Indians declare the place acquired its name.

The Creek that today runs through Regina, and the artificial lake overlooked by the Legislative Buildings of the capital city of Saskatchewan, bear the name of Wascana, which of course is a corruption of the original Cree word *Ooskunnna*.

To the casual observer the site chosen for the capital of the North West Territories had few natural advantages and as far as scenic attractions were concerned it had absolutely none. It is true that there was a small creek close at hand, but the valley that contained it at that point was so insignificant that it scarcely made a dent in the landscape. On every side the plain stretched as flat and expressionless as deal boards. There was not a boulder or stone for twenty miles, nor tree nor hill to break the monotony. The soil, however, did seem ideal for cereal crops.

In picking the location Mr. Dewdney had apparently overlooked the water situation for, when he informed Sir John A. Macdonald of the choice, the Prime Minister at once queried him on the subject and directed him to commence prospecting for the necessary element without delay. However, the season was a wet one and there was sufficient water in the creek for the use of the first arrivals, provided it was boiled before using. The following year an underground stratum on the townsite was tapped at a depth of from sixty to a hundred feet and domestic water then ceased to be a problem.

There had been some trouble in finding a suitable name for the place. Victoria, in honour of the Queen, had been favoured, but it had already been pre-empted by the beautiful little Capital of British Columbia. Then Leopold¹ in honour of the Duke of Albany, the Queen's youngest son,

¹During the visit of the Earl and Countess of Athlone to Regina in 1944, my husband informed Her Royal Highness that one of the first names suggested for Regina had been that of her father and that it still survived in the name of Leopold Crescent, and that the present name of Regina had been given to the place by her aunt H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyle.

was suggested but it was rejected as having too foreign a sound and the matter was referred to the Marquess of Lorne. He consulted his wife, H.R.H. Princess Louise, who promptly named it Regina. And so it remains to this day.

There have been a number of claimants to the distinction of being the first on the Regina townsite, but it would seem that the credit should go to Demetrius Woodward, an Ontario farmer who during the previous decade had successfully pioneered in British Columbia. I have seen some letters written by him to his wife in Ontario from the banks of the Pile o' Bones which would indicate that he and his party were there before anyone else put in an appearance.

Not long before her death, his widow, a fine old matriarch of more than ninety years, said of her husband: "He always had the wandering foot. He would go out to some far new place, build a home and then send for me and the children. That is what he did when he came to this country ahead of the Railway. When he died, he slipped away so easily, it was difficult to realize he was gone. I sometimes think," she said, her old voice taking on an indefinable gentleness and looking wistfully at his picture on the wall, "that is what he is doing now. It may be he has gone to find a new country where he is making a home ready for us to join him when our time comes."

The first homesteaders on the Regina plains were six young men from Cobourg in Ontario. Early in the spring of 1882, they started from the end of steel in Manitoba with their horses and wagons to look for a place in the prairie country to drive their stakes and make their homes. During the winter the snow had been heavy on the land; the spring was tempestuous and inclement and at first hardship furnished their daily fare. Once off the line of the Railway Survey there was neither trail nor mark to guide. Their days were often a wet misery and the night frosts made their camps cold and uncomfortable. Yet, with the true spirit of the pioneers, day by day they chased the setting sun to the westward. After much weary journeying the moderating season began to change the picture. The young grass was springing up and prairie wild flowers brightened the land. The clang of wild geese on their northern flight came strident through the air, and wild ducks rose from every slough.

The weary travellers came one evening to the edge of a valley and made their camp there. The following morning they saw a pleasant landscape before them. The valley meadows wore the verdure of early summer; poplar clumps, with their leaves quivering in the breeze, stood like islands

in the grassy sea; the wooded ravines were dark and mysterious, and a brisk little creek made pleasant music as it rushed over pebbly shallows. The land on the nearby plain, with its deep alluvial soil, gave promise of fertility, and the young men decided that they had reached the end of their journey and would make their homes there. It was the 24th of May, Queen Victoria's birthday, and they decided to keep it as a holiday. Grub boxes were ransacked for hoarded dainties; lacrosse sticks and baseball bats were produced, and they had a picnic and a celebration.

This was the foundation of the first settlement on the Regina plains. For many years afterwards the annual Wascana Picnic on May 24th became an institution among the pioneers. It was held on the original camping ground of these young argonauts, about twelve miles north-west of Regina. All the members of that company took up homesteads and developed fine farms and prospered.

Now, after almost seventy years, when all the members of that company have passed from the scene, their descendants are making preparations to erect a dignified and modest memorial to those six men, the first heralds of one of the most remarkable agrarian invasions in the history of the North American continent. Perhaps it may not be out of place to write their names here, because people like them deserve to be remembered by posterity. They were:

Mathew Henderson
Frederick C. Tate
Frank Callender
Thomas Cooney
Cornelius Martin
Fred Cochrane.

As soon as the news went out that the site for the capital had been chosen, people began to flock to the place. They came on construction trains, in horse- and ox-drawn wagons, in buckboards, on horseback and even on foot. Indeed, one pioneer who still survives, hale and hearty in 1950, declares that he walked more than two hundred miles from Rapid City in Manitoba to the banks of the Pile o' Bones, during the summer of 1882.

There was a great deal of excitement among the little company camped on the townsite on August 23, 1882, when the first train came in. W. C. Van Horne, the General Manager of the road was on the move night and day speeding up the construction work. On Regina's baptismal day he arrived with a special car containing a number of celebrities. This car was taken to the very end of steel which was then close to the present Barracks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Among his guests were Sir

Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal); R. B. Angus of the Bank of Montreal; Duncan McIntyre, Vice-President of the C.P.R.; McTavish of the Hudson's Bay Company and a number of parliamentarians and financiers. Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney were on hand and the christening ceremony took place by the side of the track when a magnum of champagne was poured over a heap of railway ties. One of the French members of the party protested this misuse of a noble vintage.

Several of the pioneers watched the proceedings at a respectful distance from the silk-hatted and frock-coated notables. I remember waving a little flag on the occasion.

My father succeeded in getting a supply of goods and opened a store in a large tent in what is now the downtown section of Regina. When railway transportation was available, he imported lumber and commenced the erection of a store and a house on Broad Street, which was supposed to have possibilities as a future main thoroughfare.

Building went on with feverish activity that fall. We were awakened in the morning, usually before daylight, by the noise of the workers. Everyone was anxious to raise a shelter against the cold. There was no uncertainty about the coming of winter; it was sure to arrive on schedule. It must have been with some foreboding that the little company of pioneers by the banks of the Pile o' Bones saw the approach of their first winter in the new land. They had no knowledge of the country, and there were few records to guide them.

There were other uncertainties before them, too. It was true that the prairie soil appeared to be of great fertility; but as yet, its capacity to produce crops of economic value was untried and unproven. Captain Palliser, the British explorer, had written down a great portion of the region as unsuitable for agriculture in 1857-59. Professor H. Y. Hinde, who followed in Palliser's footsteps, had published vivid accounts of swarms of grasshoppers that darkened the sky and destroyed almost every growing thing, while the fur traders for a hundred years had, more or less openly, given the country a bad name and decried its agricultural capabilities. In addition, there were members of the Canadian parliament who, in and out of the House, derided the building of the Transcontinental Railway as wild and useless extravagance, and were entirely skeptical of the possibility of bringing the prairie land into production.

Dr. Macoun, the Dominion Botanist, had more recently presented a picture that was in complete disagreement with the conclusions of Palliser and other pessimistic explorers, but with no actual experience of production to confirm his views, he was only a voice crying in the wilderness. Therefore it was little wonder that, when the fall nights closed in with frost, and the wind that rustled through the withered grass carried in its wings a bitter promise of winter, the pioneers on the banks of the Pile o' Bones had some misgivings as to the outcome of their western adventure.

Even to my childish mind, Regina was a grim and dismal place in the winter of 1882-83. The season was bitter and stormy. The thermometer dropped on occasion to forty below zero, and February came in with a blast that drove the snow in deep drifts against every shelter and obstruction. The town was a huddle of shacks and tents, and the level prairie presented no obstacle to the wintry gales that swept across it, whooping and shouting.

To anyone living in modern Regina, with its tree-sheltered streets and tall buildings, the savagery of those storms must be inconceivable. When I was a child I felt they sounded many a menacing note. Clamorous voices roared from the heart of the tempest; buildings swung and creaked, and the snow was driven hissing against door and window pane. Many a time I snuggled in my bed, wrapped warm against the cold, and harkened to the tumult of the spectral horseman that galloped down the gale. Those nights were associated in my mind with the stories I had heard, but little understood, of the new country—the stampeding buffalo herds, the war shouts of the Indians, and other strange and imagined fears. When the wind died away the temperature fell to Arctic depths; the sky took on a pitiless, metallic sheen, and the boards of the buildings warped and cracked like pistol shots.

One still night, when the coyotes were abroad, I was awakened by a series of yelps and howls that filled me with terror. I leaped from my bed and fled, screaming, to my mother's arms. Again and again that dreadful chorus rose to serenade the frosty stars, and every dog in the place howled and bayed in response until the night seemed fractured with the horrid din.

Comforts and conveniences there were none. Shelters had been hurriedly constructed against the advent of the cold weather, and in many cases freeze-up found them uncompleted. Most of the houses were banked with earth to keep the wind from the floors, and roaring fires of dry poplar were kept going; but in spite of every effort to defeat the cold, there was a great deal of hardship.

All the water, at that time, had to be purchased and was delivered from door to door. Our domestic supply was kept in a barrel in the kitchen. When the fire went down, the metal hoops on the barrel gathered a white rime. These hoops fascinated me. Their icy covering looked like the confection on a cake. One cold morning when they were in a particularly frosty condition, I stuck out an inquisitive little tongue and attempted to taste the delectable substance. Of course my tongue stuck to the metal, and I suffered the loss of some skin, but I was cured, once and for all, of further experiments in that direction.

Some buffalo herds still roamed the wild south country and, during the first winter, my father sent out some of the Métis hunters who traded at his store to bring in a supply of fresh meat. The hunting must have been good, for before spring they arrived with their jumpers laden with carcasses. At first my father did not know what to do with this great supply. Then he conceived the idea of preserving it in cans. He sent to Montreal for an expert and commenced a canning industry, to the delight of the hunters, who thought this would establish a permanent market for the trophies of their bows and spears—in other words, their smooth bore muskets. They were doomed to disappointment, however, for the enterprise was not a success. The cans of meat were carted out on the prairie and dumped in a slough. There was some quality that seemed to endow them with life for when summer came we children used to watch them roll about and sometimes explode with loud popping noises.

The first slow winter on the Regina townsite dragged along until the March winds blew soft from the west, and the earth turned over in its sleep and thrust brown limbs from its snowy coverlid. Almost before we realized it, spring was upon us, and the land awoke to the life of another season.

CHAPTER II

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN AND THE LEADER—JEAN LOUIS LEGARÉ AND THE WAR CHIEF, SITTING BULL—HISTORIC WOOD MOUNTAIN—SANCTUARY CLAIMED FROM THE QUEEN—MAJOR WALSH AND THE SIOUX—A TENSE MOMENT—THE AUTHORITY OF THE “MOUNTIES”—FATHER HUGONARD AND SITTING BULL—THE FINAL SURRENDER OF THE SIOUX—GENERAL CUSTER’S HAIR—THE MURDER OF JOHN McCARTHY—A SPLENDID PRIEST.

With the coming of spring in 1883 Regina, although still new and stark, began to take on some semblance of permanency. Superintendent “Sam” Steele of the North West Mounted Police had selected a site for the headquarters of the Force on rising ground just west of the townsite, and contractors were busy erecting the necessary buildings. A very modest Government House was being built on the street now known as Dewdney Avenue about a mile west of the Railway Station and, in the same district but not so far away from the downtown area, premises were being prepared to house the employees of the Indian Department.

Mr. Dewdney apparently wished to feature the long street now known as Dewdney Avenue and it was stated that the Railway authorities, nursing a grudge against him for his choice of the Capital site, had placed the Railway Station at the east end of the townsite as far away as possible from the Government Buildings.

March, 1883, saw the establishment of *The Regina Leader*, a weekly newspaper owned and edited by Nicholas Flood Davin, a young Irishman who was becoming one of the most brilliant journalists and orators of the Dominion.

As spring advanced my father completed the erection of considerable store premises and put the finishing touches to a fairly commodious dwelling on Broad Street not far from the Railway Station. Looking back it seems to me we were quite comfortable.

My father was a hospitable man and liked to have people about him. As accommodation was difficult to obtain, we frequently had visitors. One of the earliest was Jean Louis Legaré, a “free-trader” from Wood Mountain. French-Canadian like ourselves, he had much in common with us and the intimacy with our family begun then lasted till his death in 1918.



Jean Louis Legaré, the friend of Sitting Bull.

Legaré had recently been much in the public eye on account of his connection with the Sioux War Chief Sitting Bull. He was one of the finest men I have ever known, gentle and courteous in all his relations, and enjoying the confidence of the native people to a greater degree than was ever accorded to any other white man. He was tall and stately and, as I first remember him, had a sweeping black beard that gave him an air of unconscious dignity.

He was a native of Quebec, deeply imbued with the traditions of his race and religion. As a lad he had gone to St. Paul in Minnesota, then a frontier outpost that was the outfitting place for many a wilderness caravan. To St. Paul came "free-traders" from the Red River to market furs and obtain supplies, and Legaré learned from them something of the life north of the British Line. Like most of his compatriots he was a staunch Canadian at heart and, in 1870, when the western region became a part of the Dominion, he came back to what was now his own country. After some desultory employment at Pembina he went to Wood Mountain to manage a post for a native trader named Ouilette. He eventually acquired the ownership of the establishment. From the first he had a remarkable reputation among the natives for square dealing, and his business grew and expanded.

Wood Mountain was regarded as an oasis in a grassy prairie sea by the Métis hunters who came each summer

in long trailing caravans from the Red River to hunt the buffalo on the Plains of the Saskatchewan. It is situated about one hundred and thirty miles southwest of Regina close to the American Boundary and consists of a range of low hills surmounting a considerable elevation that is cut and slashed by deep and wooded ravines and intersected by clear little streams of sweet water. Geologists declare that it was one of the few places in the prairie region that had withstood the onslaughts of the glaciers which in prehistoric ages slid across the country from northeast to southwest. Fossils found there indicate that at one stage of the development of the earth the climate had been of a tropical nature.

Fossilized remains of awesome creatures have been dug up by archæologists and, in some cases, reconstructed and placed in the Canadian National Museum in Ottawa.

Wood Mountain was the Assiniboine country, but was also frequented by Canadian Crees and Saulteaux and, on occasion, by parties of Sioux from the American side. The nearest post of the Hudson's Bay Company was at Fort Qu'Appelle, nearly two hundred miles away; so Legaré had little competition. The Hudson's Bay Company regarded "free-traders" almost as outlaws, and no supplies were to be obtained from that quarter. Accordingly Legaré had to send brigades of creaking Red River carts over the long trail to St. Paul to carry out his furs and hides and bring in merchandise.

It was to Wood Mountain that Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors came in the spring of 1877, seeking refuge beneath the British Flag from the American soldiers after the defeat and destruction of General Custer and his command at the Little Big Horn in Montana the previous summer.

While living on their reservations in the Dakota country these Indians became exasperated by broken treaties and the exactions of those entrusted with the administration of their estate. Under the leadership of the Executive Chief, Sitting Bull, they retreated to a region among the wild Montana hills that they believed had been secured to them as tribal hunting grounds by a solemn treaty with the Government of the United States. Their numbers were constantly augmented by the discontented and discouraged of the Sioux nation. When attacked there, with their women and children about them, by American soldiers under Custer, whose avowed object was to exterminate them root and branch, they utterly defeated and destroyed the Force sent against them.



Courtesy F. J. Clark.

SIoux CHIEFS.

Sitting Bull had no illusions as to the retribution that would follow the defeat of the American soldiers on the battlefield and, gathering his people about him, he began a slow retreat towards Canada where he hoped to find sanctuary.

The story of the Sioux campaigns of the period is American history, but the tale of the Sioux sojourn in Canada is not so well known. Some straggling parties of Sioux, including Black Moon, their hereditary Head Chief, reached Wood Mountain late in 1876, and the following spring Sitting Bull arrived with the main body of his followers. He was a man of common sense and policy and, before establishing a permanent camp, sent messengers to Assistant Commissioner Irvine of the North West Mounted Police, then at Fort Walsh in the Cypress Hills, nearly two hundred miles away, reporting his arrival and asking for an interview. Irvine, with two of his officers and a small escort, at once left for Wood Mountain where he met the Sioux War Chief.

The meeting took place in an Indian council lodge erected by the Sioux for the occasion. The Saskatchewan Historical Society has in its possession copies of Colonel Irvine's official report on the incident, and a letter written by him to his sister, detailing in a much more intimate way

than in the cold formality of the official report, his impression of the Indians and their War Chief.

In addressing the Mounted Police officer, Sitting Bull wasted no time in formalities. He produced from beneath his blanket a large silver medal and displaying it so that all might see, said: "My grandfather got this for fighting for George III during the Revolution, and now, in our time of danger, I have brought my people here to claim sanctuary from his granddaughter."

Colonel Irvine declared in his letter that the Sioux had captured his sympathy from his first contact with them. He wrote that some of them still carried unhealed wounds, that their clothes were in rags and they were noticeably suffering from want of food. He told them they would be accorded sanctuary, but they were sternly warned that if they did not obey the laws of the Queen they would be held to a strict accounting.

The Canadian authorities were seriously perturbed by their presence. The Canadian Indians, who were the hereditary enemies of the Sioux, resented so many aliens on their hunting grounds. Already the buffalo were diminishing in numbers. The winter had been a hard one, and the herds had drifted far south of the Line before the northwesterly gales. They were halted in the spring on their slow return by American soldiers and stampeded to the southward. This seems to have been done as a matter of deliberate military policy with the object of starving out the Sioux taking refuge in British territory¹.

The problem of feeding the refugees was a serious one. Legaré gave them supplies from his trading-post, often without prospect of payment. There were still a number of buffalo in the country, although it was the last year of the big Canadian herds, and enough of them were killed to prevent famine conditions from occurring among the Sioux; but their hunting was rendered difficult by shortage of ammunition, and most of the animals were run down on horseback and killed by bow and arrow and even spears made by attaching hunting knives to long slim shafts. This method of hunting, however, was hard upon Indians insufficiently nourished, and ran their ponies "ragged".

From his first arrival in Canada, Sitting Bull seems to have been attracted to Legaré and to have trusted him

¹Legaré repeatedly asserted that the American soldiers had patrols established from the Souris to the Milk River just south of the Boundary with the purpose of preventing the northward movement of the buffalo crossing the Canadian Line and relieving the famine conditions that were beginning to prevail among the refugee Sioux at Wood Mountain.

implicitly. The Sioux Chief apparently was anxious to do everything possible to abide by the laws of the Dominion as interpreted by Major Walsh, the Mounted Police officer in command of the Wood Mountain detachment, but he never made any move without consulting the Canadian trader.

Walsh was a capable officer, an original of the Force, who had served his apprenticeship to the West in the Blackfoot country and was familiar with Plains Indians. He had something of General Custer's habit of fixing himself up in picturesque western fashion, but there was no other likeness between the two. He was inclined to be dominant, but strictly just. The Indians admired him and named him "Long Lance", although he was by no means a tall man.

There was one tense moment, but the Major was equal to the occasion. Some ponies belonging to the Sioux were missing and the Indians, under the impression that they might have been stolen, reported the matter to the Mounted Police, who apparently were unable to find any trace of the missing animals. Eventually, the Sioux themselves found the horses running with the herd of a French-Canadian named Gaspard Beauré near Willow Bunch. Beauré and his Métis herder were taken prisoners by the Sioux and held in their camp.

News of this was brought to Major Walsh. He at once sent a detail to demand their release. The Indians were in belligerent mood, and assumed such a threatening attitude that the "Mounties" returned without accomplishing their mission.

Major Walsh was in fine rage. "You are a lot of cowards!" he said, and forthwith strode off to the Sioux encampment accompanied only by his Interpreter, a Métis named Morin. He demanded to see Sitting Bull and when the Chief rode up armed and in full war panoply, ordered him peremptorily to give up the prisoners.

For once, Sitting Bull appears to have lost the steady moderation that characterized his dealing with the Canadian authorities. He intimated that he was at the head of a formidable force, and not to be ordered about even by a red-coated officer of the Queen. The Police had failed to find their missing horses, he said, and now that the Sioux had those whom they believed had stolen them they could not understand why Indian justice should not be done. They surged about the Police officer with threatening gestures. Walsh stood erect and unafraid, the very personification of the authority of the uniform he wore. Then, pushing aside the Indians in his path, he strode to Sitting

Bull and pulled the astonished Chief from his horse, saying: "You are my prisoner until you order the release of these men."

For a moment Sitting Bull stood facing the intrepid officer with black and menacing air, while the Indians about them handled their hunting knives and brandished rifles. Walsh threw him back a look of confidence and authority. Slowly, the scowl faded from Sitting Bull's brow, and he smiled. Then extending his hand, said: "Redcoat, you are a brave man; you are my brother. Take your people and go."¹

Walsh went back to his detachment and the honours were with him. Thus the dignity of the laws of Canada were upheld among semi-savage tribes throughout the vast spaces of the "Great Lone Land".

During the last two years of the Sioux sojourn in Canada the condition of these Indians was miserable in the extreme. The Canadian authorities were at a loss to know what to do about their inconvenient guests. It was not only that many of the Sioux were starving, but their presence had seriously depleted the game of the region, and as a consequence, hardship was caused to the Canadian Indians.

Sitting Bull and the Sioux chiefs with him nurtured an implacable hatred against the American authorities and all their works. After the Custer battle the American Government had sent commissioners to Canada to offer the Sioux amnesty if they would return to the States. Sitting Bull was contemptuous of the offer and, at first, refused even to meet the American officials. Eventually at the solicitation of Colonel MacLeod, Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, for whom Sitting Bull had a high regard, he agreed to meet the United States representatives.

The meeting took place at the Mounted Police headquarters at Fort Walsh. General Terry, on behalf of the American delegation, made the offer of amnesty. When he had finished, Sitting Bull said: "Go back and tell those people at Washington who sent you that you saw Sitting Bull shaking hands with the red-coated soldiers of the Queen who protect Indians instead of shooting them."

As he turned away he called out to Terry: "What are you doing here anyway? This is not your country."

¹This incident appears in the succinct formality of the Mounted Police reports, but the details were supplied to me by Morin, Major Walsh's Interpreter who lived at Willow Bunch and who was present on the occasion.

The United States Government realized the danger of a large body of warlike Indians safe from attack in Canada where they could launch raids on the American side and, of course, the Canadian authorities were anxious to dis-embarrass themselves of their unwelcome guests.

During the last years of the sojourn of the Sioux in Canada, the buffalo herds, their chief means of sustenance, dwindled away until they almost reached the vanishing point. Famine rode the prairies; sickness and disease decimated the Indian camps and there was dreadful suffering.

During the winter of 1880-81, when the Sioux were practically starving, the men of the Mounted Police detachment at Wood Mountain made a practice of saving a portion of their rations which they conveyed to the Indian Camp. The chiefs and warriors refused to partake of the food thus generously given, but assigned it all to the suffering women and children.

Legaré, often at considerable personal sacrifice, did everything in his power to aid the famishing Sioux. He could not bear to see them suffering and often gave them supplies when he knew there was little chance of ever receiving payment. At the last they were trading their weapons for flour and bacon. I remember seeing, in Legaré's house at Willow Bunch, a room almost full of firearms he had received in barter from the Sioux, and I do not think he ever expected to realize anything from them. I believe he was encouraged in this trade by the Mounted Police officers who felt that the more the Indians disposed of their weapons, the less likely they would be to cause trouble. Mr. Legaré had a remarkable arsenal of these Sioux guns. There were Winchester rifles, then coming into general use on the frontier; Springfield single shot carbines taken from Custer's men at the Little Big Horn; heavy Sharpe's buffalo rifles, the earliest breach-loaders used on the plains, and many smooth bore muzzle-loaders. In side arms there was everything from cap and ball pistols to the Colts frontier model 45 revolvers.

Sitting Bull did everything in his power to have the Sioux recognized as Canadian Indians and allotted reserves. He stoutly maintained that they had never accepted American sovereignty and that their ancient allegiance to the British Crown had never been broken. The Government, however, proved adamant and refused the Sioux requests. Sanctuary was accorded under the unwritten laws of nations, but little else.

In the early summer of 1881 Sitting Bull, accompanied by a band of his warriors, went to Fort Qu'Appelle where

there was an establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company and an official of the Indian Department, in the hope of being able to obtain some supplies. The Hudson's Bay Factor had barely enough goods for his own trade, and Colonel Allan Macdonald, the Indian Agent, was having sufficient trouble to feed his own indigent Indians without assuming further responsibility.

The Sioux were about to return to Wood Mountain when they learned that a large shipment of flour consigned to Father Hugonard, in charge of the Oblate Mission in the Qu'Appelle Valley, had been brought up the Assiniboine River to Fort Ellice, about a hundred miles away, the previous autumn. The Priest had recently sent a brigade of carts to bring it to the Mission. I often heard Father Hugonard speak of the incident, and later he related it to my husband one cold winter's day, sitting in his comfortable little office in the Industrial School, the windows of which looked out upon the very hills that had resounded to the shouts of the Indians so many years before.

The evening the freighters returned with their loads, the Sioux, camped among the Valley hills, were observed to be excited. Parties of mounted Indians were constantly on the move and sentries posted on the buttes were calling one to the other. The Priest would have been more than human had he not felt apprehensive.

Dusk was coming on when a cavalcade of Sioux horsemen, painted, feathered and armed, rode to the Mission. All dismounted with the exception of the Chief, and an Indian in a war bonnet with a Winchester held in the folds of his blanket entered and informed Father Hugonard that the War Chief, Sitting Bull, was outside and wished to speak to the "Black Robe".

Nothing daunted, the brave Priest replied that if the Chief desired to see him, he would be received. Sitting Bull at once dismounted from his horse, which had been led by two warriors and, formidable in his warlike accoutrements, stalked into the Mission.

Father Hugonard had provided himself with an interpreter and, after the usual greetings, the Sioux Chief came to the point of his visit. He wanted the flour and must have it. His people were starving: the buffaloes were gone and there was no other food to be had. Then he relapsed into the impenetrable Indian silence.

Father Hugonard, sitting behind a table in his black soutane, presented an austere contrast to the painted Indians who had crowded into the place behind their leader. He replied firmly that they could not have the flour.

When his answer had been rendered into the Sioux tongue the Indians showed signs of resentment. They muttered sullenly; rifles were produced from beneath belted blankets and hands furtively sought knife handles in beaded scabbards.

The situation was a critical one. These Indians were perhaps the most formidable of all the Plains tribes. They had defied the Government of the United States, and when attacked by regular soldiers, had won a complete and bloody victory. It was apparent they were in belligerent mood. Sitting Bull threw them an authoritative word in a deep guttural, and they were instantly stilled. Then he addressed the Priest. He was sorry, he said, but his people were starving, and if the "Black Robe" persisted in his refusal, he was afraid his young men would take the food by force.

The Priest felt that if he yielded to threats he would lose influence with his own Indians. Then an idea struck him. He turned to the Interpreter and said: "Tell him I cannot give him the flour, because it belongs to the Indians of the Mission. They depend upon it for food, but if we can agree upon a price he can pay, I will sell it to him and give my people the proceeds."

This being interpreted, Sitting Bull gave no sign for a moment, remaining silent and inscrutable. The Priest tried to assume an indifferent air, but he was far from being indifferent. Then the Chief rose slowly to his feet and unbelted a magnificent Navajo blanket that he wore, let it fall to the ground, saying: "How much will this buy?"

The tension was broken and trading became general. Father Hugonard obtained good value for his flour in the shape of ponies and other things. Among the articles offered for barter were a number of watches that the Sioux had taken from the bodies of the soldiers killed at the Little Big Horn.

Colonel MacLeod, who had been Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police and was then acting in a judicial capacity, was greatly respected by all the Indian tribes, and the Canadian Government appointed him a special commissioner to deal with the Sioux, and endeavour to induce them to accept the amnesty offered and return to the United States. He summoned Sitting Bull and his chiefs to a conference. The stern old warrior was far more friendly than he had been with the American Emissaries, but was firm in his determination to remain in Canada. At last Colonel MacLeod said: "Sitting Bull, is there no one whose word you will take that if you return to your own country you will receive fair and just treatment?"

The Chief smoked thoughtfully, then replied: "Yes! if Jean Louis says it is safe, I will go. He speaks only the words of truth."

Mr. Legaré was consulted. He looked carefully into the situation to satisfy himself of the *bona fides* of the proffered amnesty. He then told Sitting Bull that he believed it would be safe for the Sioux to return to the United States.

The Indian Chief was as good as his word, and in the summer of 1881 he and his people were escorted by Legaré and a party of Métis buffalo hunters to the American Army Post at Fort Buford, where he surrendered to the Officer in Command.

The last member of Legaré's party that took Sitting Bull and his followers to Fort Buford, in the person of "Johnnie" Chartrand, only passed from the scene in 1949. Shortly before his death my husband, through the courtesy of Assistant Commissioner Gagnon of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Regina, had him brought from his camp at Big Beaver to the little town of Bengough in southern Saskatchewan. My husband and the local "Mountie" sat up with the old man all night and listened while he told every detail of that historic journey. As his mind went back across the years and the old scenes once more rose before his vision, he became excited and graphic.

He spoke a curious mixture of English, French and Cree that made his speech extraordinarily flexible to anyone with a knowledge of these languages. When a word bothered him in one tongue he would relapse into another without hesitation.

The "Mountie" was a shorthand writer and he took down "Johnnie's" story as fast as my husband could interpret it; and it was indeed an absorbing one. The record was turned over to the late Mr. Peter Turner, the official historian of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and it remains among the archives of the Force in Ottawa.

It was winter time and, when my husband left Regina for the south country to meet "Johnnie" he was wearing a handsome hand-woven silk muffler. When he returned I noticed that he did not have it and, although he has never admitted it, I am inclined to think that, carried away by the graphic recital, he made a gift of it to the old narrator.

The Canadian Government offered Mr. Legaré a township of land for his services, in addition to a small sum of money. He declined the land. "Of what value is land to me," he said. "The prairie all around is free to anyone who desires to use it. It has little value."

Several years later the American Government made Legaré a payment on account of the services he had rendered in connection with the Sioux, but apparently the full sum appropriated by Congress never reached his hands¹.

Sitting Bull's absolute trust in Legaré's good faith was a fine tribute. The formidable Indian Chief, who had refused to take the word of the Government of Canada and that of the President of the United States, placed the lives of himself and his people unreservedly in the hands of the quiet French-Canadian trader.

In 1901 Mr. Legaré who, in company with Gaspard Beupré of Willow Bunch, had been visiting relatives in Quebec, stopped at the Buffalo Exposition to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. There was the usual representation of the "Pony Express" and the "Overland Mail". The old Concord coach, drawn by four galloping horses was swinging around the arena followed by a yelling crowd of mounted Indians, firing their guns and discharging their arrows in mimic attack upon the occupants of the vehicle, who were keeping up a brisk fire in response.

Legaré, with his black beard and wide Stetson, was a noticeable figure in the grandstand. "These Indians know you," said Beupré. "See! they are making signs in this direction."

"Oh no!" replied Mr. Legaré, "you must be mistaken."

But there was no mistake. When they circled the arena again, they were interspersing their war cries with shouts of "Jean Louis! Jean Louis!" the name by which he was known to all the native people of the Plains. They were Hunkpapa Sioux who had been at Wood Mountain with Sitting Bull.

¹It is apparently difficult to discover exactly what happened to the balance of the money. Before conducting Sitting Bull and his followers to Fort Buford, Legaré made an arrangement with Major Brotherton, the American officer in command there that he would be indemnified for any expense he might incur and, in conducting the Sioux to Fort Buford Legaré must have been put to considerable expense. He rounded them up in a camp at Willow Bunch, a Métis settlement about thirty miles from Wood Mountain where he furnished them with supplies. He organized an escort of Métis buffalo hunters and conducted Sitting Bull and his followers to Fort Buford on the Missouri and supported them on the journey.

When Mr. Legaré submitted his account to Congress it was accepted and passed. It seems then to have been brought before a court of claims, where it was whittled down in what can only be described as a parsimonious manner. The argument that was used seemed to be that an army officer in the position of Major Brotherton had no authority to commit the Government of the United States. There is no doubt that Mr. Legaré was a heavy loser in connection with the whole transaction.

Settlement increased in the south country and Willow Bunch, where later Mr. Legaré made his headquarters, developed from a few scattered Métis cabins to a thriving little town of which he became the Postmaster. A number of his relatives from Quebec settled on land nearby, and at last he was surrounded by his own people. When he died in 1918, seldom was a pioneer more sincerely mourned.

When Sitting Bull had surrendered at Fort Buford in the summer of 1881, he left behind him in Canada a small band of Sioux who refused to return to the States. They were suspicious of the good faith of the American amnesty. For a number of years they wandered about the country, sometimes at Wood Mountain and sometimes at Moose Jaw. The Sioux women at one time furnished the only domestic help available in Moose Jaw. They were clean and trustworthy and dry-nursed many of the children of the pioneers. As a result quite a few of the second generation of the Moose Jaw pioneers can still speak the Dakota tongue. They were like the native women of India who nursed the children of British officials, to whom Kipling called a toast when he wrote:

"To our dear, dark foster mothers
And the heathen songs they sung,
And the heathen speech we babbled
Ere we came to the white man's tongue".

Eventually these Sioux were allotted a small reserve at Wood Mountain where they settled permanently.

Several of them had been in the battle of the Little Big Horn and often spoke of it. One of the Sioux girls, a daughter of Black Moon the hereditary Head Chief of the Hunkpapas, married T. W. Aspden, a Sergeant of the Mounted Police who was afterwards in the Indian Department. When my husband asked her if she had been present at the battle of the Little Big Horn, she replied:

"Yes, I was only a young girl then, but I remember it well. The Indians knew that morning that the soldiers were coming. They had scouts on every butte. When we saw Custer and his men coming over the hills, maybe six miles away, the horse herd was driven in for the men to ride to war, and the women and children were sent up on the plains to be away from the bullets. My father had given me a fine sorrel pony. It had a white star on the brow and four white feet. Oh! I did love my pony. But he was a little wild and hard to catch and, as we had to hurry, I got another horse to ride when I went with the women and children. One of my brothers roped my pony and rode him to battle.

"The fight did not last long; maybe an hour, maybe a little more, but it was not long until we were called back, when all the white soldiers were dead. Sitting Bull, my father and the other chiefs were riding among the dead people looking for the body of the white chief with the long hair. I rode with them, and where the fighting had been the worst, I saw my pony. He had been shot in the back and when he saw me he tried to get up, but could not rise on his hind feet. He had to be killed. Oh! it was a sad day for me when my pony died."

A few years ago, my husband went down to the Standing Rock Agency in South Dakota, the home of the Sitting Bull Sioux, and talked to several of the old men who had been in the Little Big Horn battle. All the Indians who took part in it seemed to tell the same story, whether they lived at Pine Ridge, Cherry Creek, Wood Mountain in Saskatchewan or Standing Rock in South Dakota. He talked a great deal with White Bull, the nephew of Sitting Bull, who had acted as "galloper" for his uncle in the battle. He said that Custer was not personally known to any of the Indians except that he was reputed to wear his fair hair long. Sitting Bull gave instructions that the white officer with the long hair was to be taken alive, probably to be held as a hostage. He said, however, that all the dead men had short hair.

While my husband was at Standing Rock, Father Bernard, an old priest who had been there in Sitting Bull's time, showed him a photograph of Custer standing beside a piano singing to his wife's accompaniment in his quarters at Fort Abraham Lincoln a few days before he left on the Sioux campaign, and it showed him with a close-cropped head. Father Bernard said that Custer's wife objected to his long hair and made him go to the Post barber to have it shorn. That tonsorial operation probably cost him his life.

Father Hugonard of the Qu'Appelle Roman Catholic Mission was a frequent visitor at our house in Regina during the first years. My father had a number of French-Canadians working for him on the Railway construction. When the grade reached the Pile o' Bones he arranged with Father Hugonard to come from his mission and celebrate mass for the benefit of his workmen. This was unquestionably the first religious service to be held on the Regina Townsite¹.

Father Hugonard was a dark, burly man, a native of Normandy in France, who had come to the Valley as a

¹There is a record of this service in the archives of the Archdiocese of St. Boniface.



Monument to Father Hugonard at the Indian Industrial School in the Qu'Appelle Valley.

young priest in 1874. The mission over which he presided was situated on the shores of a large lake in a beautiful tree-shaded spot some five or six miles east of the Hudson's Bay Post of Fort Qu'Appelle. Even in the early days there was a little village inhabited by some of the Métis families clustering about the Mission buildings. Subsequently the place took the name "Lebret" in honour of one of the early missionary priests.

In 1884, a large Indian Industrial School was erected there of which Father Hugonard became the Principal and, under his direction, it soon began to exert an important influence on the native life of a wide region.

I remember one week in April, 1884, when Father Hugonard was constantly at our house. He was usually in good spirits and playful with us children. On that occasion he was absorbed and melancholy, and one evening his dejection was so profound that we instinctively stilled our play. He and my father spoke low to each other and later they were joined by Father L'Arche, then acting Parish Priest of Regina.

The next morning I was awakened early, and saw from the upstairs window a Mounted Police conveyance stop at our door and two priests drive away in it.

We were at breakfast when Father Hugonard returned. He was a big, hearty man, but he came in with faltering

footsteps and his face was pale beneath his outdoor tan. He was wiping the moisture from his brow, although the morning was cold. My father offered him a glass of brandy which he accepted with evident appreciation. Poor Father Hugonard! He had that day steeled himself to undergo a dreadful ordeal. Of course I did not know about it then, but when older I learned the circumstances. This is the story:

When the Railway reached Qu'Appelle, or Troy as it was then called, in 1882, an old man named John McCarthy was one of the earliest arrivals. He worked for a time about the place and afterwards took up a homestead in the bush country a few miles away. He built a shack and lived there alone. He was a bachelor, sullen and morose and reputed a miser.

Some of the settlers who had to pass his shack when hauling firewood, remarked that there was no sign of human tenancy. At last one of them went to the door and, obtaining no response to his knock, entered. The field mice that drifted across the floor indicated the place must have been abandoned for some time. There were, however, evidences of something grim and sinister. Dark patches of dried blood lay on floor and hearthstone, and the crude home-made furniture was scattered in disorder.

The Mounted Police were notified, and a search revealed the body of the old man, hidden in a thicket some little distance from the shack. Indications were that McCarthy had been brutally assailed and killed. An axe had apparently been the weapon and from the wounds, and the great quantity of blood, it must have been wielded with maniacal ferocity. At first it was thought robbery was the motive, and suspicion was directed towards some of the members of a Halfbreed camp near Troy; but quite a sum of money was found in the inside pocket of the coat the dead man was wearing, and that theory was discarded for the time. A search was made for someone with a homicidal mania; but the Mounted Police could find no clue.

A Scout of the mixed blood, named Lavallée, attached to the Police headquarters at Regina, had an idea that some Halfbreeds in the vicinity knew more than they were telling. He sought and obtained permission to visit Troy. He frequented the native camp and, knowing most of the occupants, was soon on friendly terms with them.

Lavallée concentrated on two brothers named Stevenson who had bad reputations. One of them professed himself able to read fortunes by cards. The Scout pretended to be impressed, and asked if the cards could tell anything about the McCarthy murder. Flattered, Stevenson proceeded

to do some conjuring, and then declared he could reconstruct the crime. He said that McCarthy had been sitting in his shack reading by the firelight when two men entered. The old man spoke to them roughly and bade them begone about their business. One of them picked up an axe, and attacked him. Although Stevenson doubtless had never heard of Lady MacBeth, like her, he expressed astonishment that an old man's veins should have contained so much blood.

After he was dead, he said, the murderers were frightened, and dragged the body to a place in the thickest bush. The Halfbreed remarked, parenthetically, he supposed the flies had led to its discovery. They searched for money, but found only a few dollars. In their hurry and panic they had failed to find the larger sum.

Lavallée concluded that the Stevensons—cards or no cards—knew too much about the affair, and the brothers were promptly taken into custody. They were tried in Regina and although they strenuously protested their innocence, were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

After their conviction they made a statement, declaring that, although they themselves were innocent, they knew the person who had committed the murder, and named a white man of the neighbourhood who, they said, had a grudge against McCarthy. As the evidence at the trial had been purely circumstantial, a postponement of the execution was ordered until the new angle could be investigated.

Strangely enough the man they accused had disappeared, and still more strange, it was disclosed that he had been on bad terms with the murdered man. Eventually, however, he was found, and was able to furnish an unimpeachable alibi. The Stevensons were informed they must prepare for death.

But still they protested their innocence. A strong web had been woven about them, and there was small doubt of their guilt. It was the first time that the sentence of death had been passed upon any of the native people, who had an utter abhorrence of hanging. Indeed, at the time of the Treaty, the Indians had endeavoured to make it a condition that no member of their race should suffer death in this manner. It was felt that if the Stevensons went to the scaffold with their crime unconfessed, it might have a serious effect upon the Halfbreed and Indian population.

Until a week before the date set for the execution the condemned men conducted themselves with callous ribaldry, and seemed to have small realization of the dreadful posi-

tion in which they were placed. When a guard remarked upon the dilapidated condition of the boots worn by one of them, the Halfbreed said: "Oh! Well, I won't need boots where I am going."

When they finally knew all hope was at an end, they sent for Father Hugonard and told him they would confess on one condition. They said they were more afraid of the hands of the hangman than of death itself. Accordingly, they declared that if Father Hugonard would agree to adjust the ropes about their necks, they would tell the truth.

The poor Priest was in a dreadful predicament. He was a humane and kindly man, and was horrified at the suggestion. However, he told Lieutenant Governor Dewdney about the situation, and when the importance of obtaining a confession was explained to him, he consented to meet the request of the condemned men.

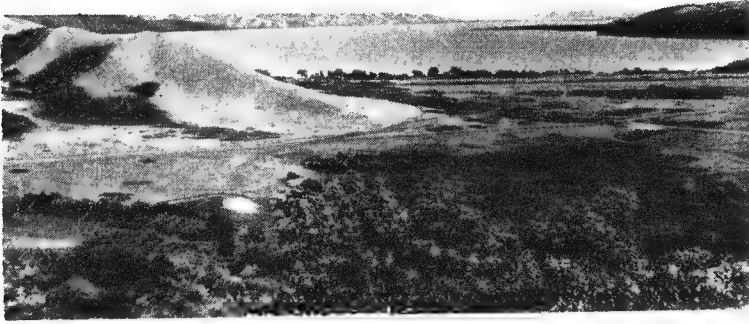
Father Hugonard was the spiritual adviser of the prisoners and therefore felt precluded from taking their official confessions. This was done by Father L'Arche, and many details, which had hitherto puzzled the authorities, were explained.

On the scaffold when Father Hugonard, with trembling hands, endeavoured to adjust the noose, John Stevenson said: "Pull it tight, Father; I don't want any mistake."

Little wonder Father Hugonard was pale and shaken that morning.¹

Father Hugonard is credited with having prevented Star Blanket, the troublesome Chief of the File Hills Indians, from taking the warpath during the 1885 Rebellion. Little Black Bear, the loyal Head Chief was dead and the leadership had fallen to Star Blanket, who brought his braves down to the Valley where they held war dances. The sound of their drums and the gleam of their camp fires spread alarm among the settlers. Father Hugonard had been absent from the Mission but when he returned he girded up his soutane, and strode down the Valley to the teepee of the Chief. Star Blanket was insolent and defiant and, when reprimanded, had the temerity to place his hand on his knife and half draw it from the scabbard. Instantly the burly Priest seized the Indian by the throat, and choking him into submission, threw him among his wives, telling them to take the valiant warrior back to the Reserve. The

¹Father Hugonard related this incident to my husband not long before he died, and a full account of it may be found in the issue of *The Regina Leader* of the date of the execution, in an article written by Nicholas Flood Davin. There is also an affidavit extant, taken by Father Hugonard, detailing his experience with the condemned men.



THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

Indians apparently concluded that if the Chief had been vanquished by a "Black Robe", he was not the person to lead them to war, and dispersed to their homes.¹

Not long before he died, Father Hugonard was at the office of the late D. H. McDonald at Fort Qu'Appelle. After he had dispatched his business, Mr. McDonald said to him:

"Father, you are not your usual cheery self today. Is there anything bothering you?"

"Well," he replied, "you know my heart is here with my people."

"What!" said Mr. McDonald, "you do not mean to tell me you are going away? Life in the Valley would not be right without you."

"Yes," said Father Hugonard, rather sadly; and then straightening himself up, added: "I have got my marching orders and like a good soldier must obey."

Mr. McDonald was the son of the old Hudson's Bay Factor and his life had been spent in the Valley. He knew, none better, of the noble and self-sacrificing work of the devoted priest. Most of the splendid old missionaries had passed on and out of the scene. Archbishop Taché and Monseigneur Langevin were gathered to their fathers and

¹This incident was related to me by the late E. C. Stewart who was an official of the Indian Department at File Hills during the Rebellion. He had spent a lifetime in association with the Indians and was one of the best informed white men on their affairs in all the North West. They named him "Toto-sapwe" which in the Cree language means "milk" and the designation was meant to convey the impression of kindness.

the destinies of the Church to which Father Hugonard belonged were controlled by a generation that "knew not Joseph".

Mr. McDonald said very earnestly: "Father, you do not wish to leave, do you?"

"Well," replied the old man, "I am not complaining, but I had hoped to end my days in the Valley among the people who, I think, love me."

Not long afterwards Mr. McDonald had as his guest Sir Clifford Sifton, who was there to enjoy some of the shooting for which the Qu'Appelle is famous. Before he left Mr. McDonald said to him: "Sir Clifford, I suppose you have some influence at Ottawa still."

Sir Clifford replied: "Well, you know I have done with politics, but some members of the Government may be induced to pay a little attention to what I might say."

Mr. McDonald thereupon told him about Father Hugonard and his proposed removal. Sir Clifford made a note in his famous little black book, but there was no further discussion at the time. When certain matters connected with the Industrial School came up, the Dominion Government intimated its desire that Father Hugonard should be retained in charge.

And so at the last he was laid away among the people he had served so well, and in the lovely Valley that had been the scene of his labours for nearly half a century. When he fell ill, news of him was eagerly sought by the Indians from Muscowpetungs, Crooked Lakes, Touchwood, Moose Mountain and even as far away as Fort Pelly, and there were constant visitors. Chiefs and Head Men came to make ceremonial calls; former pupils, who had learned their religion and the ways of the white men at his hands, arrived for a last word of advice and encouragement; poor Indian women came with their tears to bespeak his parting benediction; high placed officials from the Prime Minister down sent messages of sympathy, and there was universal sorrow and regret at his death which took place in February, 1918.

In 1924 there was an Indian pageant and celebration at the Mission to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of Father Hugonard in the Valley, and to do honour to his memory. It was a beautiful day. Indians from the adjacent reserves in all their old time panoply were camped about the flats, and there was a large assemblage of white visitors. Amongst others the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Regina had arrived the previous evening, and passed the night at the Mission.

My husband and I were in the teepee of Pekutch, an old time Indian of the File Hills. The previous evening there had been a threat of rain. Pekutch, with the rather sardonic touch so characteristic of the Indians, said: "Last night some of our people went to the Mission and asked the Archbishop to pray for fine weather to-day. They think that is how they got it. But I fixed it. I knew that wherever Father Hugonard had gone, he was sure to have influence with those who control the weather, and if he knew about it, would arrange things so that we would have a fine day for our celebration. So, I just beat my drum to wake him up in the graveyard down by the little Church, and right away the rain clouds began to roll back from the edge of the Valley."

CHAPTER III

ARCHBISHOP TACHÉ — THE QU'APPELLE MISSION —
THE PEOPLE OF REGINA — CAPTURING A LIVE BUFFALO
— AN INTERRUPTED TEA PARTY — THE HALFBREEDS AND
THEIR GRIEVANCES — GOVERNMENTAL INDIFFERENCE —
CAUSES OF THE REBELLION — BRITISH GOVERNMENT
OPPOSED EXECUTION OF RIEL — THE LAST MELANCHOLY
DAY OF THE REBEL LEADER.

I remember Archbishop Taché of St. Boniface being a guest at our home in 1884, when he came to Regina to consecrate the little Roman Catholic Church that had been built there. He was one of the kindest of men and always had time to be friendly with children. I listened then to the story of his experiences when he was a young missionary among the Indian tribes of the far north. Afterwards, when I was a lonely little girl at school in St. Boniface, he came to the Convent on the occasion of some celebration, and I was hurt because he did not recognize me among all the other little girls.

He spent most of his life in the West, and was greatly respected by everyone. At an age when many other men had barely completed their education, he was summoned from his wilderness mission at Ile à la Crosse to succeed Bishop Provencher in what must have been one of the largest dioceses in the world. He belonged to an old seigneurial family of French Canada, related to that of de La Vérendrye, probably the first white man to penetrate from eastern Canada to the prairies.

A pretty tale is told of the founding of the "Qu'Appelle Mission". During the early sixties of last century Bishop Taché, while on his way from Ile à la Crosse to the Red River, found himself benighted on the plains. In the morning his guide, who had been scouting around, announced the proximity of a large valley, and the Prelate decided to investigate.

It was a beautiful summer morning when they reached the northern verge of the Qu'Appelle. The Lake with its little dancing waves that sparkled in the sunlight and changed colour with the speeding cloud shadows, the slightly poplar groves that stood in clumps on the wide savannahs, the rich and verdant meadows carpeted with wild flowers, and the lodges of the Métis hunters by the River bank, all combined in a pleasant scene to eyes long vexed by the interminable sweep of the prairie scene.

The equipage of the Bishop was soon perceived; the news spread through the Valley that "Monseigneur" was come, and the simple children of the wilderness gathered to do him honour.

Taking advantage of his presence, they requested that a priest might be sent to minister to them. Delighted with the place and his welcome, Monseigneur Taché gave the promise, and the establishment of the Qu'Appelle Mission was the result. A little shrine in later years was built on the northern hillside to mark the spot where he entered the valley of the Qu'Appelle on that long gone summer day.

The situation of the Qu'Appelle Mission and the Industrial School is one of the most picturesque in all the prairie country. The buildings are on the verge of a lovely lake. Close at hand and joined to the Mission Lake by a short creek is Lake Kahtapwe, the loveliest of all the waters of the Qu'Appelle chain. It was from the native name of this latter Lake that the name Qu'Appelle was evolved. At one portion of Lake Kahtapwe there is a wonderful echo, and the tradition is that when the old time Indians were paddling their canoes in the still evening air they could hear sounds that appeared to them to be human voices. They called out in the Cree language "kahtapwao" which in that tongue means "What is calling?" and their own words were flung back at them from bank to bank of the Valley. A tradition grew among them that the far bank of the Lake was haunted by a disembodied spirit that wandered along the northern shore of the Lake crying out: "kahtapwao".

The region was exploited by the "Northwesters" long before the Hudson's Bay Company had advanced much beyond the Red River into the prairie country. The French language was the speech of the North West Company and the transition from "Kahtapwao" to the "Qu'Appelle" was entirely natural. There have been many fanciful and romantic stories about the name "Qu'Appelle" but this is the only true one.

The old North West Council had its meeting in Regina during the eighties of last century. At first, when it met in Battleford, its members were all appointed by the Federal Government. They acted as a sort of advisory committee to the Lieutenant Governor, but there was nothing democratic in its constitution. At the first meeting in Regina, however, elected members, some of them representing immense constituencies, put in an appearance. Among them were Frank Oliver of Edmonton, afterwards Minister of the Interior in the Federal Cabinet; James

Hamilton Ross of Moose Jaw, then at the beginning of a distinguished political career; Dr. Brett of Banff, long regarded as the doyen of advanced medicine in western Canada; and A. E. Forget, Clerk of the Council, whom I remember best of all.

Mr. Forget was an important personage in Regina at that time. He had been Secretary to the Hon. David Laird and Clerk of the first North West Council. He continued in the latter position under Mr. Dewdney. He was a native of Marieville in the Province of Quebec, not far from our family homes. He was educated for the priesthood, but abandoned his theological studies for law and journalism. He was sent by a French language newspaper to the Red River to cover the trial of Ambroise Lepine for the "murder" of Thomas Scott during the troubles of 1869-70. His companion on the long journey from Montreal to Winnipeg was Sir Adolphe Chapleau, the great French-Canadian statesman who defended Lepine. A friendship then sprang up between the two men that lasted until Chapleau's death.

As I remember Mr. Forget he was a handsome, dignified man, and I used to think he had the courtly manners of a king. He claimed descent from the Forget who was Secretary to Henri of Navarre, the first Bourbon King of France. He was afterwards Indian Commissioner, and still later the last Lieutenant Governor of the North West Territories and subsequently first Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan. His wife was a sister of Chevallier Drolet, who had been one of the Papal zouaves during the Garibaldi Wars. He ended his career as a senator of Canada.



During those early years, cowboys from the American side frequently came to Regina, adding a picturesque element to the life of the place. They usually brought with them bands of Montana broncos, as wild as antelope, which they sold to the new settlers after a very sketchy breaking process.

My father, who had always been interested in live stock, learned from these men about the fine range country in the Wood Mountain and Willow Bunch districts, some hundred and twenty miles to the south and west of Regina, and my eldest brother Pascal went down to the border region to learn the cattle business as it was practised on the western plains. From that time until his death in 1909, he was identified with the stock industry under open range conditions.

For a while we had a live young buffalo of our own. It was kept in a caged enclosure near our store, and sometimes I would poke sticks and things at it through the bars when it would make rushes at me. My brother Pascal had captured it in the south country. He was riding with a round-up outfit near the Boundary when he fell in with a party of surveyors whose cook had wandered away on the prairie. My brother volunteered to look for him. While he was riding along trying to pick up the trail of the missing man, a mustang bounded out of a coulee and thundered away with tail and mane streaming in the wind. Pascal put spurs to his horse and galloped in pursuit. After a headlong race, he got close enough to cast the loop of his lariat about the neck of the wild horse, and then ensued a battle royal. My brother's horse was well broken to the rope, and at last he had the mustang sufficiently subdued to bring it to camp. Then getting a fresh mount, he went out again on the search for the missing man.

Not far from where he caught the horse, he came upon a young buffalo cow, which made "quick tracks" as he approached. He soon ran it down and roped and tied it. He then continued his search for the unfortunate cook whom he found in an almost demented condition. He brought all three—man, wild horse and buffalo—to Regina.

The cowboys from the south sometimes got into trouble with the authorities. When my husband was in the little town of Bend on the Deschutes River in Oregon many years afterwards, a ranchman there, on learning that he came from Regina, said: "Oh! I was there once in the early eighties. I was bringing in a band of broncos and had driven them over a wooden sidewalk, when a man in a red coat came up and told me they did not allow things like that in Canada. I had been drinking some prohibition whisky and was feeling quite independent. I called him a gold beshangled Queen Victoria so and so. He summoned a patrol of his comrades and they locked me up in their jail. I had to pay a fine and apologize for my disrespectful remarks about their Queen before they would let me out. I felt it was no country for a self-respecting cowboy, so I never went back again."

About 1884 an Englishman named Henry Fisher established the first large wheat farm on the Regina plains, about four miles from Regina. He named the place "Bayswater Farm" after his birthplace in England. He was the first man to use a steam plough on the prairies, but it was not the tractor-drawn implement of to-day. It was operated by means of a cable strung between two stationary engines placed half a mile apart. This contrivance worked all right

as long as the going was on the level, but when a slough was encountered, the plough dangled futilely in the air. The experiment was not a success.

Mr. Fisher built a house on his farm and brought his family from the Old Country. Shortly after their arrival, his two daughters were invited to tea at Government House. Suitably attired for a formal afternoon function they drove in from the Bayswater Farm. On the way one of them espied a little animal running along the prairie trail. "Look!" she said to her sister, "there is a dear little kitty. It must be lost and if we leave it here some wild animal will devour it."

One of the young ladies climbed out of the buggy and succeeded in snaring the little creature in a handsome cashmere shawl. It seemed contented enough and snuggled down in the soft covering. In due time the girls arrived at Government House, carrying the stray with them. They noticed that the servant who admitted them turned his head away and seemed to regard them with some aversion. "Dear me!" said one of the girls. "There is a strange odour here. If we were in the Old Country, I would think that there was something wrong with the drains."

When they were ushered into the drawing-room, a number of Regina people who were taking tea with the Governor and Mrs. Dewdney looked at them with obvious distaste, and then, as if by one concerted movement, abruptly left the premises. Mr. Dewdney, however, greeted them courteously and suggested that they have some tea. But neither of the young ladies had any desire for refreshments. Indeed, a nausea seemed to be overpowering them. In an endeavour to relieve the strain of the situation, the girl who had caught "the dear little kitty" opened her shawl and displayed her prize. Polite as he was, the Governor could not restrain a burst of laughter. "Why, Miss Fisher," he said, "your captive is a baby skunk."

Kind Mrs. Dewdney had tubs of hot water provided and every attempt was made to remove from the persons of the girls the evidences of their contact with a member of the skunk family. Late that night Mr. Dewdney's stableman was observed conveying what looked like a pile of feminine garments on the prongs of a pitchfork to a sepulchre on the prairie.



In 1884 there were rumours of trouble among the Métis of the Saskatchewan, and some of the Indian tribes were engaging in war talk and dancing. No one seemed to pay

much attention to these things, perhaps least of all the Government officials on the ground, but when Mr. Legaré came in from Wood Mountain he talked with my father, and shook his head gravely, anticipating trouble.

When the treaties had been signed with the Indians for the surrender of their rights in the country to the Crown, the consideration consisted of certain services, specific annuities, and a considerable landed estate administered in trust for them by a specially constituted branch of the Federal Government. The Indians themselves always insisted that their "Half-brothers", as they called the Halfbreeds, were joint inheritors with them in their native land and that they should get equal consideration. Promises were made but neither placed in contract form nor fulfilled. At that time the only concession made to the Halfbreeds was that if they so desired they could "take Treaty" as Indians.

When Manitoba became a Province in 1870, Louis Riel and the members of his Provisional Government obtained for the Métis of that Province a landed estate of 1,400,000 acres. This left the people of the mixed blood living beyond the Manitoba boundaries. The chief settlements of the western natives then were along both branches of the Saskatchewan River, in the Qu'Appelle Valley, the Cypress Hills, at Wood Mountain, Willow Bunch, near the American Boundary; there were also a number of Métis families at Fort Edmonton, Fort Pitt and Fort Pelley. Previously many of the men had been engaged in the buffalo hunt, or employed as voyageurs, freighters, interpreters and in similar capacities by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Halfbreeds, or "Métis" as they called themselves, were not generally the offspring of irregular relations between white men and Indian women. They often owed their origin to unions sanctioned by the Church or, when priest or minister was not available, to a sort of matrimonial contract known as "marriage according to the custom of the country".

The Hudson's Bay Company called itself a company of "gentlemen adventurers" and it was just that. Some of the most important names in England were borne by directors. The officers of the North West Company were, as a rule, members of Scottish Highland families, some of whom, being Jacobites, were living in Montreal in self-imposed exile; and French Canadians, often belonging to families who, in the days of the Old Régime had held seigneuries along the St. Lawrence. The directors of both companies regarded the positions in the field as personal perquisites, and they were often filled by members of their own families.

Living as these young men did, far from civilization, where they might not see a white woman for years, it was not unnatural that they should have cast favouring eyes upon the comeliest of the "Daughters of Heth", and taken wives to themselves from the families of the Indian chiefs of the tribes amongst whom they lived. Some of these white men, when their terms of service expired, abandoned the responsibilities thus incurred. Others, with a better appreciation of the relationship into which they had entered, provided quite well for their native families, and sent some of the most promising of their children to Canada and even to the Old Country to be educated. The Orkney boatmen of the Hudson's Bay Company and the hunters and voyageurs of the North West Company also made alliances of a more or less regular nature with Indian women, and the people of the mixed blood became of considerable importance in the life of the country.

The majority of these natives of another generation were good people, reliable, and quite often were given positions of responsibility by their employers. They were a strong and vigorous folk, adept in all forms of plainscraft and, owing to the life they led, familiar with the use of weapons.

The passing of the Hudson's Bay Company as the lords paramount of the country, the advance of settlement and the disappearance of the buffalo dealt a staggering blow to the economic life of these people. The buffalo hunt was an important industry. During the sixties of last century as many as four thousand carts came annually from the Red River to the plains of Saskatchewan for the summer hunt, and these were augmented by many others from the Hudson's Bay posts of the North West Territories. In one decade the buffalo had vanished; the fur trade diminished; railway transportation took the place of the wilderness caravans; and the brigades of canoes and York boats disappeared from lake and river. These people, who knew no other occupations than those to which they had been accustomed, were left without any means of livelihood. Certain of them took up land in the North Saskatchewan country and did some desultory cultivation, but few had either the necessary capital or experience, and their agricultural adventures were usually unsuccessful.

When things were in this condition, a drought settled upon the country. Crops, and even grass, withered and died; the prairie creeks and sloughs, which in normal times supported broods of wild fowl, dried up and large game retreated to the northern forests. At that unpropitious time, the Indian Department adopted a cheese-paring and

penurious policy that had adverse repercussions among the Métis people. They were faced with utter starvation. Under those distressing conditions they remembered the promises that had been made at the time of the Indian Treaties, and appealed to Ottawa for help. At that time—the early eighties—nothing whatsoever had been done by the Federal Government either to acknowledge their claims or to afford them relief.

No real explanation has ever been given of the callous indifference then displayed by Ottawa. The situation verged on the tragic; indeed it *was* tragic in some instances. Lawrence Clarke, the Hudson's Bay Factor at Carlton, the first elected member of any legislative body in the prairie country, and a man of influence and standing, directed strong representations to the Government; Bishop Grandin of the Church of Rome, several times sent urgent appeals to Ottawa for aid for the suffering natives; Mounted Police officers warned that trouble was brewing, and the Métis themselves sent to the Government petitions signed by most of their own people who could write, and marked by many of those who could only make a cross. But nothing seemed to stir the Government of Canada out of the deadly lethargy into which it had fallen in respect to these unfortunate folk. No action was taken on letters and petitions. Most of them were never even answered.

In the summer of 1884 a delegation went from the North Saskatchewan to Riel at his little school on the Missouri and endeavours were made to induce him to return to the country and lead the Métis in an agitation for what they believed were their rights. It is now known from letters written by Riel to the members of his family in Canada, that he debated for a long time with himself before yielding to the pressure placed upon him by the delegates. At first he refused to take any steps that would again involve him in political action in his native land. When still a very young man, he had accomplished a great deal for his compatriots at the time of the passage of the Manitoba Act; he had twice been elected to the Canadian House of Commons, but was denied his seat, and probably the frustrations then experienced brought on a mental condition that made it advisable for him to undergo treatment in an institution in Quebec. He had married in Montana and had made application for American citizenship and seemed fairly contented in his position as teacher at the Jesuit Mission.

Gabriel Dumont, the leader of the delegation, finally persuaded him that his own people urgently needed his leadership, and during that summer he accompanied the delegation to the Saskatchewan country.

There seems to be little doubt that at that stage the intention was to make the agitation for the rights of the Métis entirely constitutional. There were meetings at St. Laurent, Batoche, Prince Albert and the Fork-of-the-Road in the heart of the Métis country, attended by many of the old buffalo hunters, and at first a majority of the white settlers were thoroughly sympathetic. But even the presence of Riel in the country and the fiery speeches of Dumont and other native leaders failed to stir the Ottawa Government from its apparent indifference.

It was the habit of the Halfbreeds, dating from the Indian days, to carry weapons on their journeys, and many of the white settlers took alarm at the mustering of so many armed men. It has never been quite clear whether these mobilizations were arranged for the purpose of revolt, or if those attending them were merely following the custom of the country in bringing weapons to their gatherings. In any case there is no doubt that, as the winter of 1884-85 drew towards its conclusion, excitement and irritation were growing among the native population.

There was then a strong garrison of the North West Mounted Police under Major Crozier at Fort Carlton, which for many years had been an important establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, but was then unoccupied by that corporation. Carlton was close to the most populous native settlements.

In March, 1885, a raid was made on a trading store at Duck Lake, belonging to Hillyard Mitchell, but it has never been certain whether it was carried out by a party of irresponsible Halfbreeds, or was the first step in a considered uprising. However, Major Crozier, an impetuous, high-tempered man, marched out from Carlton at the head of a strong force of Mounted Police and civilian volunteers to attack the position of the raiders.

Crozier found the way to Duck Lake barred by a party of armed Métis. He halted his command and attempted to parley. It was generally understood that the first shot was fired from the ranks of the Police by "Joe" MacKay, Crozier's Halfbreed Interpreter. The late J. H. Heffernan, an Inspector in the Mounted Police for many years, showed me an affidavit taken by the late Captain Davidson, who at that time was a Corporal in Crozier's command, to the effect that the first bullet in the Duck Lake engagement came from a rifle in the hands of one of the Insurgents. It is reasonably certain that until that shot was fired a little common sense and conciliatory action on the part of the Government would have averted the outbreak of hostilities. As it was, the Halfbreeds under the leadership of Gabriel

Dumont, a man of bold and resolute character, inflicted a sharp defeat on Crozier's force, which was compelled to retreat to Carlton after a number of the Police and volunteers had been killed and wounded. After the Duck Lake battle, revolt spread like a flame through the Métis settlements. Almost co-incident with the Duck Lake engagement, the Government set up a Commission to investigate the Halfbreed Question in the Saskatchewan region. It has always been the opinion of the people well informed about the situation that, had this action been taken a month earlier, there would have been no Rebellion in 1885.

As soon as the Government at Ottawa received the news of the defeat of Crozier, preparations were made to send out an expedition under General Middleton, an experienced British Officer, to put down the uprising.

Despite the fact that the first hostilities occurred more than two hundred miles north of Regina, the little Territorial Capital was by no means out of the danger zone. Several of the Plains' tribes known to be in sympathy with the rebels were situated within raiding distance, and were excited and restless.

About a week previous to the Duck Lake battle, Colonel Irvine, the Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, at the head of about a hundred of his men, commenced a forced march of more than two hundred and fifty miles through the unbroken snow of late winter from Regina to protect Prince Albert, thought to be in some danger from raiding parties. This reduction of the garrison at Regina caused a feeling of insecurity to pervade the place.

Colonel Alan Macdonald, the Indian Agent for the Qu'Appelle Treaty, displayed strength and judgment in dealing with the situation. Indeed in this respect he presented a sharp contrast to many of the officials then charged with responsibility. He "drove" the reserves night and day and, when it is considered that practically all the Crees, Saulteaux and Assiniboines of the prairie country were under his supervision, it will be understood that his task was arduous and exacting.

When any of the disaffected Indians sought permission to leave the reserves his reply was invariably as follows:

"Certainly I will give you all the passes you want. I suppose you intend going to the Saskatchewan. Well! go if you like. The soldiers are coming from the East with their rifles and bayonets and cannon and horses, and if you go, it will only mean that I won't be bothered any more with a lot of worthless Indians."

This method proved effective and, with the assistance of men like Father Hugonard of the Qu'Appelle Mission and Archibald McDonald of the Hudson's Bay Company and the influence exerted by Piapot, an able chief of the Qu'Appelle Valley Crees, he succeeded in keeping his Indians at home and at peace.

Nevertheless, the proximity of the Qu'Appelle reserves caused a good deal of uneasiness among the residents of Regina. A body of home guards was formed and most of the able-bodied citizens enlisted to defend hearth and home. Arms were issued; there was marching and counter-marching, and sentries were posted on the outskirts of the town at night. There were some false alarms, but nothing serious happened. I was too young at that time to understand the situation, but I remember well the excitement that affected the grown-up people and even extended to the children.

The Rebellion is of course Canadian history, and there is no need of recapitulation here; but such incidents as the defeat of Major Crozier at Duck Lake; the halting with serious casualties of General Middleton's Expeditionary Force at Fish Creek with its horse, foot and artillery, by a greatly inferior number of Métis hunters under Dumont; the repulse of General Otter at the hands of Poundmaker's Indians, whom he had attacked in their homes among their women and children; the confiscation by General Middleton and some of his officers of the furs of Bremner at Battleford and a few similar incidents, would indicate that the North West Rebellion of 1885 was a rather inglorious page in the history of the Dominion.

There is no doubt that after the capture of Batoche by Middleton's Force and the consequent collapse of the Rebellion, Riel could have escaped by accompanying the party of Gabriel Dumont and other Métis leaders that reached American territory without difficulty. Dumont urged Riel to go with him but he refused, declaring that he would surrender to the authorities, so that his trial might direct the attention of the people of Canada to the injustice with which he believed his compatriots had been treated. Shortly after saying farewell to Dumont, Riel encountered "Tom" Hourie, a native of the mixed blood who had been active as despatch rider for Middleton, and another scout named Armstrong. Riel placed himself under the care of Hourie by whom he was taken to General Middleton's tent.

There was a good deal of excitement in Regina during the Rebellion trials in the late summer of 1885. Louis Riel was placed on trial for his life under a statute of Edward

III, that recited witchcraft among other things as a form of treason. Other Métis leaders were also charged, while Poundmaker, Beardy, Big Bear, One Arrow and other Indians alleged to have taken the warpath were arraigned for making war upon the Queen's Majesty. A jury of six members that included neither French, Métis nor Roman Catholic, found Riel guilty of High Treason but recommended mercy. He was sentenced to death.

Certain members of the British Government believed that the infliction of the death penalty on the Rebel Leader would be a mistake and so informed the Governor General, but of course they could not intervene although some of the diplomatic correspondence would indicate that Queen Victoria herself had expressed a wish that Riel's life be spared.

My father had no sympathy with rebellion, but he, and many others thought the death penalty too severe. The Government was in a difficult position. Sir John Macdonald was naturally a humane man, and it is likely he viewed with distaste the idea of sending Riel to the gallows. Quebec took the attitude that Riel was the victim of political persecution, while Ontario, inflamed by agitators playing on the strings of religious and racial passions, clamoured for his blood.

Late one night a Mounted Policeman came to our house with a message to my father that the Lieutenant Governor wished to see him. The day after his interview with Mr. Dewdney, father went away on a journey and mother seemed anxious. It was then arranged that my father should post relays of fast horses every ten miles between Regina and the Boundary. Riel was to be given a chance to escape from the Mounted Police guardroom and, with half an hour's start, not all the riders in the country could have caught him. Once in the United States, as a political offender he would have been safe. One of the Willow Bunch Métis employed to look after the horse relays, quite innocently spoke of the plan to a man suspected of complicity in the Rebellion, who was on unfriendly terms with Riel. Whatever his reason, this man is supposed to have disclosed the plan to the authorities, and the last chance of saving Riel from the scaffold was lost.¹

As the cold November days dragged on towards the date set for the execution, a gloomy and tragic air seemed

¹Shortly before her death my mother related this incident to me, and I often afterwards discussed it with my father, as well as with certain Métis of the Willow Bunch district whose services had been enlisted to snatch Louis Riel from the very foot of the scaffold.

to settle over Regina. I remember the arrival of Riel's wife and mother to take a sad farewell of the condemned man. They rested at our house, and by instinct we hushed our play in their presence.

His mother was of the pure white blood, a daughter of one of the most respected families of the Red River. Her picture is fixed firmly in my mind—a steady-faced woman a little beyond middle age, garbed in sombre garments, sitting quiet and a little apart with hands folded in her lap. She volunteered no speech, but when addressed, responded with quiet dignity. My father drove the two women backwards and forwards to the Mounted Police Barracks where Riel was awaiting execution.

The morning of Riel's execution, November 16, 1885, was chill and frosty. To me it seemed as if there was a melancholy hush over everything. People were subdued and sorrowful. Sheriff Chapleau drove up to take my father to the final tragic scene at the Mounted Police Barracks. I watched the Sheriff's horse standing with drooping head in the shafts of the buggy, and I thought that even the poor horse was sad, although I did not fully realize what was going on.

With a cruel stupidity almost incomprehensible, the authorities engaged a man to be Riel's executioner who for many years had been his bitter personal enemy. He was an old Highlander, named John Henderson, from the Island of Skye, who had long lived on the western plains. He claimed to have been a prisoner at Fort Garry during the Red River troubles of 1869-70. It is stated that as he adjusted the rope, he whispered:

"Louis Riel, do you know me? It is my turn to-day."

We have the word of Mr. Davin, who was there, that Riel died like a "man and a Christian". Riel intimated to Father André, the priest who attended him on the scaffold, that he would like to address those present.

"No! my son; make denial in that respect a sacrifice to God," said Father André; and the prisoner deferred to his spiritual adviser.

The wife of Mr. Forget, then Clerk of the Assembly, had been kind to Riel during his imprisonment and his last words on an earthly subject were:

"Remerciez Madame Forget."

The feeling against Riel in certain quarters had been bitter and vindictive and persisted even after his death. Some of the most fanatical of his enemies were determined that his body should have only the burial accorded to a

murderer. But the Authorities, after taking the life of the unfortunate man, had no desire to allow further indignity, and his body was delivered to my father, who had it coffined and interred in a shallow grave beneath the floor of the little Roman Catholic Church in Regina. My father and brother took turns watching by the grave. They never left it unguarded and, as winter had come, it was often a bitter vigil. Again and again through those long nights people moved about outside the Church, peering through the windows and even trying the doors. But my father was powerful and resolute, and my brother had the cowboy habit of those days of going armed, and no violence was attempted.

After some weeks had elapsed, Governor Dewdney sent word to my father that a box car to convey Riel's body to his people on the Red River had been placed on a siding on the outskirts of Regina. To have brought a conveyance to the Church might have attracted attention. Snow had fallen and was drifting before a rising wind. Late that night my brother Pascal disinterred Riel's frozen body and carried it through the snow and darkness to a safe distance, where a sleigh containing a rough coffin-shaped box was waiting. He placed it in the box and drove his burden to the siding where, with the assistance of Robert Sinton, who now in 1950 was still a resident of Regina, it was loaded on a car. My brother accompanied the body to Winnipeg, where he delivered it to his relatives.

Louis Riel was buried in a beautiful spot in the cemetery of the Cathedral at St. Boniface. His grave is marked by a modest but dignified monument bearing the simple inscription "Riel".

Time has softened some of the bitterness engendered, first by the so-called Red River Insurrection, and later by the Saskatchewan Rebellion of 1885. Viewed in the calm perspective of history, the life and actions of Riel are taking on an entirely different aspect from that with which they were endowed when religious and racial passions were invoked, and two parties in the Dominion were making political capital out of the actions of this unhappy man.

That Riel was misguided — particularly in the Saskatchewan uprising — there can be no doubt; but the descriptions of him that have been given currency by ill-informed and partisan writers, as an ignorant Halfbreed and a cruel-minded Rebel are false and misleading. He had scarcely a tincture of Indian blood in his veins; the members of his family were independent and respected; he was well educated; his character was gentle and humane, and he

was actuated by a deep and sincere love of his native land and his people. The impartial student of the early history of this Western Land is surely coming to the conclusion that the execution of Louis Riel was a sacrifice to the moloch of political expediency.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST YEARS IN REGINA — THE PEOPLE OF THE PLACE — THE DRY YEARS — THE ST. BONIFACE CONVENT — A COLD CAMP — OUR RANCH IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY — AN ENCHANTED LAND — THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE — I MEET GABRIEL DUMONT — OLD ENEMIES FRIENDS AGAIN — A PLUNGE IN THE RIVER — PRINCE ALBERT THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT IN THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY — REV. JAMES NESBIT.

In the middle eighties of the last century Regina was rather a horrible place. There were few of the amenities of comfortable living. The town consisted of an unpretentious railway station, a few stores and a queer assemblage of dwelling-places straggling about the prairie. The Government offices stood by themselves like a cluster of islands in a prairie sea, about half a mile west of the inhabited area; the Mounted Police Barracks was at least a mile farther out.

The habitations varied from twelve-by-fourteen shacks with flat roofs to more pretentious buildings of four or even five rooms. Most houses were attended by a clutter of nondescript heaps such as stables, cow sheds, chicken houses, piles of hay, loads of firewood and tall narrow erections of a more intimate nature that had an individuality of their own. On one occasion when Nicholas Flood Davin was showing a lady journalist from the East around she said: "What are these queer little erections behind the other buildings, Mr. Davin?" He was stumped for a moment, but rose to the occasion.

"Why! my dear young lady," he said. "These are sentry boxes."

"Goodness me!" she replied, "how interesting; do you still have trouble with your Indians?"

At first the streets were marked out and that was all; not even an earth grade. The early years were wet and the mud and mire of the thoroughfares baffled description. The heavy clay soil of the Regina plains is impregnated with a colloidal substance known as bentonite, chiefly remarkable for its adhesive quality; and how that mud did adhere! It would stick to wagon wheels and gather until they could no longer turn. Everything in the place was bespattered with it. A few plank bridges were laid down by merchants in the somewhat limited business section to enable

customers to reach their emporiums without suffering the fate of Christian in the Slough of Despond.

Drainage there was none and water was a problem. For cleansing purposes, it was hauled in barrels from the Creek and retailed from door to door. At least one comfortable competence was secured from the sale of Pile o' Bones water. Wells were dug and, at considerable depth, a fair supply of water obtained; but some of it had an alkaline tincture and a good deal of practice was required before the interior machinery of the citizens became habituated to its use. It occasioned a rather inconvenient disability politely known as summer complaint. However, with deeper digging the water improved and the people became impervious to the effects of the alkaline variety. But strangers enjoyed no such immunity and at the earlier meetings of the North West Council, Regina water was credited on several occasions with having prevented a quorum from being present when important business was up for consideration. Indeed it is stated that after a while the legislators refused to imbibe water at all while in Regina. It was not a water-drinking age anyway and perhaps this was no great deprivation

There was not a tree or shrub within sight of the town, and if anyone had wanted a stone to throw at a gopher, he would have had to journey at least ten miles to find one.

There was some settlement in the surrounding country. A few hardy pioneers had taken up land to the north between Regina and the Qu'Appelle, but west of Last Mountain Lake there was scarcely a white man's habitation between the Valley and the North Pole. There were a few homesteads close to the southern border of the town, but farther out, the prairie stretched unbroken to the American boundary.

Despite the difficulties with which they were confronted, the pioneers set themselves to work with courage and determination to build a city, and on looking back it seems to me there was a spirit of co-operation and kindness such as I have never seen elsewhere. No one was allowed to suffer for want of what his neighbour possessed.

To Eastern or overseas eyes, the appearance of our population must have been strange. On ordinary occasions the women protected themselves from the sun and weather beneath poke bonnets, and on festive days donned headgear which fastened under the chin with broad silk ribbons and was adorned with little bunches of jet ornaments that danced and jingled at every movement. Whether at work

or at play, or Sunday or Saturday, they wore a multiplicity of skirts that cascaded in streaming lines from a horse-hair contraption known as a bustle.

Practically every man wore knee-high boots, sometimes beneath the trousers, but more often outside them. The farmers wore black slouch hats quite low in the crown which, when weathered, took on an appearance indescribably disreputable. Stock men from the south country wore sombreros like those of the cowboys of the American plains.

Colour was given to Regina streets—Heaven save the mark!—by the smart uniforms of members of the North West Mounted Police, some of whom were often to be seen down town, riding in pairs, or ringing their spur chains on the planks that served for sidewalks. There were Indians in bright-coloured blankets and feathered array, and cowboys from the Montana country in chaps and wide Stetsons, swaying with the easy grace of practiced riders to every movement of their handsome, wild-looking horses. Wagons lumbered along the thoroughfares, drawn by spans of horses of varying quality and slow-moving oxen that stepped with such deliberation that one might count at least six between the rising and putting down of each cloven hoof. Buckboards, vehicles that nowadays can be seen only in museums of western curiosities, were much in use, and Red River carts built of wood without a nail or bolt, and guiltless of all lubricant, proclaimed their advent miles away by a dolorous complaining and creaking.

The first years were wet. There was water everywhere and the sloughs on the prairie were brimfull. Wherever there was traffic there was mire, and the rain came down in torrents. Then in a year or two it began to dry up and kept on drying. We were to learn that however unpleasant the moisture might be, it was preferable to the long continued drought that parched grass and grain and every growing thing. Cracks opened in the baked prairie, and there were legends of horsemen falling into them and suffering grievous injury. Sometimes clouds gathered in the sky; there were vicious flashes of lightning and awesome thunder but, despite the threatening aspect of the heavens, the clouds would just spit out a few contemptuous drops and then pass on out of the scene. It seemed as if it could not rain any more. Strong winds blew every day, fresh enough in the morning, but by noon as hot as if they were being belched from the mouth of a furnace.

As all vegetation dried, smoke in the air and an acrid burning smell indicated the menace of the prairie fire. In those dry years again and again we saw Regina ringed by

a circle of flame. The town was protected by ploughed guards; and the Mounted Police, skilled in fire-fighting, were close at hand, so that Regina itself was in no particular danger, but it was no uncommon sight to see the prairie a black and melancholy waste as far as the eye could reach.

Then, too, the mosquitoes were dreadful. During early summer they came in innumerable swarms and feasted upon us. Every night the smoke of many smudges proclaimed the hostilities being carried on against them. Netting and muslin were utilized to bar them from the houses; but they were a curse and a torment, particularly to the children.

The dry seasons brought discouragement. Things would not grow—the farmers had not yet learned to conjure with the magic of summerfallow—and there was difficulty in obtaining fodder for the stock.

In 1886, the year following the Rebellion, things were bad in Regina and my father suffered severely in his business. He had given much credit, and collections were impossible. He liked the live stock business, and learning of the splendid range country far to the south near the American Line, where there was pasture and shelter and hay, and room for thousands of cattle, he arranged to go out of the mercantile business and engage in the life of a rancher.

In making this move, the problem was how to provide schooling for my sister Victoria and myself, while my father and mother and our brothers were establishing a new home on the open range. It was decided that we should be despatched to a convent at St. Boniface; and there we went a short time before our parents, then well on in middle life, started on their new adventure.

I am afraid I must have been rather a spoiled youngster. I was by several years the youngest of the family, and had all the privileges implied by that status. I then had fair hair, which must have given me some distinction amongst a swarthy brood and which was rather remarkable in view of the raven plumage that came to me with adult years. I had been petted and protected against all the ills of childhood. It is, therefore, not much wonder that I did not take kindly at first to the discipline of the convent. There I was only one of a considerable number of little girls, most of whom lost their individuality in mass formation, and I had no special privileges. It was a lonely experience for a child who had not quite completed her eighth year.

The three years of our sojourn at St. Boniface dragged slowly. My sister was with the older girls and I saw little of her. Home and kindred seemed far away, and sometimes I had spasms of fear that my parents had forgotten all about me and I would have to pass the remainder of my life within convent walls, subject to the direction of austere and solemn nuns.

It may therefore be imagined with what delight we received word in the early spring of 1889 that we were to return home forthwith. Full of excitement we prepared for the journey and when we were actually on the train I could not keep still a moment. Father was at the Regina station to meet us, and I leaped into his arms with a feeling that at last I had come back to love and sanctuary.

We remained only a couple of days in Regina. Father had come from the Ranch for supplies, and brought with him several Métis and their teams to transport his goods. As soon as the wagons were loaded, we commenced our journey. The parish priest of Regina was a member of the party, and my brother Pascal, who had just returned with his bride from Montreal, travelled in a buggy and team. We were quite a caravan.

When we took the old Wood Mountain trail that had been the ancient highway of the buffalo hunters, after a little more than an hour's travel, we were swallowed up in the solitudes. The region through which we had to travel for at least one hundred and twenty miles was utterly void of human tenancy. It was late March, and the morning of our departure from Regina was fine and mild. There was still some snow on the ground but the brown and withered prairie grass was emerging in patches from its winter coverlet; spring was in the air. My sister and I were snugly ensconced among robes and blankets in one of the wagons and every mile of the journey was a source of delight to me. We had tents and, as there was no bush along the way, we carried a supply of firewood. The Métis were veterans of the trail and our camps were well made and comfortable.

The heavily laden wagons travelled slowly and the priest, who was in a hurry to reach the little Métis settlement at Willow Bunch, asked my brother if he would take the buggy and push ahead with him. Pascal agreed and they departed before daylight the next morning.

Scarcely had they gone when there was an ominous change in the weather. Daylight came with a heavy, leaden sky and it became frosty and cold. The wind rose, with quick snow flurries and, when the time came for our noon

halt, it appeared as if winter once more had come down upon the country. The tent was put up and preparations made to light a fire. Then my father made the discovery that the satchel containing the matches had been in the buggy and, quite unconsciously my brother had driven away with it. There was not a match in the whole party and there were still many miles to be traversed. We ate a cold lunch before hitching up and moving on again. The temperature continued to drop during the afternoon, and when we stopped for the night we were all thoroughly uncomfortable.

That evening father searched vainly for flint stones from which to strike a light. We had to go supperless to bed for the increasing cold had frozen our food. Father had a keg of brandy, and before we retired beneath our robes and blankets, we were given a stout jorum that enabled us to bear our hunger and hardships with a little more equanimity. The following evening we reached Willow Bunch, very cold and desperately hungry.

But we were still about fifteen miles from our ranch, and after a good meal in a warm Métis cabin, father, who knew how anxious mother would be, had the horses hitched up and we resumed our journey.

I do not remember much of that night's drive. I was tired and sleepy and probably dozed most of the way. I did realize, however, that we had now left the level plain and entered upon a region of hill and valley. Indeed, much of the trail seemed to wind through the flats of a wide and deep valley and once we surmounted a considerable height. At last, as we turned a bend, I could see what seemed a star on the hillside, and father said: "See! There is our light; Mother is watching for us."

Soon we heard the dogs bark and mother came out to welcome us. I think I was as near human happiness as is possible in this world that night with my mother's arms about me.

The morning after our arrival the weather changed. The sun was shining brightly and the breeze was soft and balmy. I was up early and rushed out of doors to enjoy the new scenes. There were many springs in the hillsides, and the water, freeing itself from the winter's ice, made liquid music as it hurried through little channels to the valley below; early gophers were running about outside the pasture bars; all around were dark and wooded ravines, and the level meadows of a wide valley stretched away for miles. High overhead I caught the clarion cry of a squadron of wild geese winging their way to the nesting grounds of the far North.

I ran about everywhere, peering into the dark mysteries of the ravines, racing down slopes and climbing the heights until a splendid scene of hill and valley, meadow and plain lay spread before me. After the years of convent, of loneliness and homesickness, it seemed like an enchanted land. I felt that if I leaped off the cutbank upon which I stood I could fly like a bird.

In later years, I thought father had picked the most beautiful and convenient location in all the country; and I think so still.

At the time of our arrival the ranch buildings were of logs, hewn and mortised by the axe of my father, and placed in position with the help of some Métis whose services he had engaged. Later we had a good house, the lumber for which was freighted over the long trail from Regina, but we were then comfortable enough.

Father was a notable gardener and I think he raised everything the country could produce. He led water from the hillside springs upon his cultivated land, and the growth in that sunny location was little short of marvelous. It was his pleasure and relaxation to dig and work in his garden and he certainly possessed the growing hand. Our cattle herds were thriving and increasing and my father was well on his way back to a modest prosperity.

For the first years my mother was the only white woman in all the south country. I think she must have had a quality near to heroism. She was well on in middle age, her health anything but the best, yet after the reverses of the Regina business, at a time of life when she might have expected some rest and comfort, she took up the burdens of pioneer life with undimmed courage and made splendid contributions to my father's ultimate success.

It was during the first years at the ranch that I became familiar with the North West Mounted Police. Many officers and men well known in the history of the Force were at various times stationed at Wood Mountain some forty miles to the south-west. It was the nearest important post of the Force to the International boundary. There was then a good deal of lawlessness in Montana, and some of the bad men from the American side occasionally drifted into Canadian territory, but the vigilance of the Mounted Police prevented them from pursuing their unlawful activities with any degree of success on the Canadian side. There was a large Sioux reservation at Wolf Point, just south of the Line and parties of these restless Indians were often crossing and recrossing. A tremendous extent of country had to be patrolled and the men of the detachment had

plenty to do. Much of the region consisted of tumbled hills, deep valleys and lonely coulees that made ideal hiding-places for rustlers and other questionable characters, and this rugged terrain added greatly to the work of the men of the Force.

There was a weekly patrol from Wood Mountain eastward, the members of which always made our ranch a place of call. Every Monday they came up the trail with a trim looking wagon containing the camping outfit and mounted men riding alongside. They were mostly young Englishmen with clear, fresh complexions and they looked very smart in their service rig, black riding boots and polished spurs. They camped near our house, remained the night and pulled out the following morning. They kept eastward until they met a similar party from Woodend on the Souris River near the present town of Estevan and, after exchanging experiences, turned about and came back the same way.

Hospitality was like a religion to my father. Our house probably had more comforts than any other place in the south country and I think the Mounties enjoyed visiting us. My sister, who was then about seventeen and quite a good looking girl, may have had something to do with the attraction the ranch had for a number of those personable young men.

Those early years were quiet ones. We were very remote; there were none of the disturbing elements that in later years entered the country. Our doors were never locked and every chance wayfarer was sure of a welcome. The formula was always the same: "Put your horse in the stable; the oatbin is behind the door; dinner will be ready soon."

To me it was a period of quiet happiness. Once however, we had a little flurry of alarm. It was at the time of the Messiah craze in the States, when Sitting Bull was killed. There was fighting across the Line and talk of the troubles spreading into Canada. One day a party of mounted and armed Sioux arrived and camped in our meadow. During the afternoon they kept coming to the house to sharpen their knives on our grindstone. It was rather alarming and my sister was afraid. She refused to go to bed at all and sat by the window all night, expecting they would come and scalp us. I was either too young or too foolish to be frightened; so I just laughed at her fears and, going to bed, slept soundly until morning when we found they had departed.

In 1892 I went off to school again, this time to Prince Albert, where there was a good convent school. It was the first years of the railway north of Regina, and there

was then no settlement between the Qu'Appelle and the Saskatchewan, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles. The rolling prairie through which we passed had a deserted and melancholy appearance. The journey was a tiresome one.

There were not many passengers on the train and I was sitting prim and solitary when I was addressed in French by a tall, swarthy, bearded man with a scar across his face. After a little talk he informed me that he was the redoubtable Gabriel Dumont of Rebellion fame.

I think he was gratified at the awe with which I received this announcement, and he proceeded to tell me about some of his adventures. Like most of the Métis, he was thoughtful and courteous even to a little girl, and he did a good deal to lighten the tedium of the journey.

He was regarded as a hero by his compatriots and I had heard many stories from our Willow Bunch Métis of his exploits during the old buffalo days and the Rebellion—some of them probably exaggerated. He had come back to Canada, under the terms of the amnesty proclaimed by the government, from Montana where he had taken refuge following the collapse of the Rebellion, and he told me that he was then returning from a visit to French Canada where he had received a great deal of attention. I always heard that he had taken a very active part in the fighting, but he did not then appear formidable to me.

Dumont was in command of the party of Métis that defeated the Mounted Police and volunteers during the ill-starred advance of Major Crozier on Duck Lake that opened the Rebellion of 1885. Major Crozier, who was in command of the Police, realized after he had lost a number of men that he had fallen into an ambush and there was nothing left but to withdraw and he gave orders to that effect. Crozier was fearlessly exposing himself. Just as the police party was about to move off, Thomas MacKay of Prince Albert saw Gabriel rise to a crouching position in a clump of wolf willows and take careful aim at the police officer. The range was short and Dumont a dead shot. But Mr. MacKay was as good a frontiersman as the redoubtable Gabriel and he took a snap shot at him as he hung on his aim. It took effect, and Dumont rolled over like a shot rabbit. This must have discouraged the rebels, for their fire slackened at once and the police and their auxiliaries were able to draw off without suffering further casualties, although they had to abandon some of their dead and a field piece. It transpired afterwards that Mr. MacKay's bullet had merely creased Dumont. He quickly recovered from the effect of the wound and was active in the field during the balance of the campaign.

Several years later, when Rebellion bitterness had died down, my husband, Mr. Zack Hamilton, was travelling to Prince Albert with Mr. MacKay. The north-bound train from Regina carried no diner, and it stopped along the line to enable the passengers to get their meals. On that occasion the halt for breakfast was at Rosthern and when Mr. MacKay and my husband entered the dining-room they found Gabriel Dumont at his breakfast. These two old opponents greeted each other warmly.

"I see, Gabriel," said Mr. MacKay, "that you still bear the mark of my bullet. I am glad now, it went no deeper."

The years I spent at Prince Albert were full of happiness and contentment. The Convent was under the direction of a Roman Catholic sisterhood known as The Faithful Companions of Jesus. There were a number of day scholars and some boarders. I was one of the latter.

Study and recreation alternated in wholesome measure. There never was a day in winter, no matter how cold—and it could be frosty in Prince Albert—when the girls, under the chaperonage of a nun, did not sally forth for fresh air and exercise. Our recreation period was a time for fun and frolic in which our teachers sometimes joined with a gentle merriment that detracted not a whit from their dignity. What kind and sympathetic people they were and wise in the direction of our opening minds. I will always think of them with love and gratitude.

Mother Stanislaus, the Superior, was a remarkable musician. She had studied under the direction of some of the great European teachers and, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, had been a schoolmate of the Princesses of the great French House of Chartres. Many a tale she told us of these scions of a royal line.

In summer we made excursions across the river to the forest, where we picked wild flowers and berries, and sometimes went through the motions of fishing in the river, although I do not remember that we ever caught anything.

Once I nearly fell a victim to the North Saskatchewan. We had been flourishing our rods over the bank, but never a nibble rewarded our efforts. There was a rock in the stream not far from the bank and I felt that if I could reach it and cast my line farther out, I would be sure to catch a fish. After we had eaten our lunch and the others were resting, I took my rod and attempted to jump on the rock. My feet slipped on the smooth surface and down I went into the deep water with a most convincing plop. The sound of the splash attracted the nuns and the children,

who came running to the bank as I reached the surface. I caught a projection in the rock; one of the girls poked her rod at me and I was hauled out gasping like a fish. It was a narrow escape, because the water was deep and swift. I was divested of my soaking clothes, which were spread out to dry, while the girls formed a close circle about me to hide my nakedness from the birds, insects and other inquisitive eyes of the forest.

My chief difficulty at that period was the English tongue. French had been the language used at the St. Boniface Convent, and as we invariably spoke French at home, I had forgotten much of the English I had picked up in the earlier days in Regina. However, I soon learned it again, although the girls laughed a good deal at my Gallic inflection.

Prince Albert was a lovely place. The town occupied a picturesque position on the banks of the North Saskatchewan which is there a wide and noble river. The business section was situated close to the south bank. The houses of the residents clung for the most part to the hillside and were surrounded by trees and foliage. Close by were cultivated fields and some natural meadows, in summer covered with wild flowers. North, across the river, lay the forest, dark, remote and mysterious.

The earliest white settlement in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan was at Prince Albert and the place had a characteristic appearance of its own, entirely different from that of the clapboarded monstrosities known as towns, then springing up along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It was founded in 1866 by the Reverend James Nesbit who had been Assistant to the Reverend John Black, the first Presbyterian Minister of Kildonan Parish on the Red River. During that long-gone summer, Mr. Nesbit led a caravan into the wilderness. There was a wagon, Red River carts and men on horseback in the company that during the long days plodded its way through the solitudes. This was no mere summer adventure to spy out the land. The travellers carried their families with them, the vehicles contained the essentials for pioneer housekeeping and their most cherished household goods. They were searching for a new country and when they found it, there they would lay the foundations for a permanent settlement.

Mr. Nesbit had learned from some of the native hunters at the Red River of a garden spot in the wilderness where there was a ford on the North Saskatchewan and, when the party reached the Hudson's Bay post at Carlton House,

these reports were confirmed by the officers of the Company. Accordingly, the argonauts built a large raft upon which, with their live stock, goods and vehicles, they allowed the River to carry them to their destination. It was in mid-summer that Mr. Nesbit's party ended their journey and camped on what is now the townsite of Saskatchewan's forest city.

Later they were joined by other pioneers — Métis families from the Red River, some of the second generation of the Selkirk settlers and, during the seventies, immigrants from eastern Canada and even from across the ocean. In time, it became the home of a number of retired Hudson's Bay officers, who usually left the service with sufficient means to surround themselves with some rude comfort, which they might enjoy there without being subject to the burdensome restraints of urban life. The place was named Prince Albert in honour of the Royal Consort of Queen Victoria, and before long it developed into a wilderness metropolis of sorts.

On a visit to Prince Albert in 1942, my husband and I had the opportunity of talking to Mrs. Christina Mills who, as a child, had been a member of Mr. Nesbit's company. I do not think that anything ever gave me a stronger realization of the rapid development of this western country than our contact with this fine old lady. She was old as years go but still active and taking a keen interest in social, religious and welfare movements. It seemed to me almost incredible that we were actually talking to one who had been an original member of a party that started the very first permanent white settlement in all the Saskatchewan country.

When I was at the convent, Prince Albert still retained a strong savour of the old West. In summer, voyageurs embarked in their canoes to penetrate the intricate system of waterways leading to Hudson Bay or Lake Athabasca. In winter, dog teams pulled out to a chorus of *sapristis* and *sacres* for Lac la Ronge, Ile à la Crosse and other distant outposts. It was the meeting-place for the hunters and wanderers of the wood when they came in for barter or relaxation.

The stores featured guns, ammunition, fish lines, nets, traps and other requisites of the hunter and trapper. On the streets were to be seen the Métis hunter in fur cap of otter, or marten, blanket capote, or fringed buckskin jacket, blue cloth leggings and beaded moccasins; Indians in belted robes and blankets; Mounted Policemen with their scarlet uniforms and smart military appearance; native women with the bright tartan shawls that were the con-

tribution of the Highland officers of the North West Company to the sartorial elegance of the country; and farmers and settlers from the surrounding region in the usual bucolic habiliments.

The lately constructed railway was there to carry people to and from the centres of population in the East; but within a few miles lay the forest, dark, mysterious and inscrutable, where the giant moose splashed through the shallows of woodland lakes at evening, the antlered elk paced with majestic mien through forest glades, and the deep-throated hunting cry of the timber wolves fractured the icy stillness of the winter night.

Prince Albert was a watch-tower of civilization—rude as yet but emblematic—surrounded on three sides by the untrodden and unconquered wilderness.

CHAPTER V

THE ALMIGHTY VOICE STORY—THE KILLING OF A
“MOUNTIE” — CAPTAIN ALLEN AND THE OUTLAW —
BREAKING UP A DANCE—THE DUCK LAKE TRAGEDY —
THE GREAT MacKAYS — A DANGEROUS MISSION — TROUBLE
AT CUT KNIFE HILL — HOW WILLIAM MacKAY MADE PEACE
— POUNDMAKER AND BIG BEAR — A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

Through my school friends I came to know some of the Prince Albert people. Two girls about my own age were the daughters of Captain Jack Allen, a famous officer of the North West Mounted Police. He was in command of the party that ran the notorious outlaw and murderer, Almighty Voice, to earth in 1897, and was wounded in the ensuing affray. He was the idol of his men, who would have followed Captain Jack as they called him, into the nether regions.

The Almighty Voice affair caused a good deal of excitement in the country at the time. There was tragedy and pathos in it, and valuable lives sacrificed, but many of the published accounts of the incidents were ill-informed and distorted. My husband was then in the employ of the Indian Department in Regina and in a position to know the true facts and we learned from Captain Allen himself many details that perhaps were not available from other sources.

Almighty Voice was a young Indian of One Arrow's band at the Duck Lake Agency. He was a famous long distance runner, a skilful hunter, and a general favourite with the dusky belles of the region. He came of a family that clung strongly to the old Indian customs and mode of life. He was nurtured in the warrior tradition and chafed under the restriction of reserve life.

The winter of 1894-95 was a severe one, following three drought-stricken years, and famine rode the Indian country. At that unpropitious time the Indian Department had one of its periodic attacks of parsimony, and stark starvation was facing the native people on many of the reserves.

Occasionally the Department loaned a few cows to certain of the Indians, the increase of which they were allowed to retain with the idea of establishing basic herds, but the original stock remained the property of the Government.

Faced with near starvation Almighty Voice killed a cow loaned to his family, and it was promptly eaten by the Indians. The Indian Agent, following the policy laid down

by the Ottawa bureaucrats, who either did not know or did not care about the conditions existing on the reserves, had the young man arrested. Pending trial on a charge of cattle stealing he was confined in the Mounted Police guardroom. Some way or other he got the idea that hanging was the penalty provided for his offence, and he brooded over his position.

Watching his opportunity, he made his escape and was miles away before he was missed. It was winter and the country was well wooded, affording plenty of hiding-places for an Indian familiar with the region, and the Police parties looking for the fugitive were not at first successful. Then one day Sergeant Colebrooke from the Prince Albert Mounted Police detachment, accompanied by a Métis scout, was rather perfunctorily beating up some poplar bluffs when he heard a shot and riding around the trees came upon a small Indian camp. A young woman was picking up a prairie chicken apparently just shot, and a man, whom the Sergeant recognized as Almighty Voice, was reloading his gun.

When he saw the Redcoat the Indian threw himself into a posture of defence and cocking his weapon cried out a warning. The scout, with a better knowledge of native psychology, warned Colebrooke that the Indian was determined and deadly, but the "Mountie" with the tradition of the Force behind him, spurred his horse forward. Once again Almighty Voice gave a warning cry and, when it went unheeded, he waited until the Sergeant was within point blank range and then shot him. Colebrooke swayed for a moment and, as his horse leaped sideways at the explosion, fell dead from the saddle. The Scout, who had been the appalled witness of the tragedy, turned his pony and fled from the scene to carry the news to the detachment that one more Redcoat had given his life in the discharge of his duty.

When the news was received at Headquarters in Regina, orders were issued that the murderer had to be taken at all costs. Patrols rode the country in every direction, but Almighty Voice was on his native heath and knew many a secret lurking-place. Although most of the Mounted Police parties had Métis scouts with them who could read the signs of a cold trail like big print, no trace could be found of the fugitive. The hunt slackened and had to be abandoned for the time.

Two years elapsed and it seemed as if Almighty Voice and the tall girl who shared his wild wanderings had disappeared from the face of the earth. However, Captain Allen, who was in command at Prince Albert and thoroughly

understood the Indian character, never relaxed his vigilance and patiently waited for the time when a nostalgia, that could not be denied, would bring the fugitive back to his birthplace.

It was summer and the Captain himself was heading a patrol in the vicinity of the Duck Lake Agency, when he saw two Indians disappear into a poplar bluff. There was something so furtive about them that it awakened suspicion in his mind. He told his men to examine one side of the bluff while he, himself, rode round the other. A twig may have snapped or a leaf stirred, but it was enough to attract his attention, and he rode forward to investigate. Then he was aware of Almighty Voice, half in and half out of the shadow of the trees. Without a word, the Indian shot the Captain from his horse and, as he lay there, ran forward apparently to secure his gun and cartridge belt. Wounded and practically helpless Allen still kept the habit of authority and in the Cree tongue, with which he was familiar, ordered the Indian to put down his weapon and give himself up. Strange to relate, although he went through no motions of surrender, Almighty Voice lowered his weapon and disappeared into the bush as silently as a shadow, as the men of the patrol, attracted by the shot, rode up.

The command of the Police party then devolved upon Sergeant Raven and a rush was made upon the Indian Shelter. It was met by a fire from the trees which indicated that there were several Indians there and Raven was wounded. Another attempt was made on the position of the outlaws by the Police and one or two civilian volunteers under the command of Corporal Hocking, the son of a British Admiral. Hocking who was leading the party was hit and instantly killed at the edge of the bush. Kerr, another Redcoat, met the same fate while Grundy, the Duck Lake Postmaster, who had joined the Police party as a volunteer, fell mortally wounded before the deadly fire of the embattled Indians.

In the meantime a party of volunteers under the direction of James MacKay, afterwards a Judge of the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal, arrived from Prince Albert. Almighty Voice and his companions were thus kept at bay, but they still held their deadly sting and it was death to approach their lair.

While these tragic events were happening at Duck Lake, a dance was taking place at the Mounted Police Barracks in Regina. A picked contingent of Mounted Police had been selected to proceed to England to ride in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee procession and the celebration

was in the nature of a send-off for the members of the Force who were entraining the following morning.

My husband was at the dance—although he was not to be my husband for several years—and I suppose enjoying himself according to his custom. The dance was in full swing and Colonel Herchmer, the Commissioner, who was a great votary of the “two step”, was charging in and out among the dancers with a pretty girl as his partner. Suddenly Sergeant Heffernan, in charge of the Regina town station appeared, booted and spurred, at one of the doors of the Ballroom. The Commissioner excused himself to his partner and said somewhat testily: “Well, Sergeant! what is it?”

Heffernan handed him a telegram. Casting his eye over it, the Commissioner advanced to the centre of the room and held up his hand. Instantly the music stopped. “Ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “there is Indian trouble in the North. Captain Allen, whom you all know, has been wounded and there has been some loss of life. It looks like an Indian rising. The Mounted Police have something else to do besides dancing. Conveyances will be at the door to take you to your homes.”

As the last guests were driving away the “boot and saddle” was sounding through the Barracks Square. A well-equipped party of “Mounties” under the command of Assistant Commissioner McIlree proceeded north on the early morning train to Duck Lake. They had a field gun with them.

When the Police party detrained at Duck Lake and proceeded to the scene of the trouble, quite a number of people had collected on the elevation overlooking the embattled bluff. The field gun brought from Regina was quickly placed in position. A Mounted Police Corporal named O’Kelly had been examining the bluff through field glasses. The body of Hocking, who had been shot the previous day, lay at the edge of the trees. It would have meant almost certain death to anyone attempting to bring it in. O’Kelly picked it out with his glasses and thought he saw a movement. He reported this to Colonel McIlree and asked permission to attempt a rescue. Just then Dr. Stewart of Duck Lake drove up with a fine team and buckboard. Turning to O’Kelly he said: “If you think you can pick up Hocking, I will drive you.”

Rather reluctantly, for instructions had been given that care should be taken to avoid any further loss of life, Colonel McIlree gave the desired permission. Tugs and neck-yoke were adjusted so that there might be no danger

of harness coming loose, the Doctor cracked his whip and with O'Kelly by his side the team swept down the hill. So swift was the advance that the Indians apparently did not realize what was happening until Dr. Stewart was pulling up his horses beside Hocking's body; then they opened fire. In a moment the intrepid Corporal was out of the rig and had the body in his arms. As he was climbing back with his burden an Indian face materialized among the foliage and O'Kelly took a quick shot with his revolver. The horses were plunging at the firing and Indian bullets were taking splinters from the wheels and one struck the shank of O'Kelly's spur driving it into his heel. In a matter of seconds the Corporal was in the rig with his burden and the horses were racing back up the hill.

However, Hocking was cold and dead.

William Trant, a veteran war correspondent of the Franco-Prussian War then editing *The Regina Leader*, had accompanied the Police party from Regina. He witnessed this incident and said of it:

"By Gad! that is the bravest thing I ever saw. Had that been pulled off in the face of the enemy in warfare, these men would have got the Victoria Cross."

Colonel McIlree turned to the Interpreter and said: "Call out to the Indians that we are going to shell the bluff and they had better come out to surrender."

The Indians responded by singing their death song, which was taken up by the members of Almighty Voice's family who had been watching the proceedings. Turning to the gun crew the Colonel said quietly: "Very well! open fire."

Scarcely had he given the command when the lair of the Indians was swept by shell fire. The little poplars leapt into the air as if they had been shorn by a mighty mower. When the firing ceased silence brooded over the scene. After waiting awhile and firing a few more shots into the bluff Mr. MacKay with his volunteers and some "Mounties" advanced into the trees and there they found the dead bodies of Almighty Voice and his companions. It was evident that the two Indians had been killed by shell fire, but the body of Almighty Voice bore a revolver bullet wound, indicating that O'Kelly's shot had found its mark.

Thus ended a tragic chapter of the story of the old North West. Now the son of Almighty Voice is the Chief of One Arrow's band and is leading his fellow tribesmen far along the white man's trail.

Many years later, my husband passed a long evening in Winnipeg with Captain Allen who had fully recovered

from his wound, and there was much talk of the old days. The Captain said: "You know, my arm was pretty well shattered by the shot, and after it had been dressed at Prince Albert, the Doctor said there were signs of mortification and it would have to be amputated. He told me to prepare for an anæsthetic. I replied that I would not allow him to carve me up unless I could see what he was doing. My father got a French Musket ball in his shoulder when he was with the rearguard of Sir John Moore's army at Corunna and had his arm taken off on the field. I said what was good enough for my father was good enough for me. Just give me a good slug of rum and go to work.

"The Doctor was horrified at the idea and refused to operate under these conditions, and," continued the Captain with a chuckle, "my wound started to heal right away and I think he was rather disappointed."

He told my husband that his father had lived to a great age but the French bullet remained in his shoulder and at times bothered him. He called it his "Frenchman". It came out in his coffin after his death.

It was at Prince Albert that I became friendly with the members of the MacKay family, known and respected for three generations by every Indian tribe from the Qu'Appelle to the Athabasca, and named by them "Maqueyesness". Two daughters of Thomas MacKay were my classmates and two other girls, the daughters of William MacKay were also at the convent. To do justice to the MacKay family and the services which its members have rendered to their native West would take a volume of its own and I can deal here only in the barest outline with certain important incidents with which they were connected.

The first of the clan to obtain prominence in the West was John Richards MacKay, who early in the nineteenth century commanded the Hudson's Bay Company at Brandon House. His son, William MacKay, long ruled at Fort Ellice on the Assiniboine River near its junction with the Qu'Appelle. He was generally regarded as the best example of a fur trader and Indian administrator that the West has ever produced. He married a lady of the native blood and it was at Fort Ellice that most of their numerous family were born.

William MacKay died at Fort Edmonton in 1884. and had he lived it is possible the North West Rebellion of the following year would never have taken place. Big Bear always declared that he would never have taken the war-path against the white man had William MacKay been alive. I often saw his widow at Prince Albert. She lived close to the convent.

Of course, when I knew Mrs. MacKay she was a venerable lady, but when her husband ruled at Fort Ellice she was an adept with shotgun and rifle and on occasion even rode on the buffalo hunt. Once her husband, who had been at Fort Garry and St. Paul, brought her a breech-loading shotgun, then quite a new weapon on the plains. She was delighted and took the first opportunity to go down in the Valley to test it on some of the wild ducks.

It was a lovely September day. The foliage was taking on the royal tinge of autumn and the landscape drowsed in the afternoon sun. Nothing stirred about the place as Mrs. MacKay, carrying the new gun, walked towards the River.

That day two Blackfeet had entered the Valley. They were in hostile territory and kept themselves concealed along the river bank, maintaining a watch upon the goings and comings of the people of the Post.

When Mrs. MacKay appeared, they said one to the other: "Here is a white woman; when she is out of sight of the Fort, we will kill her and take her scalp. It will soon be night and before she is missed we will be far on our way."

Oblivious of the danger that threatened her, Mrs. MacKay advanced to a cutbank at the edge of the river, the Blackfeet following her like creeping shadows.

Disturbed perhaps by the Indians, a flock of wild ducks rose from a pool and came swinging by. Quickly she fired both barrels, and two birds fell. Reasoning that her weapon now being empty she would have no means of defence, the Indians loosened their knives in the scabbards and prepared to leap upon their victim. Then they saw a strange thing. A solitary mallard came winging overhead. Mrs. MacKay opened the breech of her gun and, loading and firing rapidly, killed the bird.

Astonished, the Indians dropped silently into the grass. "That woman is bad medicine," they said. "She shoots; twice; then she breaks her gun and fires again. It is magic; we will leave this place very quickly."

Many years afterwards, when the Plain's Indians had become familiar with breech-loading weapons, one of the Blackfoot told the incident to Father Lacombe, the famous missionary, who in turn related it to Mrs. MacKay.

Thomas MacKay, one of the other sons of the Master of Fort Ellice and the father of my two classmates, had a house close to the convent. "Tom" MacKay was like his father, an outstanding character. He had been at Fort

Ellice at the time when it stood at the gateway of the buffalo ground and its master held undisputed sway over a sweeping prairie region that extended for more than four hundred miles to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. During the seventies of last century he moved to Prince Albert and exchanged the rifle of the plainsman for the implements of husbandry. Thereafter, most of his life was identified with the North Saskatchewan. When the Rebellion of 1885 broke out, he offered his services, and not only participated in the campaign, but conducted important negotiations for the Government. Later he was elected to represent Prince Albert in the North West Assembly where he was an able and consistent advocate of the rights of the native people. He was also the first Mayor of Prince Albert.

When word was brought to Major Crozier in command of the Mounted Police Post at Carlton House in March, 1885, of the raid by the armed Halfbreeds on Hillyard Mitchell's store at Duck Lake, he was urged by some volunteers who joined his garrison to march against them. Crozier was a brave and impetuous officer but without information as to the number or disposition of the rebels he was inclined to await the arrival of reinforcements under the command of Commissioner Irvine then on the trail from Regina to Prince Albert. Thomas MacKay who was with him at the time pointed out the folly of attacking the rebels then as they were reported to greatly outnumber the men under Crozier's command. The only trail to Duck Lake was ideal for ambush for almost its entire length and a comparatively small party of Métis buffalo hunters could seriously harrass a Mounted Police expedition at small danger to themselves. Mr. MacKay said he believed that if emissaries were sent to the Halfbreeds and the situation explained to them, a number of them might be induced to lay down their weapons and return to their homes.

"But who would carry such a message," said Crozier. "These people understand nothing of civilized warfare and are as likely as not to shoot or hang the messenger."

Mr. MacKay said that he was prepared to go to Batoche himself and speak to the Métis under arms and their leaders, if Crozier would undertake not to advance upon Duck Lake until his return. To this the Police officer signified his agreement. Accordingly Mr. MacKay set out on a midnight ride to Batoche where Riel was known to be. It was coming daylight when he was halted by a rebel patrol, the members of which recognized him at once, and he entered into friendly conversation with them. He said he had come to warn them about the result of armed rebel-

lion, and advised them as a friend to get back to their homes before they were in for further trouble. He was making some impression when Gabriel Dumont rode up and sternly demanded his business. Mr. MacKay said: "I will not talk to you, Gabriel, when you are bearing arms against the Queen. I came here to talk to some of my old friends whom you are leading astray."

"Do you not know that you can only talk to soldiers through their officers?"

He ordered Mr. MacKay to be disarmed and had him taken a prisoner to the house at Batoche occupied by Riel as rebel headquarters. Mr. MacKay was held under close guard in a lower room of the building while a council was convened in an upper room to decide what was to be done with him. The partitions were thin and Mr. MacKay could hear the discussion as to whether he should be shot or hanged.

He tried to carry off the situation with a show of indifference and asked his guards for some breakfast, saying he was hungry after riding all night. He was given some coffee and bacon and when he had finished he could hear the interminable discussion still going on and he felt it was time to do something. He told his captors that they all knew him—that he had hunted the buffalo on the plains with them, had sat around their camp fire and shared their blankets. He had come there in an honest attempt to save them from the result of their own folly and surely they were not going to allow bad men to take his life.

This moved them but he felt that it was not quite effective enough so he took another tack. He said: "Oh well! you will be remembering this day when the soldiers of the Queen are here with their cannons and their bayonets and their horses and your homes will be broken up and your families scattered and you will either be in prison or may be waiting to be hanged or homeless wanderers; you will be thinking then that it would be a good thing if you had Tom MacKay there to say a good word for the poor misguided Halfbreeds."

This appeal was too much for the emotional Métis. His horse was quietly brought around and he was well on the way to Carlton before the council eventually decided what to do with him.

My husband and I learned this story from the lips of Mr. MacKay himself years later, and nobody who heard that recital could doubt its sincerity. I do not remember the name of the man who insisted that Mr. MacKay should go free, but if I am not mistaken it was an old buffalo

hunter named Emmanuel Champagne. Mr. MacKay got back to Carlton in time to take part in the disastrous expedition to Duck Lake.

William McKay was another of the Maqueyeness family whose daughter Mary was one of my schoolmates.

During the summer of 1884 he was in charge of the Hudson's Bay establishment at Battleford. There was a large Indian agency in the district and the tribes, scarcely a decade removed from the days of the war party, were chafing under the restraints of Government supervision. Big Bear's Indians, always troublesome, were wandering about the country and infecting other bands with their discontent. They were then visiting Chief Poundmaker on his reserve in the Battleford agency, and dances, which to them had a religious significance, were being held.

Poundmaker's reserve was separated from that of Little Pine by the Cut Knife Valley and creek. The Indian Department Buildings were at Little Pine. During the progress of the dances, an Indian appeared at the Departmental store house and demanded food. The Farm Instructor refused, and the Indian, after chasing him off the premises with an axe handle, helped himself to flour, bacon and other supplies. The official hurried to Battleford, thirty-five miles away and reported the matter to Major Crozier of the Mounted Police, who, at the head of a party of his men went out to the reserve to arrest the culprit. In the meantime the original celebration was being augmented by arrivals from other reserves and excitement seemed to be increasing.

Crozier felt that his party was not strong enough to deal with such a large body of armed and excited Indians and, taking up his quarters at Little Pine, sent to Battleford for reinforcements.

The Battleford folk saw with some apprehension Inspector Antrobus, with most of the effective men in Barracks, take the trail to join Crozier at Cut Knife Creek. Nothing was heard for a day or two of the situation; all kinds of rumours flew about, and something akin to panic began to spread among the people of the district. There were reports of mounted and armed Indians moving about, and some of the outlying settlers, fearing an Indian rising, were bringing their families in to shelter behind the palisades of the Battleford Mounted Police post.

William MacKay undertook to go out to Little Pine and see what was the matter. He found that Crozier was prudently waiting until the dance was over before endeavouring to make the arrest. He had interviewed Pound-

maker and the Chief had promised to do his best to obtain the surrender of the guilty man.

Accordingly, the following day, when the celebration seemed to be dying down, Crozier and Mr. MacKay walked over to the Indian camp to see what could be done. There were several hundred Indians gathered there, all in a high state of excitement. Poundmaker and Big Bear told Crozier that the Indians refused to allow the arrest and were in fighting mood. Mr. MacKay addressed them in their own language and said that the law of the Queen had been broken, and the man responsible would have to be punished. The Indians responded by brandishing their weapons and crying defiance.

The scene was a wild one. The Indians wore the barbaric dress of the dance. Eagle-feathered bonnets were in evidence; many were stripped to breach clout and moccasins exposing their painted bodies; others wore gaudy blankets or tanned buffalo robes belted at the waist. All were armed, some with rifles, others with muzzle-loaders. There were bows and arrows among them and every Indian carried a hunting knife.

Crozier, through the Interpreter, told the Indians if they would not listen to reason he would have to employ other means and then walked off down the hill.

As William MacKay turned to follow, Poundmaker joined him saying: "The Indians will fight before they give up the man. I will offer myself in his place and perhaps that will save bloodshed."

Then Big Bear broke from the throng crying: "I will go too, it would be shameful to allow Poundmaker to face the danger alone."

The three men descended the hill in the direction of the Departmental Buildings. When they reached Little Pine reserve, Poundmaker went to seek Major Crozier while Mr. MacKay remained outside talking to Big Bear. Presently Poundmaker came out and joined them. He said, dejectedly: "He will not take me; he says he must have the man who did the wrong."

Suddenly, Big Bear, who was keeping an observant eye on things, said: "Something is going to happen."

The "Mounties" had saddled up and were "standing to their horses". An orderly approached Mr. MacKay and said: "Major Crozier's compliments, Sir; will you kindly detain the Chiefs? He is going to move against the Indians."

"Tell Major Crozier," replied MacKay with some asperity, "That I am no Policeman. These two men came

here in an attempt to prevent trouble and I will be no party to keeping them against their will."

"Come, Big Bear," said Poundmaker who was nearly six and a half feet tall, raising himself to his imposing height, "our place is with our own people."

With no appearance of haste the two Chiefs walked up the hill and disappeared from sight among the Indians who crowded the summit. Scarcely had they gone when Crozier rode out of the enclosure at the head of his men. He halted his horse for a moment and asked Mr. MacKay to accompany him, which he agreed to do, in the hope, perhaps, of restraining Crozier's impetuosity.

Steadily the Police advanced up the hill. The Indians on the height were manifestly in a state of great excitement. Before Crozier and his men reached the summit, a party of mounted Stonies came from the rear of the Indian position, paused a moment on the height like a flock of wild birds and then shouting their war cries, made a hurricane circuit of the camp. When the Indian position was reached, Mr. MacKay said: "Crozier, halt your men, and I will talk to the Indians in a last attempt to bring them to reason."

A sharp order was spoken, and the Police came to a halt facing the Indians who greatly outnumbered them. The men sat their horses as unconcernedly as if they had been on parade in the Barracks Square. Their carbines were advanced and ready and revolver holsters open. The only motion to be seen was when a charger tossed its head or pawed impatiently.

A perfect babel of sound rose from the Indian ranks. Here and there agitators were invoking those within sound of their voices to attack the Police who had thus placed themselves in their hands, and have done with them once and for all.

MacKay advanced into the space between the two opposing ranks and spoke. So strong was his habit of authority and so deep the respect the natives had for the members of his family that all ceased their shouting to listen.

Speaking in the Cree language he told them that only a few years had passed since their chiefs had put their hands to the "Treaty", and promised that in future they would live in peace with the white man and abide by the laws of the Queen. It would be a shameful thing to go back upon their written and spoken word. The law had been broken and the guilty person had to be punished. That was the rule of the white man and would be impartially

invoked against offenders of whatever race. He concluded by calling upon them to surrender the culprit.

When he ended there were cries of refusal, and Poundmaker said: "I have ordered his surrender, but my people no longer obey their Chief."

"Let me see the man who has caused all this mischief," said MacKay.

Scarcely had he spoken when the Indian in question, glorying in his notoriety, bounded to the front.

"You are a worthless fellow," said Mr. MacKay. "To save yourself, you will cause the blood of your people to flow today." Then turning to Crozier he continued: "Here is your man; take him away. What are you waiting for?"

In response to a quickly spoken order, four "Mounties" detached themselves from the ranks and the Indian was seized and hustled off down the hill.

There was silence for a moment and then the Indians broke into a dreadful clamour. Weapons were brandished, guns pointed, arrows placed on strings and the voice of Wandering Spirit, afterwards to be hanged for his part in the Frog Lake Massacre, was heard above the tumult calling upon them to fire on the Redcoats.

Apparently cool and undismayed, MacKay continued to pace with steady steps in front of the now thoroughly infuriated Indians. It seemed as if nothing could prevent a bloody conflict, when Poundmaker, his tall figure dominating the scene, forced his way to the front. Turning to the Indians he cried: "Shoot if you will, but your first fire will kill the "Maqueyeness" who has your own blood in his veins and whose people have been your friends since the time of your grandfathers. See! he walks unafraid before you."

"For God's sake, MacKay!" said Crozier, "keep walking. Perhaps we may yet save bloodshed."

"Withdraw your men," said Mr. MacKay, "your work is done."

Crozier was quick to see the sense of this advice. An order was spoken and before the Indians had recovered from their surprise, the Police had wheeled about and were retreating down the hill.

Immediately Mr. MacKay spoke to the Indians, counselling peace and moderation. Some then urged that a rescue be attempted, but he told them such a proceeding would be foolish and futile. "Besides," he said, pointing to a cloud of dust on the Battleford trail, "he is now beyond your

reach. He will get a fair trial and, if he is found guilty, will be punished. He will not be hanged or anything like that, and now," he added, "with all your dancing and nonsense you are likely hungry. If you will send someone down with me to the Indian Department warehouse, I will see if I can get you some rations."

William MacKay's wife, when she was young, had the reputation of being the most beautiful girl in all the Saskatchewan country. Years afterwards, when her daughter Mary had become the wife of William Peterson of Regina, an old friend of my husband's family, Mrs. MacKay was visiting her. Four of us—Mrs. MacKay, Mrs. Peterson, my husband and I—were sitting around the fireplace one winter's evening talking about the old days on the prairie. Mrs. MacKay said:

"It is a pleasure for me to be here in my daughter's house, where she is happy with her children and has one of the finest men in the country for her husband. You know," she continued, "it is the best thing in the world to have a good husband and a happy home." Then she added reminiscently, her voice talking on that softness characteristic of women who have some of the native blood in their veins: "I have had a long and happy life with my William, but, once long ago, when I was a young girl, there was an officer who came to Fort Pitt. He was tall and very good looking, and he could talk so well. I thought then I could have loved him. He came out of the snow and storm one night like someone from a different world. He went on to Fort Edmonton and when he was away I thought of him often. Afterwards he came back and I was glad. He spoke to me about his home in Ireland and asked me to marry him and go with him to the Old Country. I did like him very much, but I was a child of the North West and what would I do in other lands? Perhaps I cried a little, but I sent him away without me. After a while I did not think about him so often and I have been happy every day since I married my William."

In 1870, Captain Butler was Intelligence Officer for Colonel Wolseley on the Red River Expedition. After the soldiers had returned East, Butler remained to enjoy some of the shooting the country afforded. He was asked by the Lieutenant-Governor to cross the plains to Fort Edmonton and report upon conditions as he found them. There had been a good deal of lawlessness and he was asked to make recommendations as to the best methods of establishing law and order in those distant places.

Butler took the long outward trail in the face of a gathering winter. He was a good campaigner and travelled

fast; but winter came down early that year and travelling was difficult. He went by Portage la Prairie, Brandon House, Fort Ellice and Touchwood, crossed both branches of the Saskatchewan and pursued his way through the wooded country along the North Branch. Butler relates in his account of the journey that, as he neared Fort Pitt, the weather became bitterly cold and the party was assailed by a swirling blizzard. They struggled on hoping to reach the hospitable shelter of the Post. The guide lost his way in the maze of ravines that ran down to the valley of the river; but Butler took the lead and plunged doggedly through the drifts. At last, gleaming through the leafless trees, he saw a light. He made his way in its direction and found that it came from the upstairs window of a considerable building which, from its stockade and bastions, could only be the Fort.

He knocked loudly. After an interval the door opened, and there appeared before him a dark-eyed girl with her shining black hair hanging in twin braids down her back and bearing a lamp in her hand. She bade him a gentle welcome, the Factor was summoned and soon Butler was seated before a blazing fire, discussing an excellent meal of buffalo steak and waited upon with gracious hospitality by the little native beauty.

The Factor was hungry for the news of the outside world and he plied his guest with questions. The German Army was beating at the gates of Paris; the nephew and namesake of the mighty Napoleon was a prisoner; Kingdoms were being set up, a dynasty had fallen. There was much to tell and they talked long into the night.

In his book *The Great Lone Hand*, Butler referred again and again to the comely maiden of Fort Pitt and she must have been much in his mind; but he then mentioned no name by which she might be identified. In due course he continued on to Fort Edmonton, eventually returning to Fort Garry, where he made his report to the Lieutenant-Governor. This Report, which is still extant, was a model of observation and lucidity; and in it, Captain Butler recommended the establishment of a body of mounted riflemen to maintain law and order in the vast space of the North West. It was forwarded to Sir John A. Macdonald and, in 1873, the Canadian Prime Minister caused a bill to pass the House of Commons, providing for the establishment of the North West Mounted Police.

Later, Butler made another western journey, perhaps lured forth by the soft dark eyes of the "little beauty of Fort Pitt", as he called her. Then he sought other lands and other scenes. He rose to eminence as a soldier and a

great pro-consul. He was a South African governor at the time of the Boer War, and drew some criticism for warning Britain not to underestimate the Boers. He married in England Elizabeth Thompson, a lady known by her splendid pictures of battle scenes in almost every portion of the Empire.

After Sir William Butler's death his autobiography, edited by his daughter, was published and there was a name in it that gave us the clue. When calling on Mrs. MacKay, my husband said: "Did you know a Captain Butler long ago?"

Her eyes, still bright and clear, softened with a mist of tears at the well-remembered name, and the memory of the fine old woman, surrounded by her grandchildren and still beautiful in spite of encroaching age, must have leaped across the years and she replied: "Oh, yes! Mr. Hamilton, that was the officer of whom I told you."

Thomas MacKay is dead; William, who went to the wild north woods on an annual hunt until he was approaching eighty, has followed him across the Dark River; and another brother — the youngest I think, of that potent family — who gave the great Laurier himself the hardest fight of his career in the Saskatchewan constituency, and whose life as a lawyer, member of Parliament and Judge of the Appeal Court of his native Province, was a fine and distinguished one, has passed from the scene; but their names will long be honoured in their native West.

CHAPTER VI

BACK TO THE RANCH — OUR PEACEFUL DAYS —
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE HOMESTEADER AND THE
RANCHER — TERRIFIC RAIN — HORSEBACK ADVENTURE —
THE "SHORT GRASS" COUNTRY — THE PRAIRIE FIRE —
TEXAS LONGHORNS — ROUND-UP OUTFITS — REVOLVER
THAT KILLED A MAN — KILLING OF ARMSTRONG — A
TREMENDOUS STROLL — COMING OF THE GREY WOLVES.

I spent three happy, peaceful years at the Prince Albert convent. My sister had married during my absence and, due to my mother's ill-health, I was called home.

On looking back, it seems to me that the daily round of life at the Ranch was well ordered. There was more real happiness in it than I realized at the time. We worked hard at our allotted tasks but found time too, for recreation. There was little of the drudgery of life on the wheat farms, that seemed so soon to stamp out the youth and brightness in many of the pioneer women.

In the wheat region, where the struggling pioneers were trying to learn the secrets of the Prairie soil, the shack of the homesteader was often a lonely landmark on a stretch of plain as flat and expressionless as a deal board, relieved only by the half mile strips of black ploughing which lay like mourning borders to a drab and melancholy landscape. The soil of the most desirable homesteads was a sticky, adhesive clay which, when it rained, mired the feet of man and beast. Cleanliness, either out or indoors, was almost impossible. If it did not rain there were hot winds and no crops; if it did, the vast clouds of mosquitoes and the everlasting mud made life miserable.

Winter on these homesteads must have been dreadful. The land lay paralyzed under the numbing pressure of the frost and the storms swept down upon the unsheltered buildings, confining the inmates almost as surely as prison bars. Those homesteaders who eventually won their way to success after years of slow and deadly struggle with a hard climate and unfamiliar conditions must have been of indomitable courage. There was no pomp or clangor of battle to sustain their spirit; it was drudgery, constant, sordid and deadening.

The rancher's life was quite different. Usually the buildings were pleasantly situated in valleys where there were trees and shelter and water. Much of the outdoor work was done on horseback at considerable speed and, except at haying time, the labour was not of a nature to

exhaust every physical and mental faculty. The ranchers became adept in the craft of the range rider, which for years had the savour of romance and adventure. The pioneer farmer plodded wearily in at nightfall from his long and dirty furrow, himself and his team caked with the dust of the soil, a tired and uninspiring figure. The range rider rode up to the ranch house on a fine horse, handsomely caparisoned and, dismounting, walked in with spurs clanking, a picturesque cavalier in the habiliments of his kind. His work took him far afield, and he had little of the diffidence of the man whose life was limited to the prairie farm. Then, too, ranching in the early days was much more profitable than farming, and those engaging in it were able to afford some of the comforts and amenities of life. Of course it required greater initial outlay, and thus many of the pioneers, who had little except their own stout hearts and strong arms, were barred from it.

My days on the Ranch were fully occupied. It was a tradition to be up early, and often during the summer months I felt the stirring of the fresh airs of the dawn and saw the high buttes emerging from the night shadows. At that hour the cows would move in the corral, a saddle horse stamp in its stall, a rooster crow in haste as if ashamed of being late to salute the light, and the music of the water running down the hillside channels was never so clear as in the hours when the day was shaking away the shadows of the night.

There was breakfast to get and the cows to milk, but the men usually did the milking, and the kettle was always singing on the stove before I came downstairs.

After breakfast the men saddled up and rode off to the Plains, or "hitched up" wagons and drove down the trail to engage in the work of the day. Father would go to his beloved garden, where he planted and dug and nursed his plants or mended the irrigation ditches. We seemed shut in from all intrusion. Mail reached us once a month and, during the bad weather of winter, we were sometimes longer in hearing from the outside world.

Mid-day dinner was a considerable meal with lots of work connected with it. Healthy men could dispose of astonishing quantities of food, after hours of work outside. When the dishes were washed and the house tidied I usually had some of the afternoon left to myself, which I occupied in sewing or mending, or wandering about the hills, and exploring delightful little woodland nooks among the trees. When the dogs barked we knew visitors were coming and their arrival was invariably a source of pleasure. Sometimes this round was varied by a drive to Willow Bunch and

perhaps once a season to the frontier towns of Regina or Moose Jaw.

Busy with these quiet occupations, our days slipped imperceptibly by. We came to remember the years by their manifestations. Last season was the time of the hot winds or the open winter; the one before was notable for its terrific thunder showers when there was abundance of hay and all the creeks and sloughs were brimming.

Once we experienced what must have been a cloud burst. It was a hot day in August. The sun, from a fleckless sky, threw scorching rays upon the earth and — an unusual condition in the prairie country — the density of the atmosphere during the forenoon made respiration difficult. After mid-day the wind fell away and there was a fiery breathlessness about everything. Towards three o'clock a black cloud came out of the south and advanced across the sky so rapidly that it appeared to be propelled by an unseen and powerful force, although at first, no wind reached us. Far away, there were lightning flashes and the thunder muttered.

As the dark shadow spread, a chill air ruffled the prairie grass and then died away, giving place to a stillness unnatural and expectant. A bird piped a sustained note from a thicket and a rooster crowed defiantly at the sky. Every sound, even our own voices, took on an extraordinary clearness. A blast of wind came surging down the hillside, sending the tree tops in the ravine tossing wildly and scattering all the lighter farmyard litter. The hens, like agitated old women, with their feathers blown about their bodies, scurried for shelter and a couple of cows chewing the cud at the corral bars paused in their ruminations and displayed signs of bovine apprehension.

The wind went as suddenly as it had come. It was succeeded by a lightning flash that cracked across the heavens in a blaze of illumination. There was a cannonade of thunder that seemed to split our ears.

Then it commenced to rain; at first in wide-spaced heavy splashes, increasing soon to a veritable cascade, until there were no apparent intervals between the heavy drops and it was coming down in one unbroken torrent. It beat upon the roof like musketry, and we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. I never saw such a rain. In what seemed a short time the living water was pouring down the valley sides. Every creek or channel bed was foaming and hollow spaces were full and brimming over. So tremendous was the downpour that when it was at its height it entirely shut off our vision from the stables and corrals less than a hundred yards away.

Such rain could not continue, and in the course of perhaps an hour it commenced to moderate, but was followed by a fall of hailstones that for size exceeded anything I have ever seen or heard about. They were not real hailstones, but rounded lumps of ice that thundered against the roof like flung stones.

The storm cloud passed over the valley to the northeast, leaving a clear sky with the sun shining. But our familiar surroundings seemed almost blotted out by the waters which it had poured down during its passage. The valley took on the appearance of a lake.

We kept open house and there was a constant stream of visitors. Often we sat down twenty at mid-day dinner, and as my mother's infirmity increased, most of the house-keeping fell into my hands. I was young and strong and shirked no task. I sewed and washed, baked and cooked, and enjoyed every moment of it.

But most of all I delighted in riding. There were, of course, plenty of saddle horses on the ranch, and my brother Pascal sent to Cheyenne for a handsome side saddle for me. Every moment I could spare I was galloping about the valley and was soon able to ride any of the broken horses on the place, and some that were not very well broken.

One day when I was visiting my brother's ranch the milk cows strayed away. The men were just riding off on some urgent ranch business, and I said, that if one of them would saddle a horse for me I would go and look for them. The horse picked for me was an awkward, half-broken brute, but it went well enough at first.

I found the cows four or five miles from the ranch, and when I was crossing a small creek to gather them up, my horse showed a disposition to drink and I slackened the reins to enable him to get his head down. A jack rabbit startled him; the reins were jerked from my hand and he commenced to run and "buck" frantically. I could not keep my seat, and tried to leap to the ground but my skirt caught on the pommel of the saddle and there I was hanging head down, being dragged over the prairie. The horse tried to get rid of me by kicking violently. I was too close, however, to get the force of the blows and, feeling my skirt giving way, I reached up and tore the band and fell clear of the saddle. I was on my feet in a moment and made a grab for the dangling reins but just missed them and the horse, after aiming a vicious kick at me which I managed to avoid, galloped off across the prairie. I was bruised and shaken, but I was not going back without the cows. My clothes were pretty well destroyed, but I fixed myself up

as well as I could with the remnants, and proceeded to drive the cows home on foot. I got them started all right, although they displayed some signs of perturbation at my appearance. When they saw the torn magenta petticoat, which was my chief covering, it seemed to offend their sense of bovine propriety, and I had quite a job getting them to the ranch.

The country was all open range and the live stock wandered far and wide, although attempts were made to keep them within reasonable distance. In summer they frequented the valley and bottoms, and required little or no attention. In winter they drifted before the storms until they found shelter in the coulees and, if the snow was deep, riders would be following them to pick up weaklings or to render help if they became snowbound in ravine or coulee or suffered other mishaps. But even in winter they were usually well able to look after themselves.

Although we were little more than a hundred miles south of Regina, our winter climate was much milder. The snow was seldom deep, and we seemed to get the tail of the "chinooks", those soft winter winds that, roaring eastward from the Pacific through the rocky gorges of the Mountains, sometime sweep the southern prairies bare of snow in a few hours.

Cattle in such a country do not seem to be much bothered by cold weather if they have a wide range and can get to grass. During all the time my father was on the Ranch, we never had a winter loss that amounted to much. The only animals stabled in winter were the work horses, the saddle ponies, the milk cows and any weak cattle picked up on the range.

Ours was a grass country. Grass was to the rancher what wheat was to the Prairie farmer or corn to the tiller of the rich acres of the American middle west; but the short, thick buffalo grass that covered our rolling ranges was far more durable. It survived winter's rigours and the parching hot winds of a drought-stricken summer. It was the quest for the "short grass" of the northern ranges that brought the great cattle herds from Texas and Indian Territory more than a thousand miles along the old Chisholm Trail. It had sustained the vast herds of buffalo which, before the coming of the white man, had from time immemorial roamed the Plains, and the beef produced from it was in keen demand on the American markets. Indeed, in later years when my brother Pascal was shipping overseas, the steers from our ranges took equal place on the Liverpool marts with the cornfed products of Kansas and Iowa. The grass of our ranges, little subject to the

vagaries of changing seasons, had one deadly enemy—the prairie fire, and to protect it from that element, particularly in the fall of the year, the greatest of care had to be taken. There were various methods employed in fighting the flames, such as starting backfires that would deprive the main conflagration of fuel on which to feed. The ranch buildings were usually protected by ploughed guards and were seldom in danger. When a long line of fire threatened the range, a method that had been learned from the stockmen from south of the Line was often effective. The nearest cattle beast would be shot down and split open and part of its carcass dragged over the fire by lariats attached to the saddles of two riders, one on each side of the flame. The freshly killed animal was understood to be an exceedingly efficient fire extinguisher.

About 1896 we began to notice “Texas Longhorns” on our range. It was still the time of the “Trail Herds” which the southern ranchers, seeking the “short grass” of Wyoming and Montana, brought from Oklahoma and Texas, and some of their strays occasionally found their way to our pastures. They were lanky brutes with wide branching horns and as active as antelope. It was not always safe to go among range cattle on foot. Father was never a horseman—his early life in Quebec had not run to Mexican saddles or belled spurs—but our cattle were so accustomed to him that he was able to walk among them without danger.

One day a bunch was feeding on the valley flats and he walked out to take a look at them. One of these longhorned brutes had drifted in from somewhere, and commenced to make hostile demonstrations. When father was still at a distance it “tossed its beamed frontlet to the sky” and surveyed with belligerent air the two-legged intruder who was advancing with such composure. Then it came clear of the other cattle and charged directly at him. Father was taken by surprise. He was well out on the flat, far from possible refuge, and not even armed with a stick. This alarming-looking brute was displaying a burst of speed; there was not slightest use in running away.

He was a powerful man and had never retreated from either man or beast, and did not propose to begin now. He picked up a large stone. The beast came right on, head down and tail in the air. Father could not afford to take any chance on having his one missile miss its mark and he waited until it was almost upon him. Then with all his strength he hurled the heavy stone at its forehead. The missile struck fair; the animal gave a bawl of surprise and pain and then lurched to the ground, breaking one of its long horns in the fall.

These Texas cattle became quite common on our range and were usually gathered in by the round-up outfits from Montana, which for several years combed the country. They were part of a herd of some twenty thousand cattle which the "N-Bar-N" Ranch had trailed all the way from Texas to Montana. I think it was one of the last big herds that came up the old "Chisholm Trail".

There was one big "round-up" outfit from across the Line that came to our place twice a year—once in early summer, to gather and brand the calves, and again in the fall to pick up the beef that had strayed north of the line. There were three brands represented in this "round-up"—the "U up and down", the "Diamond" and the "N-Bar-N". They camped on the flats below our house and worked out from there. Their presence enlivened the place. The camp wagons, the horse herd, the men on horseback, the bunches of cattle coming in with riders on their flanks, the roping and branding, all made a stirring scene of colour and movement.

The riders themselves were as characteristic of the old West as anything in the pages of Owen Wister or Stewart Edward White. They seemed to take a pride in dressing their parts. They all wore the soft high "Stetsons" of black or grey, supposed to be the badge of cattlemen from the Rio Grande to the Saskatchewan, and coloured handkerchiefs knotted to keep the mosquitoes from their necks and dust from their throats. Some wore fringed leather "chaps", often handsomely worked and ornamented, and their high-heeled boots gave them a curious mincing gait when they walked, which was seldom. Nearly all of them were girdled with broad belts, the loops of which were filled with gleaming brass shells for the revolvers that hung in open scabbards on the right hip.

They never bothered us at the house; their foreman saw that they kept strictly to their own camp, although I often listened to them at night singing around the fires the doleful ditties which have been associated with American cowboys from the earliest days.

We became friendly with the captain of the "Round-Up"—a man named Armstrong, the foreman of the "U up and down" outfit. He was tall and fair, with a long, drooping moustache. He was quiet in his manner, but he ruled his wild company of cowboys with a strong hand and they respected him. He might rebuke them himself, but would allow no one else to do so, and often protected them from the result of their own folly.

He met his death in characteristic fashion. His outfit was holding a bunch of cattle near one of the Montana

towns. There was bad blood at the time between the cattle ranchers and sheepmen, that occasionally flamed into a "range war". Most of the big ranches were held by the cattlemen, who hated the sheepmen and all their works. The bleating and baa-ing flocks were herded over the range and destroyed everything in their path. The grass that escaped their cropping was trampled down by their feet. Whenever a flock passed they left devastation behind. As a matter of fact a great deal of the Montana range was public domain, and the sheepmen had as much right to it as the cattle ranchers. The cowboys certainly made things unpleasant for the unfortunate shepherds, scattering their flocks and sometimes "shooting up" the herders.

One of Armstrong's "cowhands" was wanted by the authorities, whether for some offence against the sheepmen or not I cannot tell. It was a fair bet that when the cowboys came to a Montana town most of them, including the wanted man, would eventually end up in front of a bar, and an ambush was prepared. In due time the riders arrived in a cloud of dust. Armstrong, followed by his men, clanked into the bar and called for drinks. The "wanted" man was in the crowd. The Sheriff or his Deputy—I am not sure which—was sheltered behind a barrel. He called upon the cowboy to give himself up. Armstrong, who considered himself the protector of his men, wheeled. He made no attempt to reach for a gun, but came about with his thumbs stuck in his belt, a favourite attitude of his. Instantly, from his place of vantage, the Sheriff, or whoever he was, turned loose on him with a double-barrelled shotgun and he fell riddled with buckshot.

In those days it was practically impossible to obtain a verdict in Montana against anyone accused of a shooting, and nothing was then done about it. Armstrong, however, had friends who carried on the feud, and within a year or so the man who killed him was shot down in his turn, and the score was even.

On looking back now, I realize that I had a remarkable opportunity to see at close range—indeed, live a part of it—something of the old life of the Plains, that today exists only in tradition or on the pictured screen. I knew many of the range riders and although some of them were reputed to be gunfighters and were invariably armed, in their relations with us they were always thoughtful, considerate and polite.

There was one man from across the Line who sometimes came to the Ranch. It was rumoured that he had killed a man in Montana, but we did not believe it. Once

when he was remaining for dinner, he unbuckled his belt and placed it on a table. There was a pearl-handled revolver in the scabbard and I picked it up remarking: "What a beautiful gun!"

"Yes," he replied, "That is the gun with which I shot E--." Needless to say, I quickly dropped it.

One day a cowboy rode up to the house, and asked if he might stay the night. No one was ever turned away and of course he was made welcome. My father required another rider and give him employment. He was "Dutch Henry", who afterwards joined a gang of outlaws and whose name became notorious in the south country. He was a splendid horseman and one of the best men who ever worked for us. When he was there the wood-box was never empty and the water pails always full. I wish to do him the justice of stating here that, despite his later unenviable exploits and reputation, he was always, when with us, capable, polite and considerate. His one peculiarity was that I never saw him without his belted revolver.

About 1893 some new families moved into the district—at least they were settled within a radius of fifty miles, and anyone as close as that was considered a neighbour. My brother Pascal and his wife were then living close at hand; a circle of relatives and friends was gradually formed and we were by no means as lonely as our remote situation might have indicated.

About that time my brother Pascal made a journey on foot that was a remarkable tribute to his husbandly devotion. He had "trailed" a band of broncos to Manitoba where he traded them for cattle. Early in the fall, he sent the cattle he had gathered on the Manitoba farms on the long trail to his ranch in charge of his men and, anxious to see his wife after several months' absence, took the train to Regina. Arriving there, he found old Jack Henderson (the man who hanged Louis Riel) starting with several wagon loads of freight for the Mounted Police Post at Wood Mountain, and he arranged to travel south with him.

Towards the evening of the first day, they met a party of Sioux Indians and Pascal enquired of a squaw about the people of Willow Bunch. She said most of them were well, but with a rather perverted sense of humour, added that his own wife was dangerously ill. Pascal, of course, was nearly distracted at such tidings, which it never occurred to him to doubt. The horses drawing the wagons were tired after a long day's journey and could then travel no farther. There was no settlement in the surrounding country where he could obtain a mount. All he could do was to push ahead

on foot. So, fortifying himself with some supper, he struck across the hills to cover the sixty odd miles that lay between him and home.

He walked all night. By daylight his feet in his riding boots were galled and sore. Halting only a few minutes to eat a little from his package of food and wash it down with a drink from a spring, he went on again with limping footsteps.

That evening his wife, who was as well as ever she had been in her life, had washed the supper dishes and gone outside to throw away the dish water, when she observed what seemed to be an old, decrepit man seated on a stone not far away. To see any strangers at all in that lonely country was unusual, and she walked towards him. As she advanced, he rose and hobbled in her direction, presenting an appearance of utter weariness and dejection. He was carrying his boots in his hand and placing his stockinged feet gingerly on the ground. Imagine her surprise when she recognized her husband who had made that incredible walk to reach what, he supposed, was her bed of sickness. What he would have done to the Sioux Squaw, had he caught her at that time, may be left to the imagination.

About the time of the arrival of the Texas cattle on our range some other four-footed visitors of an unwelcome character put in an appearance. Stock began to show up mauled and suffering from wounds of such virulent nature that they were usually fatal. Later, carcasses, not only of beef animals but of well-grown horses, were found. Coyotes were surprised picking the bones, but the actual killing could not have been done by these jackals of the prairies. Some big beast of prey was taking toll of our herds.

My father thought it might be a mountain lion strayed from some distant region, and others were inclined to attribute the damage to bears. It was scarcely credible, however, that mountain lions would travel several hundred miles just to feed on our stock, and a bear, no matter how ferocious, would have difficulty in killing such active animals as young horses and two-year-old steers.

One day my brother Joe was out in the "Bad Lands" looking for strayed horses when he saw in the distance what looked like five colts on the sunny side of a hill. He made a long detour and came upon them from behind. He had never seen wolves before, but had no difficulty in recognizing these animals as the largest of the species. They were sunning themselves on the slope, likely after a kill. He felt for the six-shooter he usually carried and



Courtesy F. J. Clark.

KILLERS OF THE RANGE.

remembered with dismay that he had left his belt with gun and shells hung up on a harness peg in the stable; but uncoiling his lariat he bore down on them like a whirlwind.

The wolves broke away in five different directions, making for the shelter of bush and ravine, but Joe succeeded in getting between one of them and a poplar bluff and headed it out on the valley flat. There was nearly a mile of clear running before it could reach the mouth of a ravine that gaped darkly on the far side.

Given level country a good horse can run down a wolf, and Joe's was one of the best. He came hard on the track of the brute, but he had ridden far that day and his horse was not very fresh. Nevertheless he gained on his quarry and when close to the ravine reached throwing distance. He cast the loop and with spur and rein threw his horse into the "snubbing" leap. The circling noose flew true but the wolf with incredible activity, leaped through it and escaped to the ravine. However, the mystery of the cattle killing was solved. Big buffalo wolves were the marauders.

In the old days those animals were common on the Plains, following the buffalo herds and picking up stragglers. There is little doubt that they were of the same breed as the timber wolves of the northern forest, grown powerful and heavy from the ease with which they obtained a plentiful supply of meat. They did not have the pointed muzzle and lean body of their woodland relatives, but were massively built with broad heads, heavy and powerful brutes. When the buffalo disappeared they betook themselves to other scenes and, for a time, there was not a wolf to be found on the Canadian Prairies. Then, when the cattle herds began to be trailed northward, they followed them and thus came back to the old buffalo grounds.

Cattle suffered severely from their depredations, and the Government of the North West Territories offered a substantial bounty for each grey wolf killed. But even so, there were not many of them upon which the bounty was paid. They were exceedingly clever and seldom seen. They had the instinct of the plain's creatures to keep off the skyline while in hostile country. They were said never to feed on carrion, but to kill every time they had a meal. The range rider might come upon a steer freshly pulled down at dawn in one location, and another at nightfall thirty miles away.

When things got too bad, my brother Pascal went to Regina and purchased a pack of Scottish stag hounds which, after a while, harried the wolves pretty well off our range.

One day Joe and an English lad named Symes were at work about the corrals. Joe looked across the valley and, seeing two moving specks on the hillside, said, "I believe there are two wolves. Take the dogs and give them a run for their money."

Symes, fresh from the Old Country, was ready for any adventure. There was a pony in the corral and leaping on it bareback, he galloped off followed by the huge dogs. The distant specks were wolves, and when they saw the man on horseback was after them in earnest, they separated and departed at high speed.

Crossing the valley with its long grass, the hounds could not see the wolves, but when they came out of the meadow and reached the hillside, old Jumbo, the "boss" of the pack, caught sight of one of them disappearing over the brow of the hill. Heading the other dogs, he darted after the quarry in long galloping bounds that made Symes and his pony seem to be standing still. It was useless for the wolf to stick out its tail and lie down to its running; these great dogs could run two feet to its one, and when Symes reached the bench, wolf and dogs were mixed together in a tangled fighting heap.

The wolf was a savage fighter, and the hounds could not master him. Again and again he pulled himself clear of his assailants and kept them at a distance with slashing cuts from his teeth. Several of the dogs were torn and wounded, and it began to look as if the wolf might get away.

Symes sat on his horse surveying the conflict. He had neither gun nor rope, and there was not a stone to be seen. Then he remembered he had a clasp knife in his pocket—one of those many-bladed contraptions which people in the Old Country give as parting gifts to friends going to the "Colonies". The young man dismounted and with his knife open advanced carefully. The dogs had the wolf almost down, but on the approach of Symes, by a tremendous effort, it cast them aside and sprang at him. Staunch old Jumbo hurled himself at the wolf and by pure weight bore it down. Symes ran in and stabbed the brute several times with his ridiculous weapon. This attack seemed to weaken it and the dogs worried it to death.

Presently Symes returned to the Ranch, leading his horse, with the dead wolf draped across its back and attended by the limping and bleeding hounds.

"Great Glory!" said Joe. "How in heck did you slay that brute?"

"Oh!" rejoined Symes, with a fine air of indifference, "there was nothing to it; I just stuck it with my jack-knife."

One day I had rather a ludicrous experience with a coyote. I was walking along the trail leading to Pascal's ranch and on surmounting a knoll met a coyote trotting towards me. A herd of cattle was feeding on the flat below and it had its head turned back over its shoulder watching them. I had to stick out my feet to prevent it running into me. When it realized my presence it made a tremendous leap to one side and disappeared down the hill.

As settlement increased in the south country the big wolves retreated to the "Bad Lands" where, among the

tumbled hills, the deep ravines and cutbanks, they made the lair from which they occasionally emerged to raid the herds of the ranchers. The evidence of their presence became more infrequent as time went on.

One solitary old dog wolf lingered in the district long after his kindred had sought other hunting grounds. He ranged over a large area always leaving half-consumed carcasses to mark his passage. He devoted particular attention to the flocks of a Métis who had a large sheep ranch in the Willow Bunch district. He was seldom seen, but sometimes a traveller would arrive at Willow Bunch or Wood Mountain declaring that he had caught a glimpse of the "father of all wolves" crossing the shoulder of a hill at nightfall, or disappearing into a ravine. Tracks were found so large that it was scarcely credible they could have been made by a member of the wolf family.

It was as late as the years of the first Great War that the sheep rancher brought a pair of beautiful Highland collies to his ranch. They were silken-haired aristocrats whose ancestors had won many a blue ribbon on the bench and at Scottish sheep dog trials, and they were as intelligent as they were handsome. The male dog was accidentally killed and the female left widowed and—for a while—disconsolate.

Nothing had been heard of the big wolf for some time and the sheepman began to hope he was either dead or had left the country. Then in the spring some of the ranch folk once more heard the wolf cry among the hills. It was not the habit of the big wolves to make much noise. They went about their occasions, silent and formidable. It was left to their little cousins, the coyotes, to fracture the still nights with their horrid chorus. Now, however, at a certain dark hour, the long howling cry of the old wolf dominated the other night sounds. The coyotes stilled their yelping; the ranch dogs that had been howling defiance at them slunk silent to their lairs in the hay and the sheep cowered in shed and corral.

Only the collie seemed undisturbed. At the sound of the wolf cry she left her bed in an empty horse-stall and lay down in a patch of moonlight, apparently oblivious of that wild serenade. Then she walked off into the bush, returning with the first streaks of dawn.

For a while thereafter there was no more deep-throated calling from the hills. The collie went listlessly about her work and one morning her master discovered she had brought a sturdy brood of wolf whelps into the world.

Once again that summer, a ranch hand whose duties caused him to be up and about during the hours of darkness, heard the wolf call and, as if in answer to an imperative summons, the collie with her whelps, then strong enough to follow her with waddling steps, came from her place in the stable and disappeared among the trees. Work then claimed the man's attention and for the time he forgot the incident. Before turning in at daybreak he had the curiosity to look in the stable, and found her sleeping peacefully with the pups close to her side.

The young cubs grew big and strong, and had all the wolf appearance. They were not troublesome, but appeared to have no desire for friendly relations with man or beast. Indeed, when quite young, they became independent of their mother. When fall came they spent most of the day sleeping among the hay, waking up at dusk and sallying forth to hunt rabbits and other bush things in the ravines. Unlike the domestic dogs they gave no tongue when on the trail of "jack" or "cottontail" and were efficient in their hunting methods. This was harmless enough, but as they were big and growing, the Rancher thought it well to be on the safe side before they developed more dangerous tendencies, and had them killed. For a while the collie was disconsolate, but a new mate of her own species being brought to the ranch, she appeared to forget her latest bereavement, and the next summer she had a new litter of puppies that showed no indications of the wolf breed. One day when the youngsters were well enough grown to follow her about she was passing through the trees near the ranch buildings, when she met the old wolf face to face. Without any preliminaries he killed her and then destroyed every one of the puppies.

After that the old wolf commenced to harry the ranch that had harboured her relentlessly. He was never seen, but corrals and sheds were entered and ravaged. The great tracks indicated the identity of the killer.

The Rancher made up his mind he would be preyed upon no longer. He was a hunter and the descendant of generations of hunters, and surely there was no wolf, however formidable, that could pit its craft against him and get away with it.

There was a small corral where some lambs were penned that had been visited. This enclosure was in plain sight of the door of the house and within shotgun range. The Métis got out his ten-bore double barrel, thrust in two buckshot cartridges and commenced to keep watch. He sat in the dark, just inside the partly opened door, a position that enabled him to keep the corral under observation.

The first two nights he had a fruitless vigil, but during the dark hours of the third he was aware of some movement. It was not that there was any sound, rather a subtle sense of a menacing presence. Sleep and cold and weariness fell away from him, and he looked out, alert and watchful, his weapon ready. The moon moved from the shadow of a murky cloud and he saw a huge shape come slowly and silently around the corral and approach the bars. The distance was short, the mark fair and the thunderous discharge smote the night like a great hammer beat. He could see that the wolf was down and, standing by the door, he poured the contents of the other barrel into the prostrate body.

There had been so many tales of the exploits of the old wolf, and almost devilish powers attributed to it that, even when it had been shot down, he did not care particularly to investigate further during the hours of darkness. So he closed and bolted the door and telling his wife, who had been awakened by the firing, that at last he had killed the big wolf, he went to bed.

When daylight came there was no sign of the dead animal. There was blood in the snow and some of the buckshot besprinkled the corral posts. A trail was picked up going up the hill, and some of the footsteps had blood in them.

This was intolerable. Something would have to be done about a brute that could intercept a double charge of buckshot at less than sixty yards, and then, after apparently being killed, trot off as if nothing had happened. There was something almost supernatural about it.

Accordingly an armed and mounted party was organized and rode hard on the tracks left in the snow. The trail led straight to the wild and broken country of the "Bad Lands". But even the elements seemed to favour the wolf. It had commenced to snow, the wind was rising and the tracks drifting in.

As night was falling, a keen-eyed Métis espied the indomitable old warrior breasting a hill. The gloom was interfering with visibility and the storm increasing. Several of the hunters dismounted and opened fire. Some of them declared they had registered hits, but if so, the wolf gave no sign. He neither looked back nor increased his speed—just moved onward doggedly until he disappeared in the gathering storm and darkness. Next day the hunt was resumed, but the drifting snow had obscured all tracks and it had to be abandoned. But the big wolf of the "Bad Lands" was seen no more in the south country.

CHAPTER VII

THE MÉTIS FOLK — BUFFALO HUNTERS — THEIR CHARACTERISTICS AND MODE OF LIFE — OLD WIVES' LAKE — A FINE OLD TALE — TRAGEDY OF A MADMAN — A MATRIARCH OF THE PLAINS — FATHER LAFLECHE AND THE SIOUX — RETROSPECTION — BUFFALO DAYS — HOMELESS WANDERERS IN THEIR NATIVE LAND.

The first Métis settlement on the southern prairies was established in 1869-70 by hunters and their families who had left the Red River to escape the troubles there. The region then was still the pasture ground of the buffalo herds and this influenced these people in their choice of the location.

They built their *cabanes* at Wood Mountain and in the coulees near Willow Bunch. All were Roman Catholics, and in 1870 Father Lestanc came from the Red River to give them the ministrations of their faith. They were a free-hearted, kindly folk with little knowledge of the white man's civilization, but wise in the lore of the wilderness. During the first years they sustained themselves by the buffalo hunt, but as the herds dwindled and finally disappeared, they often found it difficult to make a living. The Boundary Commission, which for a time had its headquarters at Wood Mountain, employed a number of the men as armed scouts and guards. The Sioux were on the warpath at that time south of the Boundary and there was some fear that they might make incursions into Canadian territory.

The Métis were not an agricultural people and, although they made themselves comfortable enough cabins they never learned to obtain sustenance from the soil. After the construction of the C.P.R. main line in 1882, a demand sprang up in the East for the bones of the defunct buffalo, which cumbered the plains in astonishing quantities. This material was used in the manufacture of fertilizer and in the refining of sugar. Approximately five dollars per ton was paid for these bones when delivered at the railway, and these erstwhile hunters, who only a few years before had joined in the clamorous buffalo hunt, were reduced to gathering up and selling the grizzly relics of these lordly beasts that for uncounted ages had been monarchs of the plains.

In many places in the south country the coulees and the bottoms were white with buffalo bones, but when it is considered that a wagon-load had to be delivered at the

railway in Regina or Moose Jaw, more than a hundred miles away, before they received their money, it may well be imagined that the occupation was not a very profitable one.

They also did some freighting for the Mounted Police, carrying supplies from Regina to distant detachments. In winter they would go on hunting expeditions after deer and antelope, which were but poor substitutes for the buffalo. In a few years most of the bone harvest was garnered; branch lines of railway put a serious crimp in the freighting business; game retreated before the advance of settlement and our southern Métis were finding it difficult to make a livelihood.

When my brother Pascal's herds increased, he employed some of the men as cowboys and range riders. This was congenial work and they were quite good at it, but the number that could be thus employed was limited. Pascal made an attempt to get some of the more reliable Métis families to engage in cattle raising on a small scale by providing them with foundation stock, but only one or two of them made good in that enterprise.

The chief diversion of the Métis was dancing, and they engaged in that amusement with enthusiasm. We were often invited to their dances, and treated with fine, old-fashioned courtesy and hospitality. There were some fiddlers among them who were much in demand at their celebrations. The time-honoured Red River Jig was always in evidence, and Scottish reels were popular. Sometimes, too, they trod the dignified measure of the quadrille, and an occasional minuet indicated French ancestry and tradition. Their music, played entirely by ear, was a curious assortment of old French airs and the gallant and gay Jacobite tunes, likely picked up by their fathers from the Highland officers of the North West Company. The "Ancienne Alliance" between Scotland and France was nowhere more noticeable than among the Métis of the western plains.

The men wore their hair in what was known as the "Dutch Cut". Their dress was the ordinary one of the western plainsman; but all were girded with the gaudy "assumption belt", fastened sash-like in two folds about the waist. The older women were soberly garbed in dark dresses with black kerchiefs over their heads. The girls and younger married women affected gay colours. Their kerchiefs were brilliant and their shawls usually of tartan. Beneath their outer garments most of the matrons wore a multiplicity of petticoats.

Once my brother Joe went antelope hunting with a Métis who took his wife along to cook and keep camp. The

first night out they camped in a coulee. All had to sleep in one tent; but that was the custom of the trail. When bedtime came, the lady commenced to remove her petticoats and Joe thought it discreet to betake himself from the scene for a while. Accordingly he walked outside, looked to the hobbles of the horses, smoked a few cigarettes and then, after a considerable interval, returned to the tent to find her still taking off petticoats. At least, that is the way he told it.

Both sexes were shod with moccasins, often beautifully beaded and worked, and this made their dancing almost soundless.

As a general rule they spoke French and Cree and, when they mastered the English tongue, it was with the inflection of the Orkney Islander. In the days of the North West Company, which employed a great many of the natives, French was the language spoken, and many of the Halfbreeds with Highland Scottish names then spoke no other white man's tongue. At that period, practically the only English used by the Halfbreeds, when they spoke it at all, was that spoken by the descendants of the Orkney boatmen of the Hudson's Bay Company; and it was thus that the vernacular of the inhabitants of these dim and misty islands became characteristic of the speech of the natives of the western plains.



MONARCH OF THE PLAINS.

Courtesy F. J. Clark.

Many a time have I sat by their hearths and listened to tales of the wild old days of the plains when "King Buffalo" reigned and there were Indian wars and massacres. It was thus I learned from a very old Métis woman the legend of Old Wives' Lake.

This lake lies not far from the old Wood Mountain trail, about half way between the valley we called the "Second Bottom" and the Moose Jaw Creek. It is now officially known as "Johnstone Lake", but the Métis people always gave it the designation of *Nootokao Sagiekun*, which in the Cree means "Old Wives' Lake".

The native name commemorates a brave exploit of certain old women of the Cree tribe in which they sacrificed their lives to preserve those of a large party of their own people. This is the tale:

Long ago—more than a hundred years—a great fire had swept the region now known as the Regina Plains and the Qu'Appelle district, before which the buffalo herds had thundered away to the westward. To the Cree Indians of the region a season without the summer buffalo hunt was inconceivable, and a large hunting party was organized to follow the herds to their new pastures. But there was danger on the Southern Plains. West of the Moose Jaw Creek, the hunters were in territory that might be visited by war parties of the formidable Blackfeet with whom they were constantly at war. Scouts were sent out and when they reported no signs of their tribal enemies, the whole caravan moved out in the track of the truant buffalo.

The fire had burned itself out on the gravel ridges of the Dirt Hills, and the herds were encountered in the fine grass country lying to the south. There they made *la bonne chasse* as my informant described it, and it was not long until they had obtained all the meat for which they had transportation. It was prepared and packed and a start made on the return journey.

One afternoon, when the procession was wending its straggling way along the shores of the big lake that skirted the trail, some of the Indians picked out the figure of a plumed warrior sitting motionless on his horse, surveying the hunters from a high butte, like a falcon from its eyrie.

The word "Blackfoot" passed from lip to lip. The straggling ranks were closed and the hunters hurried their march. The presence of the solitary horseman indicated that a hostile war party was in the vicinity. Nor were they left long in doubt.

The sun was sinking and the buttes were casting lengthening shadows when out of a "draw" a cavalcade of

wild horsemen charged upon them, shouting fierce and strident war cries. Immediately the hunters placed themselves in a position of defence, and greeted their assailants with a scattering volley.

At the first defensive shot the Blackfeet, who were splendid horsemen, threw themselves on the far side of their ponies, where they maintained their position by one foot on the saddle and the left arm thrust through a loop suspended from the horse's neck. Thus protected, they circled the Cree party at galloping speed and opened fire on them, with musket and bows and arrows. Then they hurried off, disappearing among the hills.

The Crees halted to hold a council. One of their number had been killed and several wounded by the fire of the Blackfeet. Their enemies were well mounted and armed. There was no doubt that before long they would return to the attack. Had they been travelling light, the Crees might have had a chance to get back to their own district. Burdened as they were with many women and out on the naked plains, it appeared as if the whole party was doomed.

At this juncture an old woman, her face seamed with a thousand wrinkles, approached the Chief: "My son," she said, "the old women have counselled together and made a plan. We are no longer useful, or fit to be mothers of men. Make your camp here and draw your carts together as if you would stand and fight. Do this while it is yet light. Like the wolves, the Blackfeet hunt only at dawn. We will make many little fires of buffalo chips and when darkness comes you must take the young women and, by daylight, be far on your way. The old women will stay by the fires and the Blackfeet will not know you have gone. When they come in the morning they will only get our grey old scalps and will be laughed at in all the camps along the Belly River."

This plan was carried out to the letter. When the Blackfeet rushed the camp in the morning chill, they found it tenanted only by the brave old women, who sat impassively shrouded in their blankets by the little fires they had tended during the night to keep up the illusion of a large camp. The Blackfeet were so angered at the trick, that they killed them out of hand and they were thus saved the usual prolonged suffering of Indian warfare. This sacrifice enabled the rest of the hunting party to reach the Qu'Appelle in safety.

For many years the Métis freighters would not camp near the Lake for fear of hearing the ghosts of the old women calling one to the other from island to island and headland to headland.

An old buffalo hunter named Bernard Hamelin, who lived in a coulee near Willow Bunch, told me the following tale.

During a long gone summer a Métis and his family had separated from the large company of their people with whom they had travelled from the White Horse Plains, and were doing some hunting in what was known as the Coteau region.

For several days the heat had been very great. A fierce sun beat down from a cloudless sky and, on that particular morning, had come up hot and sultry. The man had risen early, busied himself in bringing in the horses, taking down the tent and making preparations to move camp. With that shelter removed, the heat was intolerable.

For some time he remained silent, but occupied himself in loading and priming his gun. Despite the heat which bathed the woman and children in perspiration, his face remained parched and dry. Far to the westward a black cloud was advancing across the sky, heralded by flashes of lightning and distant thunder-claps.

At last he turned to his wife and menacing her with his gun, told her to say her farewells to the children, for he had received a revelation from Heaven to kill her. The poor woman realized her husband had become demented, probably from sunstroke and, with rare presence of mind, she strove to argue him out of his deadly purpose. She seemed to concur in his tragic plan, but urged that the clothes of the children required washing and begged that she be permitted to perform that last service for them. He appeared to find her request reasonable, and she was allowed to take the little garments to the nearby spring, while he attended her every movement with his weapon. The children, instinctively aware of the shadow of tragedy, cowered close to her side.

When the washing was done, he again told her to prepare for death. She pleaded for another respite until she could do some mending for the children so that they might appear decent when they reached the large camp of their own people for which they were bound.

Again he agreed, and casting his eyes towards the advancing cloud, warned her to work fast. Hitherto he had walked about, keeping her covered with his gun. Now, while she plied her needle with what composure she could command he sat down opposite her.

As she worked, thinking upon her dreadful situation, and speculating upon the fate of the children left out on the prairie with no other protection than that afforded by

an obvious madman, the tears filled her eyes and fell silently down her cheek. Pausing to wipe them away she glanced at her husband. His hands were relaxed on his gun; his eyes had closed and it seemed as if he slept.

Scarcely daring to move, she looked around. The thunder, which had been increasing as the storm approached, was for the moment stilled. The next peal would probably arouse him. Rising noiselessly on moccasined feet she sped towards the axe that leaned against the shafts of the cart. The thunder muttered its prelude to the long-drawn salvo that in a moment would shake the firmament, and clutching her weapon, she leaped across the intervening space that separated her from that tragic sleeper. She was over him, as opening his eyes, he sought to align his gun. Frantically she struck and he fell beneath the blows.

As the cooling rain came in torrents, she harnessed a horse to the cart and placing the children in it, stricken by horror into silence, left the place as if it had been accursed.

Mrs. McGillis, a fine old woman of the Métis people, dwelt with her sons in a beautiful location on the hillside overlooking the present village of St. Victor. She lived to an unbelievable age. She claimed to have been baptized by Father Provencher before he became the first Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in the West. As he reached the Red River in 1818 and was appointed Bishop not many years later, this venerable woman must have been considerably beyond the century mark at the time of her death.

She told me that her godmother was Marie Gaboury, the wife of Baptiste Lajimodière, who distinguished himself by the daring and fidelity with which he served the Hudson's Bay Company during the conflicts with the North Westers. Baptiste and Marie were the grandparents of Louis Riel.

Mrs. McGillis had a graphic power of description, and I enjoyed listening to her tales of the *Ancien Temps*. This is one of her stories, well authenticated and characteristic of the time and country.

In the summer of 1852 when the American Sioux were ravaging the Canadian plains, a large party of Métis came west from the Red River to hunt the buffalo. For some time the hunters kept together for the safety afforded by numbers, but as the summer advanced and there were no signs of hostile Indians, they split up into smaller parties. One of these groups had encountered great numbers of buffalo near the Souris River. There they were joined by Father LaFlèche, one of the earliest of the missionary priests who ministered to the natives.

As was customary on these occasions, arrangements were made for the celebration of Mass. The hunting had been good and the remains of many buffalo cumbered the earth. The good Father insisted that the camp be moved to a more salubrious situation for the Sabbath observances.

Accordingly, on the Saturday, the camp was struck and a move made to a high tableland which commanded a wide expanse of country. When the hunters reached this upland lawn, evening was falling. To their dismay they found the far end of the tableland already tenanted by a large Sioux encampment. It was too late to retreat, and there was nothing left for the hunters to do but make preparations to put up as stout a resistance as possible in the event of an attack.

A suitable spot close to a spring was chosen; a leaguer was formed by placing the carts close together and filling up the spaces between the wheel spokes with buffalo hides. A pit was dug to give the women and children some additional protection; guns were loaded and those brave people sat down to abide the issue.

No attack was made that night. The Plains' Indians, particularly the Sioux, did not attack at night. Dawn was their battle hour. All night the hunters stood to their weapons and even the children in the camp slept little.

When daylight came, the anxious hunters saw there was a bustle of activity in the Indian camp. Horses were being driven in, and presently mounted Indians began to ride back and forth in little companies. At length, as if in response to some command, they bunched together and came charging directly upon the barricade. The hunters were lying down with their guns projecting through loop-holes left in their defences; the young women and girls with powder horns and bags of balls crouched beside them, ready to re-load the discharged weapons, and all were prepared to defend themselves to the last extremity.

The advancing Indians presented a wild and barbaric spectacle. Their galloping ponies, the fluttering feathers of their headgear, their brandished weapons and their unearthly war cries created a medley of sound and motion terrifying in its effect. The Indians came sweeping onward as if the barricade did not exist.

The hunters held their fire until the enemy was within fifty yards and then poured in a volley. All were marksmen and, shooting from rests, few of their bullets went wide and several saddles were emptied. Instantly the charge split and, swinging off to one side, the Indians commenced their old trick of circle-riding the besieged, firing their guns

and giving vent to horrible yells. Never very good shots at the best of times their fire, directed from the backs of galloping horses, was anything but effective. However, for many hours they kept up their harassing tactics.

Father La Flèche had not considered it consistent with his priestly office to use a rifle, but armed with an axe, he stationed himself beside the cart containing his property, determined to dispute its possession with any savage who succeeded in reaching it.

It was late in the afternoon when the Indians drew off to a little distance. They gathered on the side of a hill, where they were reinforced by another body of their own tribe, that had apparently been in the vicinity and had joined them, either on the summons of a messenger or attracted by the firing. The situation of the Métis was perilous. Despite the indifferent marksmanship of the Indians, three of the hunters had been killed and several wounded. All the Sioux had to do was to continue their tactics, and eventually they would wear the besieged down. Suddenly a horseman detached himself from the mob of Indians and galloped towards the barricade. As he approached, he raised his hand, palm forward, in the peace sign of the plains. His splendid war bonnet of eagle feathers, his fine horse and accoutrements proclaimed him a chief. Reining his horse, he cried to the hunters in the Cree language which all understood: "The *Dakotans* did not know you had a 'Black Robe' with you; he must be God and none can prevail against him. Remain in peace; we shall attack you no more."

Even as he spoke the Métis saw the Indians commencing to move off. Raising his long lance in salutation, the Chief wheeled about and galloped off, the last Sioux to leave the tableland.

It may be imagined with what grateful hearts those poor people raised the altar of their faith in the wilderness, and gave thanks to God who had thus delivered them out of the hands of their enemy.

Mrs. McGillis was not actually present at this battle, but was with a larger hunting party not far away, that was joined by those who had been so sorely beset. She herself nursed some of the wounded.

Father LaFlèche returned to Eastern Canada in 1856 and was afterwards Bishop of Three Rivers.

I had not seen Mrs. McGillis for many years, but in 1928, in company with Frank Turnbull, K.C., and my husband, I drove from Willow Bunch to St. Victor for the express purpose of paying her a visit. We came to the well-

remembered place—the typical Métis cabin built of axe-squared logs, backed by a picturesque poplar grove in the midst of which a clear spring of water bubbled. Her son “Cachot”, an old man himself, one of those most sterling of the native people and long a trusted henchman of my brother Pascal, met us outside. To me he was the representative of a happy time, and our greeting was warm and friendly. I asked for his mother. “She is inside,” he said. “Will you go in alone, and see if she knows you?”

I found her sitting on her bed, garbed in a black stuff dress with a small shawl neatly crossed over her breast. She then must have been at least a hundred years, and was thin and frail, but despite her great age was quite active, and her mind remarkably clear.

I addressed her in French, and asked her if she recognized me. A quarter of a century had passed since our last meeting. She looked at me steadily for a moment and then replied: “Mais oui, Madame, vous êtes ‘Albina’,” the name by which, when a child, I was known to the Métis folk.

When my husband entered she recognized him also, although she had seen him on only one or two occasions many years previously. On being presented to Mr. Turnbull, she greeted him with a courtesy and self-possession that might well have been the envy of many a more pretentious hostess.

Mrs. McGillis had no English, but she spoke correct French acquired long ago from *les Sœurs Grises* of St. Boniface. We had a long and interesting talk, and as her mind went back across the years, she became graphic and animated.

“I have known these Western Plains since I was a young girl,” she said. “I am glad that *Monsieur* is Scottish. My husband was Scottish too. He was of the North West Company and his people had authority. When I was only a child I came with my father from the Red River to the buffalo hunt. The women drove the carts and the men rode on horseback and hunted along the trail. West of the Moose Jaw Creek, always we found the buffalo. Sometimes in the morning when I went out to bring in the horses, the little buffalo calves followed, mistaking them for their mothers.

“The Métis went in a large company and they had guards and scouts like soldiers, for sometimes the Indians were bad. At first it was the Sioux, but Cuthbert Grant, the ‘Warden of the Plains’, who was a relation of my husband, gathered the bravest of the hunters together and made a war, driving them away from our hunting grounds. Afterwards it was the Blackfeet who would attack and kill small

parties; but when we went in large companies they did not bother us. Sometimes when there were many of us, we followed the buffalo herds far to the West, until we could see the great Mountains rising like white clouds in the sky.

"Once we had to camp for more than three days at a crossing of the Milk River to let the buffalo go by. There were so many of them that they could not be counted, and they seemed to think of nothing except where they were going. They were followed by the big grey wolves that killed the little calves or cows mired near the river crossing. They kept going north like a big black river."

Then as she re-lived those old scenes, she fell silent for a moment in retrospection. Suddenly, she said: "Where were they all going? Perhaps to some place by the ocean where the grass is always green, and the white man cannot come with his breach-loading rifle. I think maybe, some Métis did a great wrong, and God took the buffalo away for punishment."

When we said good-bye to this fine old lady, she cried a little and kissed me. I call her a lady, for she had the courtesy that might have graced the highest in the land. It was the last time I saw her. She died in the winter of 1933, and it seemed to me as if she must have been escorted down the last long trail by a ghostly cavalcade of those priests, potentates, hunters and warriors who lived the vivid history of the western plains in the days that have faded into the mists of long gone years.

The Indians who by the "Treaties" were recognized by the Crown as having a vested right in their native land always regarded the Métis as joint-inheritors with them, and urged that the Government should deal with them as such. Much was promised, but the pledges have never been adequately fulfilled. It is true they were eventually given "scrip" which entitled them to two hundred and forty acres of land each. This was granted when land had little value, and few realized as much as a hundred dollars for their rights. Many of them parted with their "scrips" for a horse, or a gun, or even a few bottles of whisky. The value they have received on account of their birthright has been so trivial that were it not tragic, it would be ridiculous.

Apart altogether from their undoubted rights, they have rendered inestimable service to Canada. Without their aid, the peaceful settlement of the western plains would have been impossible. The prairie region was inhabited by warlike and independent Indian tribes and, had it not been for the mediation of the Métis, there is little doubt that western settlement in Canada would have been retarded by

wars and massacres, similar to those which characterized the advance of settlement in almost every other frontier region of North America.

It is no credit to the various Canadian administrations of the last seventy years that those poor people should have been felt to become for the most part, homeless wanderers in the land that was theirs by birth and inheritance.

Canada's treatment of her Métis population is not a creditable page in the history of the Dominion.

CHAPTER VIII

LE JOUR DE L'AN — MY MOTHER'S DEATH — A MELANCHOLY SEASON — THE LONG SOUTH TRAIL — OLD WOOD MOUNTAIN — THE YOUNG MAN OF THE TRAIN — A WINTER IN MONTREAL — A VERY PERSONAL MEETING — THE YOUNG EDITOR — THE HAMILTON FAMILY — MOUNTED POLICE HOSPITALITY — DISTINGUISHED PERSONNEL — PATRIOTIC POETS — MEN WHO COULD SHOOT AND RIDE — LAWRENCE HERCHMER OF THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

The winter of 1896-97 was a severe one. During Christmas week blizzards blew every day; the cold was intense, the trails impassable and the valley shrouded in snow.

My mother had been ailing all winter. She seemed introspective and thoughtful—perhaps “fey,” as the Scottish folk call it. She spoke much of other days in Quebec, and obviously was longing for the scenes of her youth. She and father had planned to take a long-promised trip to the East during the ensuing summer.

As is the custom among French-Canadians, *le Jour de l'An* was the chief festival celebrated. Accordingly on January 1st, there was a family gathering at the Ranch. Mother seemed to have regained much of her usual good spirits and we had a happy day. That evening when the family departed, I bundled up and went with them to Pascal's place, leaving father and mother alone at home.

We were not up very early next morning and I was helping my sister-in-law with breakfast, when I looked out of the window and saw father close at hand stumbling through the snowdrifts. There was something so desolate about his appearance that I felt a foreboding of evil. He was a strong, robust man and his every action was usually vigorous; but now he came with head and shoulders bowed, stumbling and bewildered like an old man. Pascal went out and they met at the gate. Watching from the window I saw them clasp hands. Then they came in, my brother's arm about his shoulders.

My heart stood still and I cried: “Oh! what is wrong? Mother!”

He raised haggard eyes in a white and drawn face and said lifelessly: “Your mother is dead.”

My whole world crumbled. It was the first time my life had been touched by tragedy. My mother had meant

everything to me and that she was no more—that I would never hear again the familiar voice, the sound of which was still vibrating in my ears, or be able to take my young troubles to her, was beyond comprehension. Then I thought of her lying quiet and still, alone in the house and I wanted to go where she was.

Pascal got out a team and drove a grief-stricken company to our Ranch. I felt that day I could have died gladly.

My sister-in-law's father, Dr. Belhumeur, was passing the winter at his son's house some miles away and Pascal went for him. The snow was deep and crusted, the horses plunged to their girths and he was long in returning. My sister who, with her husband and young family, lived across the Valley, came to the house with the three children whom she could not leave. Father was completely prostrated, and my sister and I kept melancholy vigil. I do not know what we expected, but somehow we waited for the doctor's verdict before we would admit that she was indeed gone from us.

The gloom of a wintry night had fallen before we heard the bells of the returning team and Pascal drove up his weary horses in a cloud of frosty steam.

Poor Dr. Belhumeur! He was then old and frail and the long cold drive must have been a real hardship. He came in muffled to the eyes and trembling with cold; but he only paused long enough to divest himself of his outer wraps and then came upstairs. To his practiced observation the conclusion was plain, and he told us she had been dead many hours.

I shall never forget that night. After the old Doctor had been warmed and a little rested, Pascal drove away with him to his own house and my sister and I were left to our sad vigil. The moon came up with a wide ring around it and the wind increased with the night. It drove the snow in swirling gusts against the house and whined at the door and window. Since then, I have never been able to hear the melancholy sougning of the prairie winds about a place at night without shuddering.

After the Doctor left, my sister became hysterical—she had risen from a sick bed—and before morning was so ill that I was afraid she too would die. I got her to bed and stilled the fretful wailing of the children.

The morning came in with tempest, and it appeared to me as if we were shut in by a seething snowy sea. Yet the news had reached Willow Bunch, and during the day friends, who had learned of our bereavement, kept arriving

to offer help and consolation. But they were only men; the few women of the district could not face the elements.

That was a melancholy season. Father seemed stunned with grief and sought relief in strenuous labour; but he was silent and abstracted. My sister lay long dangerously ill and her recovery was tedious.

Early in the summer father who, with all his abstraction, had not been unobservant, sent my sister and me to Regina. The change of scene helped us and we began once more to take an interest in outside things.

That was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and I remember the celebration in Regina. There was a gathering on the Market Square where the City Hall now stands. I had heard there were to be speeches and I went expecting to hear Mr. Davin. But he was not there. He had accepted an invitation from the British Association of Boston to be the guest of honour at a banquet to commemorate the occasion, and to respond to the toast of "The Empire and the Colonies".

The oration of the day in Regina was delivered by Dr. D. J. Goggin, then Superintendent of Education for the North-West Territories and in after years well known in Toronto where he officiated as Secretary of the Canadian Club. On that occasion he made a fine patriotic speech. Kipling's "English Flag" had recently been published. Dr. Goggin took it for his theme and declaimed several verses with considerable elocution.

In the fall my brother Pascal drove to Regina to take me home. Pascal liked to do things at high speed and as he had a fine team thought, if we got an early start, we could cover the entire distance in one day, and there would be no need of bothering with a camping outfit. A drive of more than a hundred miles in one day may seem incredible to those unfamiliar with the extraordinary endurance of western broncos, but at that period those journeys were made, and the horses seemed little the worse.

On that occasion Pascal's idea of an early start was to "pull out" the night before. Accordingly we commenced our journey at nine in the evening and made about thirty miles that night. Sometime during the hours of darkness, it commenced to rain and we drove under a bridge on the Moose Jaw Creek for shelter. My brother hobbled the horses and turned them out to feed on the prairie, while we sat in the buggy until daylight.

In the morning the rain was coming down steadily and, worse still, the horses had broken their hobbles, and

we could see them a long way off on the level prairie. Pascal went for them, and after a protracted chase succeeded in catching them. They were pretty wild, and although partly broken to drive, had never been ridden; so he had to lead them all the way back. Meanwhile I sat in the buggy under the dripping bridge.

There was a lonely sheep ranch a few miles off the trail to which, on resuming our journey, we drove and were hospitably received. The rain settled to a steady downpour. The sheep herders, who never saw a human being besides themselves for months at a time, begged us to remain until the weather cleared. But there was no delaying Pascal when he started to go somewhere. He declared the rain was nothing to worry about, and we would make Willow Bunch that night.

So off we drove again, the horses' feet squelching in the puddles. The going was heavy and, sometime after dark, it was apparent that the horses could go no farther. They had to be hobbled and turned out to feed on the prairie. This time my brother made very sure the hobbles were on to stay. We passed the second night sitting in the buggy, and it was one of the longest in my experience.

After midnight the rain stopped, and it became quite cold. When daylight arrived, I looked at my brother and saw that his moustache was white with hoar frost. We drove into Willow Bunch before the people were up, and I never enjoyed warmth and food more.

The next winter was a fairly pleasant one on the Ranch. Father had engaged a married couple and the woman was a great help in lightening my household duties. I also had a girl of my own age, a friend from Moose Jaw, as a guest.

Father took the two of us on a round of visits. We went first to our friends the Hammers at Elm Springs; and the Thompsons, who lived nearby, gave a dance for us. From there we drove to Wood Mountain, and hospitable Mrs. Stewart, the wife of the Sergeant Major in charge of the N.W.M.P. Post, and Mrs. Watson, the wife of the Doctor of the Post, treated us to a round of festivities. The young Mounties seemed glad to extend all the civilities in their power to the only two white girls they had seen for months, and I would be very ungrateful if I did not record that we had a most enjoyable time.

I always liked Wood Mountain with its associations of other days. At the time of which I speak, the Mounted Police Buildings were of considerable extent; but today not a vestige of them remains. We were there one summer day

recently. The same hills, ravines, meadows and streams lay before us; but that was nearly all. One or two Métis cabins still survived, but where the Police Post had stood, only the dugout cellars, not yet grass grown, gaped openly. Like so much of the old West, the Wood Mountain of my young days is only a memory.

In the fall of 1898 we made up a family party and went to the Province of Quebec for the winter. Father, Pascal, my brother Trefflé's wife and young family and I were of the company. Winter came early and we suffered some hardship during the long drive to Regina across the snow-covered prairie.

It was a cold and wintry evening in November when we took the train at Regina and I had a feeling of relief that we were leaving the snow and frost of the West behind for that season at least.

There was quite a bustle getting the children settled, and afterwards I went with Pascal to the dining-car. In one of the coaches through which we passed, there were three Frenchmen whom my brother knew. We paused and chatted with them. As we left to continue our progress to the diner, I noticed a young man looking at me very intently from a seat on the opposite side of the coach. There was something so personal in his regard that I felt embarrassed and, while we were at dinner, I wondered whether my hat was on straight, or what it was that made him give me such particular scrutiny. When we returned from the diner, noting he was no longer in his place, I concluded he must have left the train.

It was my first visit to the East since childhood and there was much of interest and novelty. Montreal was rather daunting, but I soon became accustomed to urban surroundings and could find my way about with little difficulty. Shortly after our arrival in Montreal, Pascal took me to Quebec City.

I enjoyed my visit to the ancient Capital. The people were friendly, and although most of my life had been spent amid different scenes, I felt this was my native land, and these "mine own people".

I passed a pleasant winter making the acquaintance of a number of relatives, hitherto known only by name, and acquiring a host of new friends. I made several excursions to portions of rural Quebec, and came to like the snug little villages standing back from the river with their white stone houses, always dominated by the spire of the parish church, where Monsieur de Curé was "prophet, priest and king" of his people. Before spring came, however, the

East was stifling me, and I was longing for the clear, keen air and wide sweep of the prairie.

In February, Father married again and took his wife back to the Ranch and in April we returned to the West. All except myself went directly to Willow Bunch, while I waited in Regina the coming of better weather before taking the long south trail. I spent the time visiting friends. Among them was Mrs. Kate Simpson Hayes, the Librarian of the Territorial Assembly, who afterwards became well known as a western writer. She and her daughter, "Bonnie", a lively, good-looking girl of about fourteen, lived close to the old Government Buildings on Dewdney Avenue.

One Sunday afternoon, the weather having dried up following continuous rains, I decided to go out somewhere and see life. Accordingly I picked my way along the muddy sidewalks and went to visit Mrs. Hayes.

It was a bright day and for the first time that inclement spring, the sun had a comforting warmth, although roadways were still churned-up masses of mud, some of which had been dragged across the wooden sidewalks at the crossings by the wheels of vehicles. One of my rubbers persisted in coming off in the mud and when I reached the cottage of Mrs. Hayes, I was carrying it in my hand. I was right at the door before I realized that the tree-shaded platform was occupied. Mrs. Hayes' daughter and a young man were sitting close together, seemingly engaged in a gay and intimate conversation. As soon as she saw me she jumped up to greet me, and then proceeded to present her companion. With a feeling of consciousness for which I could assign no reason, I recognized the young man who had given me such intent scrutiny on the train. This was my introduction to Zachary Macaulay Hamilton, who at a not very distant date was to become my husband.

He wore tweeds and knickerbockers and a flat Scottish cap, and was different from any type with which I had been familiar. I thought at first he was a green Englishman; but I was soon to learn he was neither English nor green—that he could ride a horse and throw a lariat nearly as well as Joe himself, and was anything but a "tenderfoot". He was a native of Scotland, although he spoke with a different inflection from that which I had previously associated with the natives of that portion of Britain. He was at that time engaged in editing **The West**, a newspaper owned by Nicholas Flood Davin, and despite his manifest youth, was inclined to be rather dictatorial.

We had a merry supper that night and, when it came time to go home, the young man of the train escorted me

down the sidewalk. He told me that after he had seen me depart for the dining-car he ingratiated himself with the Frenchmen with whom Pascal and I had been chatting, and learned we were on the way East. He declared he had serious thoughts of continuing to Montreal or wherever we were going.

As we walked along the sidewalk my rubbers again developed an exasperating habit of coming off in the mud. He persuaded me to take them off and I was aghast when, regardless of the dirt that coated them, he thrust them into the pocket of his perfectly good overcoat. I had heard something of the reserve and reticence of the Scottish folk, but this lad had none of those traditional characteristics.

Early in the summer, Father came to Regina and took me back to the Ranch. Pascal's wife had not come West that year. There was to be an exposition at Paris the following summer, and my brother proposed that I accompany him to Montreal in the fall and pass the winter there; then the three of us would go to France. It was a pleasant enough prospect, but somehow I was not keen about another winter in Montreal. However, I went as far as Regina with him.

The very first person I met was the young Editor, and he succeeded in persuading me that Eastern Canada was not the place for me at that particular time. I told my brother I wished to remain in Regina for the winter, and he went away by himself after sundry remarks about my not knowing my own mind.

My sister and her husband had come to Regina and set up house, and I made their place my headquarters, although I was often staying with Mrs. Hayes or other friends. I made the acquaintance of young Mr. Hamilton's people and passed some time visiting in their pleasant home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton had come from the Old Country with their young family about ten years previously. They had a large combination ranch and farm in the Valley of the Qu'Appelle, but they also maintained a house in Regina in which the family lived during the winter. They were natives of the Shetland Islands, where their people had been "lairds" from time out of mind.

Mrs. Hamilton was a woman of remarkable personality, strong and positive in character, and with, I think, the widest sympathy and the most understanding heart of any person I have ever known. Mr. Hamilton was quiet and dignified and, until I got to know him well, I stood rather in awe of him; but once inside his reserve I found he was kind and considerate.

Regina was gay that winter. There were dances and other entertainments for the soldiers, who were preparing to leave for the South African War. All these social affairs seemed to centre around the Mounted Police Barracks. Indeed, without the Police, I am afraid Regina would have been a pretty dull place. Monthly dances were held during the winter, attended by the youth and beauty of the Prairie Capital. The members of the Force—officers and men alike—vied with each other in making things pleasant for their guests. Police “rigs” called for the guests and when the dance was over, conveyed them back to their homes.

Commissioner Herchmer had the reputation of being rather a stern disciplinarian, but on these occasions he was the courteous and kindly host. The relations between officers and men were pleasant to witness. Discipline was then relaxed and the formality of rank for the time forgotten. The Commissioner, brilliant in his mess jacket, might have been seen surrendering his partner at the end of the dance to her mother or chaperon while the latest recruit was performing the same courtesy for her sister, and the group would mingle for a moment in informal conversation.

These concessions to the rank and file were never presumed upon. The officers were friendly but dignified, the men respectful and self-possessed. In very few military or quasi-military organizations could such relations have been possible, but the personnel of the North West Mounted Police was selected with such care that it was almost impossible for any objectionable element to find a place. Many of the men were Britishers of good family and education. Eton, Rugby, Merchiston and George Watson's were represented there, as were Oxford and St. Andrews and Trinity College, Dublin. Several men who had held commissions in British cavalry regiments and had found life on a prairie farm harsh and distasteful, were glad to turn to the smart and ordered wholesomeness of the Mounted Police.

The music for these dances was furnished by a band under the leadership of Sergeant “Harry” Walker, a really fine musician, and a composer of ability. Possibly the dances of that time might seem strange to modern votaries of fox-trot or tango, but they had a good deal more variety and were executed with greater precision. The dignified measure of the Quadrille, the jolly romp of the Lancers and the revolving movements of the Circassian Circle were joined in by young and old alike. The Waltz, Polka, Military and Highland Schottische, Jersey, Bon-Ton and many others were danced by the young people. The Two-step was much featured because it was a favourite with the Commissioner.

He would charge about the room with the zest of a boy with a pretty girl as his partner.

Every dance programme at the Barracks contained at least one Red River jig, beloved of the Métis folk. As likely as not there would be only one or two couples present familiar with the steps and they usually gave an exhibition performance, while other guests formed a circle about them and watched their agility; for considerable agility was required to interpret the dance correctly.

Peter Hourie, a fine old veteran of the mixed blood, delighted to take part. He was a burly giant, well on in his sixties, dressed *de rigueur* except for his beaded moc-casins. He moved with the soundless co-ordination of a cat, and could give points to many a younger dancer.

Sergeant "Harry" Walker adapted many airs then popular to dance measure, and on looking back it seems to me that the strains of his orchestra were as compelling as the music of Hamelin's "Pied Piper"; you just could not keep your feet still. The "Blue Danube", "Gates of the West", "Sweet Dreamland Faces" and other airs of long ago were favourites for the waltz. The ever-popular "Coming Through the Rye" furnished the time for schottische or jersey; and tunes like "Massa's Gone Ha Ha", provided inspiration for the square dances. When the band struck up "Do You Ken John Peel" or the "Washington Post", it was the signal for a two-step, and surely it never was danced with greater enjoyment.

How vividly those happy days come back across the years. The bright, low-cut dresses of the ladies; the handsome mess uniforms of the officers; the red tunics of the men; the dress coats and white shirt fronts of the civilian guests and the military decorations combined to make a gay and animated scene that will always remain in my memory.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century much of the life of Regina revolved about the Barracks of the North West Mounted Police, and from there Commissioner Lawrence Herchmer—he of the out-thrust auburn beard and dominant personality—ruled every detachment with a hand of tempered steel.

Many of the officers were graduates of Kingston Royal Military College and several of them won distinction and promotion to high military rank for fine service and gallantry in the South African and the First Great War. Two of them, Sir Archibald MacDonnell and Sir "Sam" Steele received the honour of Knighthood; certain of them rose to the rank of generals of divisions and there was a regular coterie of brigadiers and colonels.

Sir Archibald who, when I first remember him, was in charge at Wood Mountain, was long in command of Depot Division at Regina. Although a native of Canada he was a true son of "Clan Ranald", and was still as Jacobite as if he had followed Prince Charlie. He was steeped in Highland lore and tradition. The members of his Clan were supposed to keep alive the old feeling against the Clan Campbell on account of the Massacre of Glencoe. However, he married a charming lady of the name of Campbell and, when he was Knighted, he announced the honour to her in a wire which read: "I have succeeded in making a Lady of a Campbell."

Nor were the honours confined to the commissioned rank. Many of the non-commissioned officers and men gained promotion when they journeyed Overseas to fight the battles of Empire. When a number of them returned to their duties in the Force after the South African War, they surrendered commissions obtained from the British Military authorities for gallantry on the field and other services. Similar honours were obtained during the First Great War. A high ranking officer recently retired, twice gave up commissioned rank in the Force with pension and other privileges to fight Britain's battles abroad, and twice re-enlisted in the Mounted Police, and each time rose from the ranks to his former rank.



Diamond Jubilee Contingent of North West Mounted Police.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, a picked contingent of the Mounted Police was sent

to London to take part in the great Imperial pageant, and attracted much attention by their soldierly bearing and superb horsemanship.

On "Jubilee Day" the members of the Sergeant's Mess at the Regina Barracks decided to celebrate the occasion by an oyster supper. A collection of forty dollars was taken up, four dollars of which was expended on oysters, while the balance went for more stimulating refreshment. Many toasts were drunk to the Queen, and then someone suggested that a patriotic cable should be sent wishing her, as they put it, "Many happy returns of the day". The banquet money had been exhausted, so more was subscribed to pay the cable tolls, and two sergeants, who were supposed to have some literary ability, were instructed to prepare the message. After considerable mental wrestling they produced the following gem:

"Queen Victoria,
Windsor Castle,
England.
Though far away on distant plains,
Our loyalty and love remains,
Upon this great and glorious day,
We all unite to praise and pray."

This noble verse was hailed with acclamation by the company, but some difficulty arose about the signature. At last it was decided that the words "North West Mounted Police" should be added to the message. It was then dispatched, and loyal celebrations continued far into the night.

But Queen Victoria did not seem to be in responsive mood, and some time passed without acknowledgment. Then it was announced that an answer had been received and the sergeants were summoned to full Mess to hear it. When all were seated, the Mess President produced an alleged cable which he gravely read to the company. It was addressed personally to the two poets and read as follows:

"Her Majesty receives with glee
The efforts of your poetry.
She thinks, of all o'er whom she rules,
You are the two most blasted fools".

But despite this local by-play Queen Victoria, or those representing her, had actually received the poetic message and were somewhat bewildered what to do about it. But the signature "North West Mounted Police" could not be entirely ignored, and discreet enquiries were made through the Secretary of State at Ottawa, and eventually reached

Commissioner Herchmer at Regina, who soon discovered the gifted authors. They were brought before him and each fined a month's pay and confined to Barracks for the same period. The Commissioner then informed Ottawa that the incident had been caused by the excessive loyalty of two of his sergeants. He had punished them himself and thought the matter might well rest there.

During the winter of 1899-1900 when the Canadian Mounted Rifles were being mobilized for active service in South Africa, we sometimes went to the Barracks to watch the activities of the soldiers. Foot drill was practised in the Square; bunches of horses from the western ranges were arriving and being roped and ridden, while recruits who did not come up to the exacting requirements were rigorously weeded out. There was no lack of applications for enlistment. Preference was given men whose occupations as cowboys, hunters trappers or ranchers had provided them with experience that would prove valuable on the South African veldt. Most of the commissioned officers and non-coms came from the Mounted Police. The call had gone out:

"To the younger nations for the men who could shoot and ride."

Colonel Herchmer must have had a difficult time. His wife was stricken with mortal illness and died. He and his son and son-in-law turned away from her grave to go to the War—the Colonel to lead his men while the two others went as simple troopers.

At that time in western Canada the name of Lawrence Herchmer was almost synonymous with that of the North West Mounted Police, and so far as I know, no proper estimate of the services rendered by him has ever been given in any western chronicle.

There are unfortunately many instances in Canada where men whose patriotic achievements entitled them to the gratitude of their countrymen have been so bedevilled by politics that their services have been forgotten or ignored, and they themselves sacrificed to the high gods of the political machine. And thus it was with Lawrence Herchmer.

Following the North West Rebellion of 1885, there was some evidence of laxity in the discipline of the Force. Colonel Irvine, then Commissioner, was a conscientious officer but perhaps a little lacking in the firmness necessary to control an organization like the Mounted Police, that included in its ranks many men of bold and independent spirit. During the Rebellion, the almost contemptuous treat-

ment accorded the Force by General Middleton had bitterly offended the rank and file. There was discontent which, on one or two occasions, resulted in unseemly demonstrations.

Sir John Macdonald had always taken a great pride in the Force, regarding it as his special creation. He was much exercised over the situation. Someone of sterner mould than the kindly Irvine was needed. Influenced by Fred White who had been his private secretary and later Comptroller of the Force, his choice fell upon Lawrence Herchmer, who had made a name for himself as an Indian Administrator in western Canada.

Herchmer was then Indian Agent at Birtle, in Manitoba. When a young man he had served as an ensign in a British infantry regiment. He had also been Commissariat Officer for General Cameron when the latter was in charge of the International Boundary Survey. He was in the prime of life, a fine, upstanding, soldierly figure of a man. Sir John personally instructed him that discipline must be enforced and he would be given practically a free hand. It was under these conditions that, in 1886, Herchmer came to the command of the North West Mounted Police.

Under his administration the Force earned a remarkable reputation for discipline and efficiency. He injected his own high, indomitable spirit into every rank, until he produced a body of men whose performances, in the course of duty, bordered the miraculous. No detail was too microscopic for his personal attention. For years every horse acquired for the use of the Force was purchased under his own eye with the assistance of Inspector Burnett, the Chief Veterinary Officer. Ottawa was bombarded for needed equipment, until dilatory officialdom was forced to yield to his importunity. His men were drilled and re-drilled in their duties, and law and order was maintained with a strong hand in all the wide North West.

At first discipline was rigorously enforced; but after a time, his men learned that if he was severe, he was just; and as his precept and example brought good results, the rigour of his administration showed some relaxation. He fought for everything that would better the condition of the men and suffered no outsider to cast the least aspersion upon them. If they misbehaved, that was a family affair and he attended to it himself.

It was inevitable that the stern inflexibility of his regime should cause resentment in certain quarters. Some of the malcontents endeavoured to bring political influence to bear, but Sir John stood firmly behind his appointee. Members of the Force who thought they had suffered

injustice, and others, with political and personal ends to serve, enlisted the support of Nicholas Flood Davin, the Member of the House of Commons for Western Assiniboia. That gentleman assailed Commissioner Herchmer and all his works in the columns of his paper, *The Regina Leader*, and from his place in Parliament, until at last a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the administration of the Force. The evidence adduced was convincing proof of the splendid work being done under Herchmer's régime.

After the completion of the Report of the Commission, the Ottawa Government gave Herchmer authority to deal as he saw fit with those within the Force who had been responsible for some of the trouble. It was characteristic that he called them together instead of dismissing them and asked their co-operation; and got it, too. In later years Mr. Davin himself came to appreciate Herchmer's qualities and the two men were long on friendly terms.

Canada has been justly proud of its red-coated "Riders of the Plains". Under Lawrence Herchmer's direction they upheld the equal law of the British over a tremendous region. Alone and unafraid, individual red-coats entered the camps of hostile and formidable Indian tribes and took the men who had offended against the laws of the Queen from the midst of armed and excited throngs. If menaced they pointed to the scarlet they wore as the symbol of their authority, and lawless people went elsewhere to conduct their criminal operations.

When gold was discovered in the Yukon and a heterogeneous population poured into the country, the first arrivals found red-coated ministers of the trail on the summit of the Chilkoot Pass, by the banks of the Yukon River, on the shores of Teslin Lake and in still more remote places. The predatory camp followers of the gold rush soon learned there was no scope for their activities under the vigilant scrutiny of the Mounted Police. When Skagway on the American side was infested with robbers and desperadoes, life and property in the Yukon Territory was as safe as in Toronto, Winnipeg or Regina.

It is asserted that during the period the Mounted Police was under Herchmer's control, there was not one major crime committed in all the North West in which those responsible were not brought to justice.

Commissioner Herchmer had been appointed by the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald and was, therefore, supposed to have Conservative affiliations. It was a time of intensive politics in Canada. A great political party was

strongly entrenched in power, and there is little doubt that certain of the leaders were intolerant of a man who stubbornly refused to be influenced by political considerations.

Colonel Herchmer sailed for South Africa in command of the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles. The labour of mobilization, much of which had fallen upon him, was very heavy, and he had suffered a severe domestic bereavement. It was small wonder, therefore, that when he reached South Africa he was taken with illness and ordered into hospital for a period of recuperation. His men proceeded "up country" without him. He recovered rapidly and tried for a clean bill of health. The medical officer to whom he applied recommended a longer period of rest, but without waiting for discharge he proceeded to the Front.

The Officer to whom he reported was a British General who at one time had held a high military position in Canada. It is stated that he reprimanded Colonel Herchmer for presenting himself for active service without the necessary medical credentials. It is easy to understand the astonishment and indignation of the Mounted Police Commissioner at this reception accustomed as he was to command and inclined to be independent. There is little doubt that high words passed between the two officers. At any rate, Colonel Herchmer was deprived of his command on the ground of insubordination. There was nothing for him to do but return to Canada and when he arrived he was informed that, having been retired by the British authorities, his usefulness as Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police was at an end.

Presently the officers and men who had gone to South Africa with him began to return, and most of them were in a high state of indignation at the treatment which Colonel Herchmer had received. The Western Press took the matter up, as did some Eastern journals, and those responsible for his retirement began to realize they had stirred up a hornet's nest. Sir Wilfred Laurier himself is said to have looked into the matter and some tardy justice was done, although full amends were never made.

It is pleasant to be able to add that the land he had bought near Calgary for his little ranch increased considerably in value during the "Boom" period and he realized a comfortable competence from its sale.

CHAPTER IX

AN IMPORTANT EVENT IN MY LIFE—THE POWER OF ORATORY—MAJOR MONTGOMERY, A FORTY-NINER—A FINE OLD MÉTIS — HOW TOM HOURIE CARRIED DESPATCHES — SURRENDER OF LOUIS RIEL — THREE TIMES IN JAIL — OUR MARRIAGE — MacLEOD IN THE DAYS OF THE OPEN RANGE—THE FOOTHILL INDIANS—FIRST EXPEDITION OF THE MOUNTED POLICE—THE YOUNG R. B. BENNETT—A NIGHT OF HURRICANE—LONE MAN AND SOME OF HIS ADVENTURES—LARIAT AND REVOLVER—A STREET BATTLE — LIFE IN A "COW" TOWN.

The last day of the century marked a momentous event in my life, for I then became formally engaged to the young editor. I had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but my fiancé, Mr. Hamilton, and his people were Protestants. No member of my family was ever married outside the pale of our Church or race, and at first I had some qualms. However, he swept aside all my objections. One of his arguments was that the Scots and French in the days of the Stuarts had close relations, and most of the Scottish Queens were of Royal French blood. It was not as if he had been a mere Englishman. Then perhaps my arguments might have had some weight.

I ventured to remark that there might be exceptions in the case of Royalty and he instantly replied that he might not be a king—although he added, as a modest afterthought, that at one time the Hamiltons in Scotland had been pretty close to the Throne—but that I was a good enough queen for him.

After several decades of married life, I have come to the conclusion that my husband has few of the characteristics popularly ascribed to his race. Thrifty he certainly was not; whisky intrigued him only slightly; he abominated haggis and had only one really Scottish vice, his affection for the bagpipes.

That winter in Regina I saw a good deal of Nicholas Flood Davin. He had always been a friend of my father, but "Zack", as my young man was known to all and sundry, was employed on Mr. Davin's newspaper.

A provincial election had been held in Manitoba that winter—I think it was in November—and Mr. Davin had been campaigning there. The Manitoba Conservatives had suffered a long eclipse, but this time, under the leadership of Hugh John Macdonald, the son of the old Chief, they were hopeful of victory. Sir Charles Tupper, although then approaching eighty, had been taking part in the campaign,

and he left Winnipeg for Regina with Mr. Davin on election day before the result was known. The train arrived early in the morning and Zack met them at the station with telegrams announcing the Conservative victory. Sir Charles turned to Mr. Davin and said: "What did I tell you? This is a fine omen for the coming Federal battle." As it turned out, he was not a very good prophet.

Sir Charles remained in Regina to rest for a few days before taking up a western speaking tour. The opportunity was too good to miss, and a call went out for a Conservative rally. The meeting was held one wintry afternoon in the queer old clapboarded building on Scarth Street that served as Town Hall. The Conservatives, encouraged by the victory in Manitoba, came out in force. They saw in their veteran leader, the man who had been foremost amongst the coterie surrounding Sir John Macdonald. The Liberals of Ontario origin came because, despite his politics, Sir Charles was one of the Confederation Fathers; and the Hall was crowded. In addition to Sir Charles, Mr. Haultain, then Territorial Premier, and Mr. Davin were to speak.

I went to the meeting with Mrs. Hamilton who, like all the family, was an ardent Conservative. Members of our sex did not then usually go to political gatherings. It was scarcely considered respectable; but my future mother-in-law cared little for form or convention.

Premier Haultain opened the meeting with a short speech of about twenty minutes, which seemed to me a model of verbal construction and lucidity. He concluded by consigning the Liberals to the "Limbo of unredeemed pledges".

Sir Charles who, despite his years, was vigorous and aggressive, was the next speaker, and he scathingly denounced the Ottawa administration and all its works. He spoke for nearly two hours, and may have been a little tedious. When he finished, he was given a good round of applause, and the people commenced to leave the Hall. It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy winter's day. Night was creeping in, the lights had not been turned on, the stove was burning low, and the draughty old building was cold and uncomfortable. People were putting on overcoats and wraps, and there was the shuffling and movement of departure. But Mr. Davin had not spoken. He had not shown his Leader what he could do with these, his own people. He walked to the front of the platform and, waving his arms, commenced to speak. I do not remember how he opened. Indeed, I do not think many of his hearers were at first very clear as to what he was talking about; but his

appearance, his gestures and the fine resonant quality of his voice, which rose above the bustle of departure, compelled attention. People "stopped in their tracks", some with their greatcoats half on, and listened. In a moment they were back in their seats, shaking the weathered old rafters with their cheers. After a little while I recognized that he was arraigning the Laurier Government for dilatoriness in sending contingents to the South African War, and then I caught an arresting phrase. He said: "As I stand by the Citadel at Halifax and hear the gun fired at evening, it seems to me as if it were the August and Imperial Mother, stretching her arms about her children, saying: 'Rest in peace; no danger shall assail you'."

I never witnessed a more perfect example of the effect of an orator upon an audience. He was at home in his own place, among people with whom he was familiar, but on that occasion he swayed them with his own emotion, and roused them to a perfect frenzy of patriotic enthusiasm. Even political opponents were compelled to render him unwilling tribute. He spoke for about fifteen minutes and when he concluded, the roar of acclamation that went up indicated how he had moved those who heard him.

Another person whom I came to know well that winter was Major Montgomery, who had been the Chairman of Sir Charles Tupper's meeting. He lived in a comfortable house that was then on the outskirts of the town. He had been the Registrar of Land Titles for the district but, being a pronounced Conservative, was retired from his position after the defeat of that party in 1896 and, at the time of which I speak, he was occupied only with his private interests in Regina, which were quite extensive. Miss Lafleur, his housekeeper, was Catholic and French-Canadian, and I frequently visited her. The Major, then approaching eighty, liked to see young people.

He was a picturesque figure of an ancient, with white hair and beard of the texture of spun silk. He was always beautifully dressed in clothes of a bygone fashion that seemed to add to his dignity; and he had fine and courtly manners.

The old gentleman had lived a full and vivid life, and sometimes, when in the mood, he liked to speak of his adventures. Many a time I have sat in one of the deep leather chairs in his cosy sitting-room and listened to his tales of personal adventure, very moderately told.

He was born, I think, in Merrickville in Ontario, and was qualifying for the legal profession when news came of the discovery of gold in California. He abandoned law

books and studies and joined a party of argonauts who took the California Trail of '49 across the plains and over the mountains.

The journey was full of hardship. Much of it was across a wild and unknown region. The way was beset by savage Indian tribes and sometimes by lawless white men scarcely less cruel and predatory than the Indians themselves. The members of the expedition suffered under the scorching heat of the arid plains, were blown upon by the icy blasts of the Mountains, and often starvation and sickness were familiar attendants. At last, weary, gaunt and haggard, they reached their journey's end, and a season of rest in a lush California valley soon restored them to health and confidence.

Major Montgomery prospered at the gold fields and, after some years, found himself in possession of a modest fortune. He then began to think of returning to far-away Ontario.

He had wound up his business in California preparatory to returning to Canada when word came that the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico was a prisoner not far from the American boundary, and in danger of his life. The young man from Ontario conceived the romantic idea of making a dash into Mexico and rescuing the Emperor. He gathered together a company of kindred spirits and, well armed and equipped, they set out on their adventure.

All went well until they approached the frontier. There they met a party of French officers who had remained in the country with Maximilian. After his capture they had managed to escape into American territory, but brought word that the Emperor himself had already fallen before the bullets of a firing squad. The officers had escaped with their lives, and that was about all. They had neither money nor supplies and were in a miserable state. The Major took them under his care, conducting them to San Francisco, where he furnished them with the means to return to France.

During their association a warm friendship sprang up between the young Canadian and the French nobleman who was the leader of the party, and a correspondence was kept up for many years. Major Montgomery showed me a beautifully engraved invitation he had received to the wedding of his French friend in Paris.

While he was in San Francisco Major Montgomery obtained news of a heavily armed vessel fitted out by some Fenians that had recently left port, allegedly to raid the

coast of British Columbia. If one romantic enterprise had petered out, here was another ready to his hand, and he chartered, provisioned and armed a ship, and proceeded after the raiders. A quick run was made to Victoria, B.C., and so formidable was his armament that the Fenians apparently abandoned their enterprise. At least they never carried out their purpose, and the Major used to say with a laugh, that he might as well have the credit as anyone else of having saved Vancouver Island from the piratical attentions of these disaffected gentry.

The Major owned a great deal of property in Regina which, during the nineties, was of doubtful value. As age encroached he set his house in order and made a will providing for a number of relatives. Between the making of his will and the time of his death, Regina real estate greatly increased in value, and when he died there was a handsome surplus over the amount for which he had made provision. Under ordinary circumstances this residue would have reverted to his next of kin, but someone discovered he had been born out of wedlock and, not being married, had no legal heirs. Accordingly all of his estate for which provision was not made in his will reverted to the Crown.

In a previous chapter I have spoken of Peter Hourie, the veteran Interpreter of the Indian Department. He was a friend of Zack and I came to know him quite well that winter. He was born in the old Stone Fort on the Red River, probably about the second quarter of last century, the son of an Orkney servant of the Hudson's Bay Company and a native woman. To the last day of his life, when he used the English tongue, he spoke it with the accent of the Orkney Islanders.

As a young man he was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was selected as one of the party to accompany Dr. Rae on the expedition to the Arctic that resulted in the discovery of the fate of the Franklin Expedition. When Dr. Rae's party was only a few days out, Peter seriously injured his foot while chopping in the bush, and had to be left behind.

He was a trusted employee of William MacKay, when that gentleman ruled the southern prairies from Fort Ellice. In 1864 he was sent to pick a location for a Hudson's Bay post on the Qu'Appelle Lake which would be convenient to the western buffalo grounds. He chose a beautiful spot on the level flats between the Echo and Mission Lakes. There he erected the buildings of Fort Qu'Appelle, which for the next quarter of a century was to be the chief establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company in the prairie region.

During the Rebellion of 1885, Peter was appointed official interpreter to General Middleton and accompanied his field Force on the march from Qu'Appelle to the North Saskatchewan. When Middleton was in the vicinity of Humboldt, he was anxious to get dispatches through to Colonel Irvine who, with a considerable body of Mounted Police, was then in Prince Albert. But the Rebels were reported to be holding the river fords and it did not seem possible to get a messenger through their lines. He spoke of his difficulties to Peter, who said: "I think, Sir, my son Tom can make it."

Middleton demanded to see the lad, and Tom, who was about six and a half feet high and broad in proportion, put in an appearance.

"Well, young man," said the rather diminutive General. "Do you think you can carry dispatches for me to Prince Albert?"

"I think so, Sir," replied Tom, modestly, "if you give me a good horse."

"That goes without saying: it will take a good horse to carry you," rejoined Middleton, surveying the gigantic proportions of the young man with admiration.

Accordingly Tom Hourie, well armed and mounted, started on his dangerous mission. During the forenoon of the second day, he rode into a large camp of Rebels who were holding the neck of a peninsula of considerable extent formed by a bend of the Saskatchewan River. He was at once halted by the insurgents, most of whom knew him.

"Why!" they said, "it's Tom Hourie. What are you doing here, Tom? We thought maybe you were with the soldiers."

"No!" said Tom, dismounting as if among friends. "I heard there had been a fight at Duck Lake and some of my cousins had been shot by the Police. I am going to see about it."

He was hospitably entertained, and after dinner saddled up and continued on his way. Some of the Rebels had misgivings about allowing him to proceed, but they knew that the ford was impassable owing to the River being swollen by the spring freshet and still carrying ice in its flood.

Not long after his departure, Gabriel Dumont, Riel's fiery lieutenant, rode into camp and dismounting from his sweating horse said: "Have you seen Tom Hourie? He is carrying dispatches for the soldiers."

When he learned that Tom had been in camp and was allowed to proceed he sent a mounted party in hot pursuit.

In the meantime Tom had reached the River and, as the Rebels figured, found the crossing apparently impassable. He dismounted and endeavoured to think of some way out of the trap into which he had fallen. The Saskatchewan was sweeping past him cumbered with cakes of ice, logs and debris of the forest. No horse could stem the current under such conditions.

While thus cogitating, Tom cast a backward look along the way he had come and saw a party of horsemen emerge from the trees about a mile away and gallop in his direction. It was a time for quick action. He unsaddled his horse, turned it loose, stripped himself to his underclothes and, placing his dispatches in his revolver holster, which he strapped around his neck, plunged into the icy flood. When his pursuers reached the bank, they saw him land on the far shore and pause for a moment to make a gesture of defiance in their direction. That night he delivered the dispatches to Colonel Irvine at Prince Albert.

No one ever knew how Tom Hourie made that perilous passage—perhaps himself least of all. To those familiar with the country it seemed an impossible achievement. I discussed this adventure with him, but all he could say was that the water was deadly cold and he thought he was drowning when he felt his feet on the bottom and realized he was on the far side. He said some current must have swept him across the river. He never fully recovered from that dreadful experience, his lungs apparently having been affected by the immersion. He was present at the battle of Batoche and, after the defeat of the Rebels, while on scouting duty in company with a man named Armstrong, encountered Louis Riel, and brought him to Middleton's camp. In 1897, with Norman Campbell of Regina, he went to the Yukon. He died there about 1909 and his funeral was attended by almost the entire population of Dawson City.

Peter Hourie, owing to his influence with the native people and his knowledge of their language, rendered great service to General Middleton during the campaign of 1885. When the attack was being made upon Batoche, Middleton conceived the idea that the enemy might listen to a parley, and instructed Peter to call to them in their own tongue. Dauntlessly the old interpreter reared his tall form to its height and in a great voice called upon the Rebels to lay down their weapons. Immediately the firing ceased and in the ensuing stillness men could be heard crying out one to

the other from rifle pits: "Who is that," they said, "who speaks to us in our own language?"

Then a voice cried: "It's Chey-way-canabecees;" (Little Mosquito Hawk, the name by which Hourie was known to the native people) "shoot the traitor."

He had just time to take cover when a hail of bullets came in his direction, and the battle was resumed.

When the Indian Treaties were being negotiated, Peter Hourie invariably acted as interpreter and to his influence with the natives much of the success of the negotiations must be credited.

Following the Rebellion, he was appointed Chief Interpreter of the Indian Department with headquarters at Regina. In that position he took part in many historic Indian conferences with officials of the Canadian Government. He was for many years a feature of Regina life, a fine example of the official of the native blood.

I saw a good deal of the Trants that winter. Indeed, Mrs. Trant, a dear old white-haired English lady, was kind enough to chaperon me to some of the larger dances that took place in Regina. Her husband, William Trant, was a remarkable old gentleman who had lived a spectacular life. He was a native of Leeds and, despite a long life spent amid cosmopolitan surroundings, the accents of his native Yorkshire never quite left his tongue. As a young man he had considerable journalistic experience in England, and was one of the correspondents selected to accompany King Edward VII when, as Prince of Wales, he made a journey to India. He remained there for some time engaging in newspaper work.

Returning to Europe he was attached to the German army during the Franco-Prussian campaign as war correspondent for an English newspaper. He was one of the first outsiders to enter Paris at the collapse of the Commune and had a narrow escape from being shot as a spy. He was being led off to execution when he was recognized by one of the German officers who demanded and secured his release.

After a somewhat stormy journalistic career, during which his radical propensities caused him some trouble, he assisted in promoting an English settlement in the North West that was situated at a place called Cotham, north of Broadview. He brought out his family and took up a home-
stead along with the other settlers.

No one could have been more unsuited to pioneer life on the prairie than this philosophic radical, as he liked to

call himself. He soon wearied of feeding pigs and hens and entering into disputes with his neighbours. He was of rather irascible disposition and conditions in a lonely settlement, many miles from the railway, were scarcely calculated to soothe his asperities.

He was charged with an infraction of one of the Territorial Ordinances, and appearing before a local Justice of the Peace, was fined a small amount. He challenged the competence of the court, and refused to pay. The Magistrate did not know how to enforce his sentence, but at last issued an ultimatum that if he persisted in his attitude he would be committed to jail for contempt of court.

Thereupon Mr. Trant commenced the publication in the *Regina Standard* of a series of articles entitled "Three Times in Jail". The first time he had been in durance vile was for a part he had taken in the activities of Michael Davitt and some of the other Irish agitators; the second, when he was in Paris, and the third of the series was to be written in the Regina Jail.

The articles were well written and attracted attention. Those who had prosecuted him were aghast at the hornet's nest they had stirred up. Finally proceedings were dropped. However, he had had enough of pioneering, and he moved into Regina where he secured employment for a time with Nicholas Flood Davin on the *Leader*.

When Mr. Trant was at least sixty he entered upon the study of law, passed his examinations and commenced practice at the Bar. He was for a number of years Police Magistrate in Regina and afterwards Archivist for the Province of Saskatchewan.

In the spring of 1900 I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton in the Qu'Appelle Valley. They had a big farm about five miles west of Lumsden, where their house and buildings overlooked the broad flats of the Valley which furnished almost unlimited pasturage for cattle, while considerable acreage on the fertile southern bench was cultivated to grain. That summer, however, they were not living there. The farm was in charge of a married couple, while Zack's parents lived on a small place in a beautiful situation between the villages of Lumsden and Craven.

They had saddle horses and I was able to indulge my love for riding, and I galloped all about the Valley with Zack's youngest brother, a lad of about fourteen.

About that time an opportunity occurred for Zack to take charge of the *Gazette* at MacLeod in southern Alberta, during the Dominion Election then impending, and he went

there to look over the situation. He found it satisfactory and arranged to move at once. In the meantime I was to make what preparations were necessary and he would return in about a month, when we would be married.

We were married in the afternoon of June 18, and left that day for MacLeod.

MacLeod was a typical western cow town. It was situated on a stony beach by the banks of the Old Man's River in plain sight of the Rockies. It consisted of a straggling main street of dingy, weather-boarded buildings which housed the stores, hotels and other business establishments. Back from this thoroughfare were the homes of the citizens, some of them commodious and comfortable; for like most places supported by the cattle industry, MacLeod was prosperous in a modest way.

It seemed to me there was plethora of hotels. There was one on almost every corner and all apparently did a flourishing business. It was the day of the bars, and every hotel had one of these adjuncts where thirty or forty cow ponies were usually to be seen standing with drooping heads and dejected air by platform or sidewalk in the vicinity; and the natural deduction was that their riders were inside washing the prairie dust from their throats with copious draughts of Scotch or Rye. Wagons were constantly clattering over the stony street; freighting outfits drawn by several span of horses or mules plodded in from the Missouri covered with the dust of a hundred miles; cowboys in their picturesque garb were coming and going, while parties of Blackfeet of fine physique, invariably well mounted, added a wild touch to the scene.

I soon found that MacLeod was one of the windiest places in the whole wide and windy West. All the breezes and gales that gathered in the mountains seemed to concentrate in the Crow's Nest Pass, which lay directly to the westward, and then pour their volume out as through a funnel upon the adjacent country. I have seen small stones and pebbles fly about the streets under the impetus of one of these hurricanes. Indeed, there were legends of people suffering broken legs from big stones rolled about by the gale.

Accustomed as I was to a range country, the region looked to me like a stockman's paradise. The plains rolled up in long mounting ridges; rapid rivers rushed down from their glacier-fed sources in the Mountains and spread out in places to water deep and fertile valleys, while buffalo and bunch grass furnished abundant and nutritious grazing. To the northwest the foothill range of the Porcupines, cut

and slashed by water course and wooded ravine, raised their rounded summits in imitation of their gigantic neighbours the Rockies, which frowned down upon a wide expanse of rolling country. I had never before been in the shadow of the high hills, and they fascinated me.

MacLeod was founded in 1874 by the contingent of the North West Mounted Police that travelled across the plains from Emerson in Manitoba during the summer of that year. It was for a time the headquarters of the Force, and was named after Colonel James MacLeod, one of the early Commissioners of the Force.

Until the advent of the Police, little was known of the region. Vast herds of buffalo roamed the ranges; elk emerged from valley and ravine to browse upon the hillsides of the Porcupines; antelope drifted across the plains; beavers built their dams on creek and rivulet; the grizzly bear made his den in the deep ravines of the foothills; bighorn mountain sheep came down from their native crags to feed at dawn upon the bunchgrass of the eastern slope of the Rockies; and every river and swift running creek was alive with lusty trout.

Truly, it was a region rich in every natural thing prized by an Indian people, and for centuries the Blackfeet held it inviolate from hostile invader. Even the Hudson's Bay Company, so successful in its dealings with the other Indian tribes, never secured a foothold in the territory of these formidable natives. Once there had been an establishment near the present site of Calgary, but the incessant hostility of the Blackfeet caused it to be abandoned.

The Blackfeet have long been regarded as the aristocrats of the plains' people. Physically they are superior to the other Indians. Many of the men stand six feet and are broad and well proportioned. The women are tall and strong and some of them quite comely, although they tend to corpulency on passing their first maturity. The Blackfeet are fine horsemen and, in later years, some of them have out-riden the professional cowboys at stampede and rodeo. Certain of their chiefs, such as Crowfoot, Red Crow and Old Sun were born leaders and natural diplomats.

No record of the coming of the Blackfeet to the foothill country exists, but they are unquestionably of Algonquin ancestry and therefore of the same original stock as the Crees and Saulteaux of the Saskatchewan with whom they were constantly at war until the seventies of last century. They have been so long separated from the parent stock of this great Indian family that their language, although bearing unmistakable evidence of Algonquin origin, is not understood by Cree or Saulteaux.

The Blackfeet were divided into three branches; the Blackfeet proper, the Bloods and the Piegans which, with the Sarcees, formed the Blackfoot Confederacy. The alliance with the Sarcees is remarkable in view of the fact that the latter Indians have an entirely different racial and lingual origin. Most Indian authorities identify them with the Chippewayans. They speak a language among themselves said to be understood by the Apaches of New Mexico and Arizona. Few Blackfeet can speak the Sarcee tongue, but nearly all the Sarcees can talk Blackfoot.

Considerable mystery surrounds the arrival of the Sarcees on the plains, but they were there at the time of the earliest explorers. They seem always to have been on the best of terms with the Blackfeet, learning from them to be good horsemen and adepts in plains' craft. In appearance they have little resemblance to other prairie Indians, being broad-faced, rather stout and squat in build.

During the late sixties, when American settlement began to ascend the Missouri, some traders sought to establish themselves in the Blackfoot country. It was dangerous business. These Indians were known to be resentful of the presence of strangers. Undeterred, these frontiersmen succeeded in making a lodgment in the very heart of the Indian country on the Canadian side. They came in large armed parties and built posts surrounded by high pallisades, which they defended by cannon dragged across the plains.

The frontiersmen of that period were often wild and lawless, and this foothill country, far away from the reach of any constituted authority, made a tolerably secure refuge for outlaws and freebooters. They gathered at the trading-posts and committed many acts of violence against the Indians.

Many of the traders seem also to have been exceedingly unscrupulous. A vile alcoholic concoction known locally as forty rod was used for trade purposes; the Blackfeet were plundered of their furs and horses; the men were shot down, when murder could be done with safety, and the women carried off and ravished. Scenes of wild debauchery took place at some of the trading-posts, and it is little wonder that a bitter hatred was engendered among the Blackfeet against the whole white race. To put an end to those condition was one of the chief reasons for the formation of the North West Mounted Police.

Surely the first expedition of the main body of the Force to the Blackfoot territory in 1874 was as foolhardy an enterprise as was ever attempted within the boundaries

of Canada. The fighting force was small and burdened with all kinds of impediments, such as cows, spare horses, a wagon train of supplies, mowing machines and other implements. Their destination lay more than seven hundred miles beyond the fences of the crude civilization of the Red River, and the last two hundred miles was through the territory of one of the most independent and warlike of the Indian tribes. That it succeeded was due to the remarkable judgment of the officers and the indomitable quality of the men.

Relations were early established with the Indians and, when the chiefs discovered that the Redcoats had come as protectors instead of oppressors, they received them with friendship. The Head Chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy was Crowfoot, an Indian of remarkable character and dignity, who at once saw the advantage of the protection afforded against the persecution and exactions of the American whisky traders. He entered into an alliance with Colonel MacLeod, at first Assistant Commissioner and afterwards Commissioner of the Force, and until the day of his death was a staunch upholder of the law of the British.

One of our first contacts in MacLeod was Harry Nash, who had been for some years Indian Agent at the Piegans. Whilst in that position he narrowly escaped a strange accident. An Indian murderer named Charcoal was to expiate his crime on the scaffold. He had been hunted and harried by the Police all over the country and when he was eventually captured, his legs were so swollen from much winter riding that he had practically lost their use. This man, during the term of his outlawry, became something of a hero among the Indians, and the authorities decided that some of them should have the opportunity of witnessing the retribution meted out to a murderer. Accordingly, Mr. Nash was instructed to bring in some of the Piegans and see that they had good ringside seats at the execution. He was placing them in position below the scaffold platform when the trap was unexpectedly sprung. The condemned man, owing to his inability to stand, was hanged sitting in a chair, and as he came through the trap he just missed alighting upon Mr. Nash's head.

Nash had been a top sergeant in the Mounted Police and was one of the escort of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, when he made his journey across the plains in 1881. He had been in Battleford during the Rebellion and then earned a reputation for daring and courage.

After a week or so we "hung our crane" in a house of our own and once more I was back at housekeeping.

There was plenty of activity in MacLeod that summer. The Federal election campaign was in full swing and the youthful R. B. Bennett had entered the arena to try conclusions with the redoubtable Frank Oliver for the Albert seat. In addition to looking after the *Gazette*, which of course was Conservative, my husband did much political work for Mr. Bennett.

The ranching country was Conservative. The cattlemen and their retainers could be relied upon to support the candidature of Mr. Bennett. In the country south of the Bow, only Lethbridge, with its considerable coal-mining population, and the Mormon district of Cardston could be placed in the Liberal category.

Frank Oliver, Mr. Bennett's opponent, was one of the earliest pioneers, and had been in Edmonton since the late seventies. He was one of the first elected members of the old North West Council, and his vigorous advocacy of the rights of the settlers, both in the House and through the columns of the *Edmonton Bulletin*, of which he was editor and proprietor, had won him strong support in the region north of the Bow River. He was the sitting member in the House of Commons and that gave him considerable advantage during the period of Liberal dominance.

R. B. Bennett was then in his thirtieth year, full of oratory and patriotic fervour. He had sat for West Calgary in the Territorial Legislature and had attracted a great deal of attention by the hurricane nature of his declamation, his facility in debate and his industry and initiative. He was tall and slim, appearing even younger than his years. He had a high forehead from which he kept the hair brushed back and that contributed to an intellectual appearance that he certainly possessed. In those days of riding boots and soft stetsons, he gave the impression of being immaculately tailored. He believed in his country, the Conservative Party and his own star, and was able to convey the faith that was in him to others. When addressing an audience, information poured from him, and his points were backed by shrewd logic and sound argument. He spoke at tremendous speed and was the despair of every reporter. Those familiar with his measured utterances of later years could never realize the spontaneous rapidity of his oratory when he first entered political life. He must have known every definition in the dictionary and words, ideas, declamation, criticism and arraignment followed each other with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. In addition to these rather remarkable attributes, he was an excellent lawyer,

understood the country and could meet almost any member of the human race on common ground. He fraternized with the cowboy who rode the range, and would not have hesitated a single moment to stand before kings or "greet the embarrassed gods". He had one characteristic rather remarkable in that place and period—he never touched alcoholic drink in any shape or form.

During the course of the election campaign, a big meeting in Mr. Bennett's interest was held at Lethbridge. My husband and some other Conservatives in MacLeod arranged for a special engine and a couple of coaches to take a number of Bennett partisans there to attend it.

The MacLeod folk were a jovial lot, always eager for any adventure that promised excitement and fun, so there was no difficulty in obtaining the necessary quota of passengers. Mr. Bennett was in his usual fighting form, and the meeting was a success. There had been some differences among Mr. Bennett's local supporters, and he arranged to accompany the party back to MacLeod to make adjustments. Zack had intended to remain in Lethbridge overnight, but decided to return with Mr. Bennett.

During the interval between the conclusion of the meeting and the hour set for the starting of the train, most of the MacLeod contingent visited the bars with which the place abounded, and drank success to the Conservative Party in general, Mr. Bennett in particular, and confusion to everything that bore the name of Liberal. Consequently, when the train was ready, it was an exceedingly convivial throng that piled into the coaches. They were in a condition that would have rendered them oblivious to the presence of the Prime Minister of Canada or the King of England himself, and Mr. Bennett and my husband took refuge in the caboose with the train crew.

It was a fearful night. The wind came leaping and shouting out of the Crow's Nest Pass and the whole country seemed to cower under its buffetings. There was at that time one of the longest trestle bridges in the whole country over the river and its approaches a little west of Lethbridge. As the train fought its way slowly across this structure, it appeared as if the wind would pluck it bodily off the rails and cast it into the river. Mr. Bennett and my husband both confessed to some tremors during the passage, but the MacLeod Conservatives were like Tam o' Shanter:

"The Storm outside might roar and wrastle
Tam didna mind the storm a whustle."

The bridge eventually was crossed in safety and the train "bucked" its way over the prairie into the gale that every moment seemed increasing in violence.

There was little if any settlement between Lethbridge and MacLeod. Somewhere about Fort Kipp, where there were the ruins of one of the old posts of the whisky traders, the din from the coaches rose above the sound of the storm. An empty bottle was hurled through the glass of one of the windows, and Mr. Bennett decided to leave his refuge in the Caboose to see if his presence would not calm his hilarious supporters. When he came out on the platform, a gust of wind caught his hat and whirled it away into the darkness. As he entered the vestibule, he remarked: "I am sorry to lose that hat; it has an inscribed silver plate in it that I received at college."

A member of the MacLeod party who heard him instantly pulled the bell cord; brakes were applied and the train came to a shuddering stop. A brakeman appeared with his lantern and, accompanied by Mr. Bennett and Zack, disembarked to search for the missing headgear. When they got clear of the train, the wind assailed them with incredible violence and the blown gravel from the surface of the prairie stung like hail. They stumblingly pursued their quest and, strange to relate, discovered the hat which, weighted down by the silver plate, had come to rest in the lee of a ditch.

When they returned to the train they were greeted by no sounds of conviviality. The light filtered dimly through the dusty windows and with a clearer way through the broken pane; but everything was as quiet as a church.

"Whatever has happened!" said Mr. Bennett. "Our MacLeod friends must have gone to sleep."

But investigation revealed that there was not a soul left in the coaches. The trainmen in the caboose and engine cab had not observed their departure, and any noise they might have made was drowned by the storm. Something had to be done. All the lanterns were requisitioned and Mr. Bennett, the train crew and my husband, started out to look for them.

It was a somewhat arduous round-up. The Conservatives were found stumbling along in the direction in which they thought MacLeod lay and shepherded back to the train. When the stop was made, the passengers came to the conclusion they had reached the MacLeod station that then was about two miles from the town and they piled out. The lack of the usual buildings did not seem to worry them—perhaps they figured they could not see them in the darkness—and after looking around for the conveyance usually on hand to convey passengers from the train and not finding it, decided they would walk home and set out to do it.

I shall never forget that night. Miss Thomas, a friend from Regina, who had come to pay me a visit, was in the house with me. I had already experienced some samples of the strength of the breeze in that portion of the country, but on that occasion the father of all winds was abroad. The house rocked in the gale, gravel and small stones assailed the walls in volleys. It seemed as if the darkness cloaked a legion of demons which rode the wind, shouting, crying and bursting into mad, gigantic laughter. We could scarcely hear ourselves speak. There was no use going to bed; sleep was out of the question and we sat, apprehensive, by the fire.

About two o'clock in the morning we heard the ting-a-ling of the doorbell. The storm had made us fearful and we jumped like nervous cats. We debated if we should answer the summons, which was being repeated with insistence.

At last Miss Thomas got up and said: "Come along; a ring is honest anyway," and we proceeded with caution to the door. It was bolted at the top. The ringing had stopped and the lower part of the door was bulging in, indicating that someone outside was trying to force it, and we pushed with all our might to keep the intruder out. Presently the pressure eased up but, breathless and frightened, we still kept pushing. Then Miss Thomas exclaimed: "Oh Heavens! The dining-room window is being opened."

We rushed there, and sure enough, whoever was outside had succeeded in raising it some inches. We were about to exert all our strength in forcing it down when, during a lull, we heard my husband call out imploringly: "For God's sake, let me in out of this so-and-so storm."

I have heard many fanciful tales of the Crow's Nest Pass gales, but after that night I can well believe every one of them.

★ ★ ★

Another of our neighbours in MacLeod was Dick Steele, a brother of Colonel Sir Sam Steele of Strathcona's Horse and South African fame. He was a sturdy old veteran who had been one of the early members of the North West Mounted Police. His wife was a motherly native woman, to whom I was indebted for much kindness. I needed some help in the house, and Mrs. Steele got me a Cree girl as a domestic. This young woman could speak English and was a good worker. She answered to the name of Ellen Johnson.

We had never known any Indian bearing the name of Johnson and interrogated her as to her relatives. She was

obviously of the pure blood, but insisted her father was Sam Johnson, adding with some pride that she was a granddaughter of Big Bear, who had achieved notoriety owing to the part his Indians had played in the Frog Lake Massacre and the attack on Fort Pitt in 1885. Later we found out she was the daughter of Lone Man, one of the most daring Indians who took the warpath in 1885, whose wife was a daughter of Big Bear.

About 1884 Lone Man, who was an adventurous character, had been on a foraging expedition in Montana and succeeded in acquiring a grey race horse, which he brought back with him to the North Saskatchewan.

After the massacre at Frog Lake, the members of Big Bear's band laid seige to Fort Pitt which, in addition to housing employees of the Hudson's Bay Co., was garrisoned by a detachment of the Mounted Police under Inspector Dickens, a son of the novelist. When the Indians were gathered around the Fort threatening an attack, W. F. MacLean, the Hudson's Bay officer in charge, very pluckily went out in an attempt to induce them to cease hostilities.

Before the arrival of the hostile Indians, a scouting party had been sent out from the Fort. It consisted of Constables Cowan and Loasby and Harry Quinn, the nephew of the Indian Agent murdered at Frog Lake. Mr. MacLean was holding a council with the Indians, and was having some success, when the scouts returned.

At the sight of the Indians, Quinn turned his horse and galloped off to take shelter in the trees along the River, but the two Mounties made a determined effort to reach the Fort by galloping through the mob of Indians that surrounded Mr. MacLean. Fire was at once opened on them but they succeeded in passing through the throng. Cowan's horse, alarmed by the firing, stopped in its tracks and commenced to buck frantically. Cowan reached the ground somehow and ran in the direction of the Fort. Encumbered with jack boots and equipment, he was no match for the moccasined Indians, and was overtaken and shot down.

Loasby seemed to have a good chance of reaching safety, although closely pursued by Lone Man on the grey racer, when his horse was staggered by a bullet. Lone Man was too close to stop, and the Mountie, the Indian and the two horses went down in a heap. Loasby was out of the scrimmage first and, rising to his feet, made a rush for the gate of the Fort. Very coolly Lone Man picked himself up and, going down on one knee, took careful aim at the running Redcoat. The rifle cracked and Loasby fell. Seeing

their comrade down, the Mounties in the Fort, who had hitherto held their fire for fear of injuring Loasby, assailed Lone Man with a volley. Not a bullet hit him and he sank into the grass and disappeared. But he was an indomitable fellow and not to be robbed of the trophies of his bow and spear. Wriggling snake-like through the grass he succeeded in reaching the fallen Mountie. Believing him dead he removed his cartridge belt and revolver and crawled back. He had not retreated very far when Loasby came to himself, and staggering to his feet, succeeded in reaching the Fort before Lone Man had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to take another shot at him.

At the close of the Rebellion, when endeavouring to make his escape from the Saskatchewan country, Lone Man was suspected of having assisted in the killing of a ferryman. This was never brought home to him. Later when in the vicinity of Edmonton he was recognized, arrested and confined in the Police guardroom. He made his escape, but was recaptured after a struggle. He was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary.¹

After the expiration of his sentence he turned up at Pincher Creek in Alberta, where he lived for many years under the name of Sam Johnson.

Our Ellen Johnson was not altogether a success as a domestic, which is perhaps not to be wondered at, when the fighting qualities of her ancestors are taken into consideration.

In 1934 Constable Loasby, who was so badly wounded at Fort Pitt, called upon us in Regina and we discussed with him many of the details of those stirring times. He carried as mementoes the two bullets that had been removed from his body after his encounter with Lone Man. He was then a fine sturdy veteran bearing his years gallantly and an excellent type of the men who in the early days constituted the North West Mounted Police.

But in discussing the family history of Miss Johnson's relatives I have wandered miles away from MacLeod on the banks of the Old Man's River.

One afternoon my friend Miss Thomas and I went down town on a shopping expedition. The Slide-out

¹Loasby told me in 1934 that when Lone Man was sentenced to prison, he asked the Judge to arrange that his hair should not be cut. The Judge coldly informed him that he had no control over the tonsorial arrangements at the Penitentiary. The Indian then said, indicating Loasby who had borne witness against him, "If I had known the Smawginis (Mounted Policeman) was still alive when I took his revolver and belt from him, he would not be here today to help to send me to prison."

"Round-up" was in the vicinity, and there were many horsemen riding about the streets. Our attention was attracted to the neighbourhood of the Town Station of the Mounted Police, where there seemed to be some commotion. Corporal Dooley, a plump and good-natured Irishman, who was on town duty, was entering the door of his quarters with some precipitation, being urged thereto by a young cowboy, Joe Gallagher, who was galloping after him swinging a lariat. Just as Dooley reached the door Joe took a cast. The Mountie ducked but the loop caught the pill box forage cap which the members of the Force then wore, jerking it from his head.

It seems this lad had been creating a disturbance, and Dooley placed him under arrest. While the prisoner was being escorted to the station, he suddenly broke away and, in almost a single bound, was on the back of a cow pony standing untied by the sidewalk. The Mountie telephoned the Barracks for reinforcements. In the meantime the cowboy, master of the situation, amused himself by racing about the main street.

Presently two redcoats were seen riding from the Barracks to render aid and encouragement to Dooley. When Joe sighted them, he gave a whoop of delight and started in their direction swinging his rope. He neatly picked the leading Mountie from his horse. The Redcoat was on his feet in a moment, running at the top of his speed to prevent the rope being tightened about him. His comrade produced his revolver and opened fire upon the cowboy, who was halted long enough to enable the captive to cast off the loop. Then ensued a unique battle in the streets of MacLeod. Gallagher, armed with his rope, was having rather the best of it, while the two Mounties were squibbling away with their revolvers without doing much damage.

The streets were almost cleared of people before we realized what was going on. The bullets were beating a rat tat, tat against the wooden buildings near where we were passing, and we betook ourselves from the vicinity with all the expedition at our command.

The good folks of MacLeod were extracting a great deal of enjoyment from the show. They left the streets clear for the contestants, but crowded at upper windows, while some daring souls even mounted the roofs of buildings to get a better view of the proceedings. There were some ladies who pursued the ancient avocation of Rahab of Jericho in a row of houses at the far end of the Main Street, and as the battle surged in their direction, they cried encouragement to the doughty Joe from door and window.

More reinforcements were sent for, but before they arrived, a Piegan Scout of the Mounted Police came loping into town. The cowboy apparently had profound contempt for the pistol practice of the recruits, but with the arrival of the Indian, he realized real danger. The Scout had a Winchester in the scabbard under his stirrup, which he disengaged and dismounting, prepared for action. Accordingly the cowboy shouted to the Mounties, "just you wait here till I ride out to the ranch for a gun. Then I will show youse fellers how to shoot."

Then he wheeled his horse and, plunging into the River, swam across to the far bank where he disappeared among the trees. When he had sobered up he surrendered to justice. His lawyer argued that he had been grievously provoked by the Mounties firing upon him and, as their actions had by no means been in accordance with the approved traditions of the Force, Joe escaped with a nominal penalty.

At that time the ranks of the North West Mounted Police were seriously depleted owing to the enlistment of many of the experienced men in Strathcona's Horse and the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, and in some cases duties were being done by young recruits that otherwise would have been performed by seasoned and experienced men of the Force. A couple of old time Mounties would have made short work of the cowboy on the rampage.

MacLeod depended for its existence on the stockmen and their retainers, and the citizens were tolerant of the escapades of the range riders. Once when there was a race meeting on, and the hotels were taxed to capacity, the manager of one of the big ranches brought a party of his guests to the MacLeod House for dinner. One of them was his sister-in-law, a society lady of Montreal. There was a great clatter of dishes and the waitresses were hurrying from table to table giving what service they could. The young lady in question was making signals to the girl who attended the table of her party, and in the bustle was not successful. A cowboy at an adjoining table endeavoured to second her efforts by striking his cup with his knife, but with no better result. Then leaning over in her direction he remarked confidentially: "Never mind, Miss; I'll bring her."

He thereupon produced a large revolver from his person and fired an exceedingly noisy shot into the ceiling. He succeeded in attracting the attention, not only of the waitress, but of everyone in the room, causing considerable embarrassment to the young lady to whom he desired merely to show some politeness.

Scarcely had the echo of the shot died away when an irate individual, in scanty attire, appeared at the door of the dining-room, displaying the handle of some crockery utensil and demanding who the blankety blank had shot his shaving mug to pieces in an upper room when he was peacefully engaged in removing his whiskers.

Zack spent the day of the Federal Election in Cardston, and I am afraid it was rather a discouraging one for him. There were only a few votes cast for Mr. Bennett in the whole district.

The morning after the election, he rode back to Mac-Leod, tired and considerably dispirited. When he learned that the Dominion had gone Liberal, all he said was: "God help poor Canada."

CHAPTER X

THE MORMONS IN ALBERTA — A DAUGHTER OF BRIGHAM YOUNG — PERSECUTED CONSERVATIVES — A TREMENDOUS RIDE — THE BIG CATTLE OUTFITS — THE SCRIP COMMISSION — FALSE PRETENCES — THE CHINOOK — TRAGEDY AT THE BLACKFEET — END OF A MURDERER.

Reports were coming in that the Mormons of the Cardston district were supporting Frank Oliver, the Liberal candidate, and Zack took horse and rode the forty odd miles to see what could be done about it. He was joined at Cardston by Senator Lougheed, Mr. Bennett's law partner, and R. J. Hutchings of Calgary, and some meetings were held there and at neighbouring points to impress the followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young with the merits of the Conservative policy.

The district was settled almost entirely by Mormons from the State of Utah, who were developing it with their usual energy, and already enjoying a considerable measure of prosperity. Many amongst them bore names historic in the annals of Mormonism. A number of their leaders had been polygamists in the States, but a ban being placed upon that matrimonial condition by the American Government, they emigrated to Alberta, taking one wife with them and leaving what others they might possess in Utah. Most of these people ceased contracting polygamous marriages when it became unlawful, but they felt it would be unjust to discard altogether relationships already established. They were particular that none of them should have more than one wife in Canada at one time. A leading Mormon was living at Cardston with his family and one wife. The child of another wife came from the States on a visit. It was taken seriously ill and the mother was summoned by wire from Salt Lake City. Before she arrived, the father left Canada. He did not wish to offend the laws of the Dominion by remaining in the country with two women claiming marital relationship with him.

The Mormon movement into Southern Alberta is a tale of epic achievement. They found the region an almost uninhabited wilderness and in a few years they made it "blossom like the rose". They were pioneers and the sons of the pioneers who had forced the harsh and unfriendly soil of Utah to yield them sustenance. They brought with them to Southern Alberta a practical knowledge of irrigation and were the first people in western Canada to lead the revivifying water of the mountain streams to do their will on the land. They were a decent, law-abiding folk and

made noble contributions to the development of the great foothill region where they settled.

The Leader of the Cardston settlement was a white-bearded, patriarchal old gentleman named Charles Ora Card. He derived some of his importance from the fact of his marriage to one of the daughters of the famous Brigham Young. Mrs. Zina Young Card, or "Aunt Zina" as she was called by the Mormons, was a clever woman with a strong personality who had much influence with the people of the district.

Mr. Card was reputed to have Conservative leanings, while Mrs. Card was a supporter of Frank Oliver. It was desired to wean Mrs. Card away from her political "heresy" if possible, and Zack went to call upon her with the result that the Senator, Mr. Hutchings and himself were invited to her house for dinner. Mr. Card was away in the States at the time, but Mrs. Card played the role of hostess to perfection. The table was beautifully appointed and a splendid meal served. She was an entertaining conversationalist and, in response to the tactful queries of Senator Lougheed, spoke much of the eventful history of the Mormons in the United States.

She told of the wagon train which, travelling through the desert, had reached the shores of the great Salt Lake. It was decided to camp there a while and rest. The morning after the arrival her father was observed walking among the sand dunes. At last he paused and, calling the bearded elders about him, drove his staff into the ground and declared: "Here we will raise the temple of our God." On that very spot the great Salt Lake Tabernacle, one of the wonders of North America, was erected.

Mrs. Card vigorously defended polygamy, although declaring it was no longer practised by her people. She said that she herself was the daughter of a polygamous marriage and the various wives of her father associated among themselves in the friendliest relationship.

Very tactfully Senator Lougheed suggested that the Conservative party would greatly appreciate her influence during the approaching election. She would make no promise but laughingly said, referring to her husband: "You have the head of the family on your side."

"Indeed," responded the Senator with meaning, "I am afraid we haven't."

Just before the party left Cardston a man came to the Hotel and asked for my husband. He was not a very engaging-looking individual, but announced himself a Con-

servative. Any kind of a supporter was better than none, and there were mighty few in Cardston; so Zack listened to what he had to say. He told a tale of persecution on account of his alleged political faith. He declared that certain Mormon Liberals had trumped up charges against him and his friend, who also was a staunch supporter of the party of Sir John Macdonald, with the object of locking them up in jail, so that their votes and influence would be wasted. Their preliminary trial was to come off that afternoon and as the local lawyers were all Liberals—so he said—they could get no one to defend them. Was there a lawyer in the party, who would plead their cause for righteousness sake?

Senator Lougheed was a lawyer and a good one, so Zack put the proposition to him to represent these unfortunate Conservatives before the Magistrate. He agreed to act and went away with his client, whose appearance certainly belied the exalted political principles he professed.

Things had not proceeded very far before the Senator realized that the case against his clients was a black one indeed; but he made a noble effort to save them. It was entirely without avail, and the two patriots were committed to jail to await jury trial.

Zack was in Cardston on Election Day and, remembering the protestations of these two gentlemen, he had them brought from jail under Police escort to cast their votes. It was then possible to do that. Sad to relate, when the ballots were counted at that particular poll, there was not a single Conservative vote recorded.

About the middle of the summer Zack went off on business to a mining camp in Montana, where the Glacier National Park is now located. My friend, Miss Thomas, was at the house with me while my husband was away. She was leaving on a certain day and Zack promised to be back by then. When she left on Sunday morning my husband had not yet put in an appearance. I do not think I ever experienced a longer day. We had been in Macleod only a short time and I knew few people. Every time a rider passed—and that was often in the equestrian time and place—I rushed to the door or window, but when evening came I had become so nervous that I nearly came to the conclusion I would never see Zack again. About eleven o'clock I went upstairs to bed.

I lay long awake, but eventually weariness claimed me and I must have dozed off. During the night I was awakened by someone stumbling upstairs. I called out in alarm and was reassured on hearing my husband's voice in reply. I rose and lighted a lamp. He eased himself down in a chair

and then jumped up again as if he had sat on a hot place. I anxiously asked what was the matter and he grinned rather ruefully and said: "Oh! nothing much. I have ridden ninety miles since morning, that is all. I find it difficult to sit down."

He had not concluded his business until late Saturday night and mindful of his promise to be home on Sunday, commenced his long ride early in the morning. He had left his own horse at Cardston and was riding a big black bronco belonging to the Mormon liveryman at that place. Cardston was more than fifty miles distant from the mining camp and it was his intention to change horses there, when his own animal would be fresh for the last portion of the journey.

The early morning part of the ride, a distance of about fifteen miles, was made through a wild and mountainous country, where much speed could not be achieved. About nine o'clock Zack came to a stopping place on the banks of the St. Mary's River, kept by a well-known western character named "Hod" Main. He had breakfast there and gave his horse a feed of oats. The banks of the River were too precipitous to allow him to water the animal and the spring was some distance away; so he decided he would give him a drink at one of the smaller creeks on the trail. This horse made trotting its specialty, which is by no means a desirable accomplishment for a saddle animal, and it was inclined to be wild and stubborn.

It was cold early in the day in that foothill country and the mountain streams, glacier fed, had the temperature of ice water. When Boundary Creek, under the shadow of towering Chief Mountain was reached, Zack dismounted, loosened the "cinches" and permitted his horse to drink. It filled itself with the cold water and, when my husband essayed to mount, objected strenuously. After much difficulty, Zack at last led the brute under a bank and dropped on its back from the elevation. Even then it "pitched" vigorously, but he soon had it in hand. When the horse realized it was mastered and on the road for home, it shook its head and, throwing out its front feet, commenced a vigorous trot. Zack settled himself in the saddle and said: "Old boy! If you think you are going to 'rack' me to pieces by trotting me into Cardston after your other mean behaviour, you are making a sad mistake. If you can't 'lope', we will see what you can do at a gallop."

And gallop it did most of the way to the Mormon town.

The black horse was lathered with sweat, and when Zack rode into the livery stable he thought the man from whom he hired it might be displeased. However, it was

Testimony Sunday at the Mormon Church; almost every adult of the place was absorbed in religious observances and there was no one at the stable except a helper. Accordingly my husband saddled his own horse and after having something to eat at a restaurant, proceeded on his homeward way. He had still forty odd miles to cover before reaching MacLeod.

Late that evening he reached Stand Off, on the Blood Indian Reserve and stopped for supper at the post of George Pearson, an Indian trader. He rested there for a while and, when he was ready to resume his journey was so stiff he had to be helped into the saddle. The last ten miles of that tremendous ride must have been torture. He declared every time the horse's feet hit the ground, it jarred every nerve in his body.

At that time—1900—the big cattle “outfits” were still running their herds on the southern ranges. After the coming of the Mounted Police in 1874, news had gone out that a matchless range country lay between the American Boundary and the Bow River, and trail herds were driven in from Montana and Wyoming. It was a noble grass country and the land of the “Chinook”. When the Mounted Police first reached the Old Man's River, their horses and live stock were thin and weary. Attempts were made to gather wild hay, but the season had been dry and there was little to be obtained. Winter came down early with frost and snow, and it looked as if all the stock would perish. To the surprise of the members of the Expedition, January came in with a thaw; a soft and balmy wind blew from the West; the hold of the winter was relaxed on the land and every little water course was brimming. Soon all the snow was gone and the animals, turned out on the prairie, began to pick up. The “Chinook” had come to the rescue.

One of the first big cattle herds to arrive was brought in by John R. Craig for the “Oxley”, a concern incorporated by some English noblemen and members of Parliament. Mr. Craig was a competent and experienced Ontario stockman, who quickly adapted himself to the western conditions. He was an independent character and some friction resulted in the severance of relations with his aristocratic directors. Some years afterwards he wrote an entertaining book, entitled *Ranching with Lords and Commons*. When we were in MacLeod he was engaged in ranching on his own account. He was regarded as an oracle amongst the cattlemen.

The “Oxley” was still in existence and managed by a gentleman named Springett, who for many years had been in the service of the Indian Department. He was tall and good looking, with a drooping moustache and while on foot

had the somewhat slouching gait of so many hard riding Englishmen.

The Cochrane Ranch was an institution of the country. It owned a matchless range watered by two rivers extending far into one of the mountain defiles. Many thousand head of cattle were carried and it prospered. The manager was W. F. Cochrane, a son of Senator Cochrane, of Compton in Quebec. He was one of the first men in Southern Alberta to acquire an automobile and, when he drove it out to the Ranch was responsible for several stampedes.

Some of the other big "outfits" were: "The Circle", managed by Howell Harris for the Conrad Brothers of Great Falls in Montana; Maunsell Brothers; the "Waldron" in the Porcupines, owned chiefly by Montreal interests and directed by Dr. McEachern, long connected with the Dominion Veterinary service; "The Glengarry Ranch", managed by Alan Bane Macdonald, afterwards a member of Parliament. There were, of course, many other concerns, but these were the largest then engaged in the cattle business.

While we were in MacLeod the Commission which adjudicated upon the scrip claims of the North West Halfbreeds sat there, and was attended by wandering bands of Métis, not only from the southern prairies, but from the Montana region where they had gone following the Rebellion of 1885 and were only now venturing to return to Canadian territory. As soon as their claims were established before the Commission, land scrip for 240 acres was issued to each successful claimant, and these poor improvident people immediately proceeded to turn their scrips into cash. This was easily done, because the Commission was followed from place to place by speculators who induced the Halfbreeds to part with their scrip at ridiculously low prices. Those who thus disposed of their birthright lost no time in putting their money into circulation with the result that scenes of debauchery and drunkenness were daily to be seen on the streets of MacLeod.

One evening my husband and I were walking by the banks of the Old Man's River about a mile beyond the town. The sun was setting and twilight was creeping in. A Halfbreed camp lay close at hand to which our attention was attracted by the sound of strife. Presently two or three men emerged from a tent and commenced to struggle; a knife flashed, there was a cry and a man broke from the group and plunged headlong into the river. In a moment his head appeared black and glassy on the surface and, as the other rushed to the bank, he dived, perhaps expecting a shot to be sent after him.

We hurried in the direction of the men on the bank who scattered at our approach. Then we watched for the swimmer, but he was so long in appearing that we thought, perhaps weakened by a wound, he had sunk. Zack tossed off his clothes and was already in the River to go to his assistance, when we saw him break water far away. He was swimming strongly with his long hair trailing blackly behind him. He reached the far bank and, pulling himself out by a branch, disappeared in the bushes.

One of our nearest neighbours in MacLeod was a gentleman named MacDonnell, who was known to everyone as "Cluny" because he had once operated a trading-post at the village of that name near the Blackfoot Crossing of the Bow. Some of the young business men of MacLeod used to go for an early morning swim, and MacDonnell was usually of the company. He was absent from the bathing exercises for two mornings in succession. He turned up on the third, but gave no explanation of his defection. During the day it transpired he had been getting married. His bathing friends commented adversely on his conduct in not taking them into his confidence.

"Disgusting I call it," declared R. G. Mathews, the Secretary of the Western Stock Growers Association, "why he bathed with us under entirely false pretenses."

While living at Cluny Mr. MacDonnell had participated in an Indian tragedy. One morning Magnus Begg, the Indian Agent at the Blackfeet, had driven over to one of the reserves to check the supplies. When he reached the buildings there was no stir about the place; not a wisp of smoke from a chimney, or even a dog barking. Mr. Begg jumped from the "rig" and walked over to the quarters of Skinner, the official in charge. Just outside the door he found the body of the unfortunate man. It was lying across the threshold with one side of his head shattered, evidently by a gun shot. He must have come out in response to a summons and had probably been in bed when called, for he was clad only in nightshirt and trousers and had a lamp in his hand. Mr. Begg sent his Interpreter to Cluny to notify the Mounted Police while he himself took charge of things on the spot.

There is a subtle sense that warns Indians of unusual events, and it was not long before some of them began to gather. Begg learned from them that an Indian named Scraping High had been cherishing a grudge against Skinner. A child belonging to the Indian had been sick with a wasting illness, and the father conceived the idea it was caused by some meat that Skinner had issued. Scraping High had declared that if the child died he would

send the official to keep it company in the Land of Shadows. The child had passed away the previous day, and indications pointed to the father as the murderer.

Not far from the Indian Department buildings stood a round hill, the flanks of which were brush covered. An armed Indian was observed to emerge from the shelter of the bushes, take up his position on the summit and cry his war song. He was at once identified as Scraping High and Begg, turning to the group of Indians who had assembled, said: "Fifty dollars to the man who will go up there and take his rifle from him."

Instantly some thirty mounted young "bucks" started up the hill at a gallop. Before they had reached the slope, Scraping High called a warning to them not to approach, and his gestures, backed by his brandished weapon, were sufficiently menacing for them to forget all about the fifty dollars, and they beat a hasty retreat.

"You are a lot of cowards," cried Begg. "Give me a rifle and I will see what I can do."

The weapon was procured and the Agent was preparing to make an attempt to dislodge the murderer when the rattle of wheels was heard and the members of the Cluny Detachment drove up. With them was Mr. MacDonnell, our MacLeod neighbour.

Almost immediately an advance was made upon Scraping High's position. Mr. Begg and Mr. MacDonnell accompanied the "Mounties". The Indian opened fire and Begg afterwards told my husband that, although he had rated the Indians as cowards, he would have given a great deal to have been able to turn about and retreat, particularly when a bullet from the Indian's rifle struck the ground between the Sergeant and himself.

The attacking party paused for a moment at the edge of the bushes and then dashed up the slope. Seeing they were not to be intimidated, Scraping High made a rush for shelter. Just as he reached the trees one of the Mounties took a snap shot at him and, from the way he flinched, it appeared as if he had been hit.

To follow an armed and desperate Indian into cover is an adventure attended with danger, but the Police and Mr. MacDonnell went after him. The civilian was the first to sight him among the trees and sent a bullet in his direction. The Indian was hit again, but he did not stop. The pursuing party followed in his tracks, which by this time were marked with blood. Before long they found him mortally wounded. The bullet from the rifle of the "Mountie" had struck him in a vital spot and Mr. MacDonnell's shot had also inflicted a severe wound. The poor misguided Indian paid for his murderous folly with his life.

CHAPTER XI

WE MOVE TO CALGARY — CHRISTMAS EVE, 1900 — STORM AND FIRE — MR. TOMLINSON OF THE HERALD — A BAD BOOK — "PADDY" NOLAN — THE CASHEL CASE — END OF A MURDERER — THE SOUTH FORK OF THE OLD MAN RIVER — "BOB" EDWARDS AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS — A SCOTTISH COUSINSHIP — EXPECTING A BABY — THE HOUND OF CALGARY — A CONVIVIAL COMPANY — KINGS OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY — FRED BAGLEY OF THE MOUNTED — GLEN CAMPBELL AND TOM THREE PERSONS AND A FRIEND OF THE INDIANS

When the Election was over we were to move to Calgary where my husband was to be Editor of *The Herald*, Some business had to be arranged in MacLeod before leaving, so I remained behind for a few days while he departed for Calgary.

I arrived in Calgary on Christmas Eve, 1900. It was very cold, with a wind sweeping down from the Mountains and the thermometer at twenty below. Zack was waiting at the station and took me to the Alberta Hotel, then famous for the quality of its entertainment.

We had an excellent dinner in the gaily decorated dining-room and, as most of the guests seemed imbued with the convivial spirit of the season, the scene was gay and pleasant. I enjoyed the warmth, the lights, the movement and the Christmas spirit, and it was after midnight before we retired. A storm raged outside, but it seemed only to accentuate the warmth and comfort of our room.

Sometime during the hours of darkness I was aroused by a noise outside our door. At first I thought it was occasioned by Christmas revellers, and with western tolerance prepared again to seek slumber. I noted drowsily that the wind had increased in violence and taken on a deep roaring note. Then I realized with alarm that the night was becoming suffused with a deep red glow and I caught the sound of crackling fire.

I awakened my husband. He opened the door and we looked into the passage. W. R. Hull, a gigantic, bearded man clad in a nightgown, was running down the corridor shouting: "Fire! Fire!"

We did some makeshift dressing and hurried out. I snatched up a fur-lined cape as we left our room and soon we were downstairs in the midst of an excited, half-dressed throng. Someone declared that half of Calgary was on fire and indeed it looked as if he was not far wrong. The

opposite side of Stephen Avenue—as Eighth Avenue was then called—was burning like a bonfire. A handsome business block recently built by Senator Lougheed was the heart of the conflagration.

As we came downstairs the flames seized upon a wholesale liquor store across the street, and encouraged by the fuel and driven by the wind, the fire presented an awesome spectacle. For a while the Hotel was threatened, and it was considered advisable that we take refuge elsewhere. We were accordingly herded into the street. However, after a while that danger was averted, and we were able to return shivering to shelter.

Calgary at that time had a very efficient fire brigade under command of the redoubtable “Cappy” Smart, and the work done that night by its Chief and members was almost heroic. By morning the flames were pretty well under control; but the damage ran into large figures.

My husband was rather proud of his position as Editor of *The Herald*, at that time the only daily paper between Winnipeg and Vancouver. The business manager was a fine old Englishman named Tomlinson to whom much of the earlier financial success of the paper must be credited. In his youth he had been something of a wanderer. He had mined gold in Australia in the rough old days, and spoke reminiscently of the “Beach of Samoa”. On one festive occasion when he was in expansive mood, he told us in the strictest confidence that at one stage he had been a pirate and sailed under the “Jolly Roger”. I think he was drawing upon his imagination in that particular, for he was one of the kindest and most sterling gentlemen I have ever known.

Years afterwards when we were living in Victoria, Mr. Tomlinson and his good wife came there to pass the evening of their days, and we saw much of them. He was a book lover and liked to browse in my husband’s library. On the last occasion he visited us he borrowed an illustrated copy of Balzac’s *Droll Stories*. He was then quite feeble and suffering from the malady that finally caused his death. Not long afterwards he sent my husband a note asking him to call, and when he did, said to him: “Zack, the doctors tell me I cannot get better. I am going to pass in my checks.”

He was quite cheerful about it, and my husband, who had a warm affection for the old man, was distressed. He sought to encourage him, and said something about doctors being mistaken. Mr. Tomlinson replied that he had seen a good deal of life, and death had no terrors for him.

"That was not," he added, "the reason I asked you to come here. I want you to take away that damned book you loaned me. I can't die comfortably with it in the house."

My husband took the offending volume home, and a few days later the old man died. We felt we had lost a trusted friend.

Previous to Zack's advent, most of the editorials for *The Herald* had been written by the rotund and jovial "Paddy" Nolan; and "Bob" Edwards, of "Eye Opener" fame, contributed articles. While these gentlemen were writing for its pages, whatever faults *The Herald* possessed, at least it was not dull.

Paddy Nolan had been endowed by nature with an extraordinary gift of witty speech and repartee, and many a tale of him lingers in the Alberta country. He was a native of Cork—"Kark", as he called it—and he might have stepped out of the pages of Charles Lever. He was not tall, and must have measured nearly as much in girth as in height. He invariably seemed in a hurry and bounced about like a rubber ball.

Paddy was a good criminal lawyer, and much in demand for the defence. He must have defended a multitude of horse thieves in his time, with a few murderers thrown in for good measure; he got most of them off too. He depended more upon his appeal to the jury than upon the law. It was a sight to see him in court, wiping the perspiration from his brow, commanding and imploring compassionate justice for his client, who as often as not was a forbidding looking miscreant.

He once ran for the Territorial Legislature and was defeated. Years afterwards, while addressing a meeting in the Conservative interests at Gleichen, he said: "You know, I once was a candidate in this constituency."

Instantly a man in the audience rose, and snapping his fingers like a boy in a class at school, called out: "Yes, yes, I remember, Mr. Nolan. I voted for you."

"Why! that is remarkable," replied Paddy from the platform. "I do not recognize you. Would you mind telling this audience how you came to vote for me. Did you know me?"

"No," said the man, "I did not know you, but I had seen the other two candidates."

One of the most famous cases with which Mr. Nolan was connected as defence counsel in later years was that of a young American, named Ernest Cashel, who was accused of a particularly cold-blooded murder. This was

one of the few occasions when Paddy's eloquence was wasted. The man's guilt was beyond question. The judge was Arthur Sifton, who from the Bench was always a terror to evildoers, and Cashel was found guilty and sentenced to death.

The condemned man was confined in the guardroom of the Mounted Police Barracks at Calgary awaiting execution and seemed resigned to his fate. The day set for the execution was approaching and Cashel was allowed the usual privileges.

One stormy afternoon, his brother called and was allowed to speak to him through the bars of his cell. He departed, and Cashel was sitting moody and detached in a dark corner.

About twenty minutes before the time set for changing guard, he was ordered out of his cell so that it might be searched. As he emerged, he produced a revolver, and sternly ordered his guards to throw up their hands. He had them covered, and declared he would instantly kill the first man who made a move. He was perfectly cool and informed his guards that, as he was under a death sentence, the law had no further terrors for him. He disarmed and locked them in the cell he had vacated. He obtained the key for his irons, and bidding his prisoners a sardonic farewell, disappeared in the blizzard.

When the new guard arrived a few minutes later, the "hue and cry" was raised, and every available member of the local detachment was turned out to search for the fugitive; but he seemed to have been completely swallowed up in the storm.

For more than a week the search went on without revealing a trace of Cashel. The date of the execution was postponed and the idea gained ground that he had succeeded in escaping the country.

Then the Police learned that some wanderer was about in a ranching district some distance from the City. A man resembling Cashel had been seen, and there were other evidences of his presence.

A party of Mounted Police came upon a cold lair in a haystack, and from it followed tracks in the snow to a vacant ranch house. There were footmarks leading to the door, but none coming away; and it seemed as if the fugitive had been run to earth at last.

The house was surrounded and some members of the party entered. There was a trap door in the kitchen leading to a cellar and Corporal John Garnet Wolseley Biggs of

the Mounted Police pulled it up, and with a lighted lantern went down the steps. His first survey disclosed no sign of life, but as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he observed a lumber cribbing around the cellar about the height of a man's head. Some of the earth had fallen away behind the cribbing, leaving one or two cavities, which might make good hiding-places, and Biggs decided to investigate.

He was climbing over the boards when he saw Cashel crouching in a corner, taking aim at him with a revolver. Instantly the intrepid Mountie threw his lantern at him and retreated up the cellar stairs followed by a succession of shots.

Cashel was called upon to come out and surrender or the place would be burned about his ears. At first there was no response. Hay was collected and piled about the house and a match was being applied when the fugitive emerged and gave himself up. He was conducted back to his cell and in due course paid the penalty of his crime.

Paddy was quite a politician and, owing to his facile speech and ready wit, was much in demand for platform work during election campaigns. He belonged to the Conservative persuasion that during the early days was pretty well dominant on the Alberta prairies. Frank Oliver of Edmonton had quite a Liberal following in the North; but it was an entirely different story among the ranchers of the southern ranges. Indeed, James Reiley, an early Mayor of Calgary, once declared that he and Dr. Lafferty were the only two Liberals south of the Bow River.

At the election of 1896 a rather futile gentleman, Hon. Thomas Cochrane, a scion of a British noble family, had succeeded in obtaining the Conservative nomination for the tremendous constituency of Alberta. Mr. Oliver got the Liberal nomination.

Not many months before Mr. Oliver's death he was in Regina and told us the following incident of that election in which Paddy Nolan figured. He said:

"I doubt if I would have had much chance if the Conservative had nominated a strong candidate such as Fred Haultain or Charlie McGrath, but Mr. Cochrane was not the type of gentleman who appealed very much to the ranchers and that gave me a break.

"I was at MacLeod to keep a speaking engagement at a small ranching settlement in the foothills across the South Fork of the Old Man's River. At that time it was the custom to have joint meetings during election campaigns.

"At MacLeod I ran into Paddy who had been sent out by the Conservatives to destroy any arguments I might advance at the meeting. Money was not too plentiful and we decided to pool our resources and travel together. Accordingly we engaged a team and democrat at Dick Kennefick's livery stable and pulled out on our journey.

"Our driver was a red-headed, wild-eyed Irishman. The season was a wet one and most of the creeks of the foothills were miniature torrents, some of them not very miniature at that.

"We had not gone very far before Paddy discovered that our driver also was a native of Cork, and there was a great shaking of hands, and such a demonstration of affection that I almost expected to see them kissing. The occasion, of course, could not be expected to pass without lubrication and Mr. Nolan produced a bottle. After offering me a drink and, apparently experiencing some relief at my refusal, Paddy drank a health to 'Old Erin' and passed the bottle to his compatriot who took a tremendous pull and placed the bottle in his pocket without paying any attention to Paddy's polite hint that it should be returned to its owner. Every once in a while he would offer Mr. Nolan a drink and then take a big 'snifter' himself.

"While he still had the bottle, we approached the crossing of the South Fork. At the best of times it was a more or less dangerous ford. There were reports current of ranchers and cowboys having been drowned there. Swollen by recent rains, the stream was foaming through its channel bed and practically all signs of the Crossing had disappeared. Quite frankly, I did not like the look of things when we pulled up on the bank. Paddy was for returning immediately to MacLeod, and I was pretty much of the same mind.

"While Mr. Nolan and I were debating the question the driver produced the bottle, emptied it in one gulp and cast it away from him, where it made a fine crash on the stones. Then cracking his whip he drove his team at full speed into the torrent, shouting: 'What's a little water to the Irish?'

"In a moment the water was pouring into the conveyance which was nearly afloat, and it seemed as if the current would sweep the legs from under the horses. The driver was cursing and shouting, partly in what passed with him for English, and partly in some unknown tongue that I figured was Irish Gaelic. When the water swirled about Paddy's seat he began to invoke a lot of Irish Saints and made most extravagant promises as to what he would do

if they would only save him from the River. By some miracle the horses found their footing on the far bank and, wet and considerably shaken, we reached dry land and safety.

"At the meeting that night, I informed the audience that if I were elected and the Liberals returned to power, one of the first things I would do for my constituency would be to see a proper bridge built over the South Fork of the Old Man's River, and no more decent stockmen or cowboys would lose their lives in that deep and dangerous ford. I thought to myself, that will take the wind out of Mr. Nolan's sails; but I did not know Paddy. When it came his turn to speak, he said:

" 'If the Conservatives and Mr. Cochrane are elected, there will be no bridge across the South Fork. You do not want a bridge anyway; if a bridge is built, it will bring in the homesteaders who will tear up the bunch grass with their breaking ploughs and destroy your range with fences'.

"And," concluded Mr. Oliver, "that must have been the way it appealed to them, for I got mighty few votes in that settlement."

Nevertheless, Oliver won the Election.

"Bob" Edwards, who occasionally had done some stray writing for *The Herald*, was a vivid and unique character, and no Prairie chronicle could afford to pass him by. Indeed, a whole book on "Edwards and his Times" might well be written. He and his period have passed from the scene and a tradition has grown up around his memory—some of it factual, but a lot of it pure myth.

Robert Chambers Edwards belonged to a great Scottish literary family. He was a grandson of either Robert or William Chambers, the two brothers who came to Edinburgh from the Border country to enrich the literature of their native land, and to form the great publishing house of W. & R. Chambers which, for generations, has been an institution of the Scottish metropolis. It was one of the original Chambers brothers who rescued the Cathedral Church of St. Giles from the decay into which it had fallen, following the gloomy Covenanting period, and restored the fine old edifice to its original dignity and splendour. Their influence upon Scottish literature was the greatest since the days of Sir Walter Scott, Constable, and the Ballantynes.

The childhood of R. C. Edwards was spent at St. Andrew's, the ancient Archiepiscopal Capital of Scotland and its oldest seat of learning, a place instinct with story and tradition.

Such environment could scarcely fail to exert a strong influence upon an imaginative lad and the youthful impressions of his native land thus gained were retained all through his life. Later he was a pupil of the Royal High School in Edinburgh, which had numbered among its students Sir Walter Scott, George Borrow and other celebrities. Indeed, Edward VII, when heir to the British Throne, is said to have been entered for a time upon the roll of pupils of this famed Scottish school. Edwards studied in Belgium where he acquired a proficiency in the French language and a knowledge of French literature. He was also familiar with the *Quartier Latin* of Paris, and probably there contracted some of the convivial habits that, at intervals, followed him through life. On returning to Scotland he entered the office of Sir James Marwick, the Town Clerk of Glasgow.

But offices and ledgers had no attraction for Edwards, and he decided to seek a career for himself across the Atlantic. Accordingly, accompanied by his brother John, he went to the States. Texas was his first objective. He told us that he went there because that state had been featured in the *Boy's Own Paper*, a periodical popular with British lads, as a region of cowboys, Indians, buffalo and other wild west things.

In a small Texas town—Paris, I think—he inadvertently witnessed the “lynching” of a negro, and was so revolted at the spectacle, that he shook the dust of the “Lone Star State” from off his shoes as speedily as possible.

The two Edwards brothers were together for a time in Iowa, but eventually “brought up” in Wetaskiwin, in Alberta, where they established a ranch that Jack Edwards conducted until his death.

But bucolic pursuits did not intrigue “Bob”. He sought expression by the printed page and commenced the publication of a weekly paper called *The Free Lance* in the nearby little town of Innisfail, and it certainly was “free” in almost every sense of the word. He mingled with the people in their daily occasions and reported their activities with a wit and frankness that arrested his readers; he discussed national affairs with strength and understanding, and did not hesitate for a moment to tread on the toes of those who hitherto had been considered sacrosanct. He struck a note previously unknown in western journalism, and his delighted audience clamoured for encores.

However, Bob was a much better writer than a business man and *The Free Lance* folded up. Nor was he more successful with the business end of some other publications

in certain Alberta small towns, although his fame as a writer gathered and grew throughout the Prairie country.

About the break of the century he arrived in Calgary to promote the publication of another weekly to which he gave the ridiculous name of *The Eye-Opener*. He at first obtained the financial backing of Jerry Boyce of High River, well known in Alberta as a hotel-keeper and in other forms of endeavour.

The early issues of *The Eye-Opener* were printed by *The Herald*, when the money was available, which was not always, and my husband, as Editor, had to scan Master "Bob's" copy carefully for the stuff that might bring forth libel suits or other complications.

My husband and his family had known Bob's relatives in Scotland and we became quite friendly. Indeed when Zack's mother came to visit us she and Edwards worked out some kind of complicated cousinship. His habits were not the least domestic, and at that time I think our modest establishment was one of the very few homes in Calgary where he was a frequent visitor. I have never known a more kindly and courteous gentleman. It was often his habit to come to our house on Sunday afternoons and we would go for a walk along the Bow River and listen to his salty comments on people and things. Then we would go home and have some tea, a beverage to which he was much addicted, although no one would have called him a tee-totaller.

I can see him now, balancing his tea-cup on his knee, and making some witty remarks, his shoulders shaking as a mirthful idea came to him faster than he could express it. Once in our walk we passed the somewhat pretentious home of Bishop Pinkham of Calgary and Saskatchewan, a prelate of great dignity, and Bob promptly named the house "The Pinkeries", and used to infuriate the Bishop by referring to it in *The Eye-Opener* by that name.

The Bishop was a worthy gentleman of most stately and imposing appearance. Bob used to tell a story about him. It was the time of the first Great War and a number of the younger clergymen had gone on active service, and the Rector was of course overworked. Bob told the story something like this:

One morning the Bishop called up the Rector and said: "My dear Dean, I realize that you must be dreadfully overworked. I would like to do my patriotic bit, and would be glad to aid you by taking over some christenings or weddings or kindred functions."

"Thank you, my Lord", said the Rector, "This is very good of you. There is rather an important baptism arranged in the Church for tomorrow morning. I am sure the parents will feel highly honoured to have the Lord Bishop of the Diocese officiate. Unfortunately I shall be out of town myself."

"Say no more," said the Bishop, "I shall be there at the appointed hour."

The Bishop, who was noted for punctuality, turned up at the Church the following morning and after robing himself in the Vestry, looked out in the Church to see if the christening party had arrived. There was no one in the building except an elderly lady and a good-looking girl who were at their devotions in a front pew. He retired to the vestry to await the arrival of the baby, probably delayed by a dilatory nursemaid. After the elapse of several minutes his punctual soul was vexed and he walked into the Church in full canonicals and going up to the younger of the kneeling ladies said:

"Excuse me Madame; you are expecting a baby?"

She raised her head and regarded him with astonishment, not altogether unmixed with embarrassment. Then with an indignant toss of her head, she replied:

"I am doing no such thing."

The real christening party then entered the Church.

We then had a rugged Métis girl as a domestic. Her name was Flora, and her home was Edmonton. "Bob" called her "The Flora and Fauna of Edmonton" and after her departure we found that, in respect to the last designation, she was not altogether ill-named.

Once when bringing in the tea tray, she stumbled and two china cups were broken. They were part of a treasured set that had been a wedding present. I was then very young and the tears welled in my eyes. Bob put his arm around my shoulder and in a voice full of sympathy and understanding, said:

"Don't cry, little girl; don't cry."

While Bob was struggling with the birth of *The Eye-Opener* it was announced that R. B. Bennett was to give a lecture to the Epworth League of the Methodist Church on Tennyson and his works. Mr. Bennett was then one of the proprietors of *The Herald* and Zack felt that there should be a good account of the affair in the paper. He was short of a reporter and got Bob to do the job. The next morning my husband asked him how it went.

"Oh! stuffy affair," said Bob, "what the heck does he know about Tennyson, anyway?"

Zack asked for his report and he rather sheepishly produced it saying: "I made it pretty short." It read:

"Last night R. B. Bennett, Member of the Assembly for West Calgary, lectured to the Epworth League on Lord Tennyson and his works. He proved conclusively that the lately deceased noble poet belonged to one of the best New Brunswick families."

Mr. Bennett, who at that time introduced his birth-place "down by the Sounding Sea" as he put it, into much of his conversation, was properly indignant when this gem appeared in print, but calmed down when my husband explained that Bob was the author. Bennett had absolutely no sense of humour, but allowed Edwards liberties that he would not have tolerated in anyone else.

When *The Eye-Opener* got over its initial financial difficulties, and Bob was able to devote his chief attention to his writing, he acquired an ever-widening circle of readers. He never wrote a dull line, and he often dealt with subjects usually tabooed in polite society with a realism that was arresting. If certain of his stories had a Rabelaisian flavour, they were seldom gross, and it was by the wit of his allusions that he made his point.

He was the friend of the down-trodden and oppressed, and with his pen righted many a wrong. He struck hard, but never wantonly, and he had a remarkable capacity for obtaining accurate information on any subject in which he was interested.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written about Bob Edwards by people who had little or no personal knowledge of him, and his writings and sayings and actions have been so distorted that it has been difficult to get a true picture of him. The fact is, Robert Chambers Edwards was a man of culture and literary ability. His sympathy was as wide as the Prairie spaces and he knew the pioneers as did no one else. He portrayed the country and its people as they really were, and expressed them on the printed page with letter-perfect fidelity.

It was his humour to represent himself as a "Devil of a fellow". In the early days of *The Eye-Opener* sometimes an issue might be missed on account of lack of money to pay the printer, and he would come out with the excuse that the Editor had been on "a bat" as he put it. This might have been true and then again it might not. There were certainly times when he looked upon the wine when

it was red—"otherwise Scotch or Rye"—but it was practically his only failing. He was not the roisterer that uninformed writers have sought to portray him, but a decent, kindly gentleman.

Once when challenged about *The Eye-Opener* he wrote:

"This little rag has stood for many things, but never for shame or disgrace, and please God it never will."

He was a caricaturist but so significant in his exaggerations that the point was always plain. He created a fictitious character named Peter McGonnigal, whom he led through an amazing series of adventures, from which he drew pointed lessons.

He took the side of labour when he thought the demands were reasonable, but he was neither Radical nor Red. The conditions under which coal miners in certain of the Alberta mines worked were not the best, and there was some loss of life. Edwards investigated the situation and his aggressive articles were said to have drawn the attention of the Territorial authorities to the situation, and new regulations were put in force that reduced the dangers to which the workers were exposed.

He was critical of ministers and implied that many of them confined their ministrations to righteous people who did not require them, and made few attempts to snatch brands like himself from the burning. He objected, particularly, to a clerical gentleman who was reputed to have preached against him and his paper. His manner of dealing with him was certainly unique. He published the story of the passing of Bill Jones substantially as follows:

"Bill Jones, the best heel-roper in all southern Alberta, lay dying in the Driard Hotel at High River. The Doctor had been to see him and, as he paused at the Bar for a 'snifter' on his way out, he told Bob Kellock, the distinguished Bar Tender, that Bill's number was nearly up. This bothered Kellock and, wiping his hands on his apron, he went up to the sick man's room and said: 'Bill, Old Socks! I guess you're in pretty bad shape. I want you to do me a favour.'

"Bill raised his head weakly from the pillow and said: 'Sure Bob, you've given me many a morning's morning when I needed it. I'll do whatever you want.'

"'Then,' said Kellock, 'I would like to get you a Sky Pilot.'

"The sick man agreed, but without much enthusiasm. Shortly afterwards the Preacher, clothed in black raiment,

was seen entering the Hotel and, shying away from the open door of the bar, climbed the stairs to Bill's room. As he entered he declaimed the following metaphorical mixture: 'My friend! the Angel of death is hovering over this building, and even now, I can hear the flapping of his sable wings. Soon, he will mount the stairs and seek to enter this chamber.'

"This seemed to arouse Bill. He sat up in bed and said: 'The Hell, you say! Just push the dresser against the door and hand me that gun.'"

During the South African War Bob, like many another Britisher, was somewhat humiliated by the first reverses of the campaign at the hands "of a little people, few, but apt in the field" and week in and week out he urged that Canada's contribution should be a western force composed of men who could "shoot and ride" and could play with the Boers at their own game. This struck a responsive note on the Prairies and there is little doubt that it had a good deal to do with the raising of Strathcona's Horse and the various units of the Canadian Mounted Rifles that did such good service in South Africa.

He criticized Lord Kitchener and once wrote: "The press dispatches would indicate that Lord Kitchener is making his headquarters in the saddle, and this would lead us to inquire, with due deference, where his brains may be."

During the first Great War, Edwards did not hesitate for a moment to comment upon its conduct by the Allies. When the United States entered the conflict and occupied Paris, the press featured the action of General Pershing in placing a wreath on the Tomb of LaFayette who had given help and encouragement to American arms during the Revolution. Bob, after giving quite a picturesque account of the incident, said that the American Commander-in-Chief after placing the wreath on the Tomb bent down as if to convey a message of cheer and comfort to the long dead French Marshal, and said portentously: "LaFayette, we are here."

"Then," concluded Edwards, "there was a distinct movement heard in the grave and a rusty and sepulchral voice replied: 'That's all right, but where the Hell have you been for the last two years?'"

Edwards was a strong partisan of the Conservative party in general and R. B. Bennett in particular, but he did not hesitate to criticize or poke fun at his own political friends. He objected to the intensive nature of Dominion politics as they were then practised, and was particularly critical of the administration of the Department of the

Interior. Indeed, during the second decade of the present century, when *The Eye-Opener* was really going strong, its influence was such that the success of a candidate in an election sometimes depended on whether or not he had the support of Bob and his remarkable journal. It is understood that at one time a concerted effort was made by certain political interests to put Edwards out of business. He gaily accepted the battle. There was a celebrated lawsuit which he won "hands down" and his adversaries retired discomfited from the field.

During the first Great War Bob was anxious to make a personal contribution to the cause of the Allies. R. B. Bennett, who was in charge of National Registration, thought it would be a good idea to have a correspondent at the Front who could write dispatches dealing with the War activities of western units, and let people at home know something about what their own lads were doing overseas. His choice fell upon Edwards, who was delighted at the opportunity. However, his health was then beginning to fail and his doctor advised him that he could not withstand the rigours of a campaign. He was therefore forced to abandon the idea. That the future Prime Minister of Canada recommended him for a position of such responsibility was a pretty good indication of the confidence he had in him.

Edwards enjoyed a remarkable popularity in Calgary. His efforts on behalf of the "under dog" had won him the support of local labour. The forthright ranchers admired him and many of the prominent Calgary citizens were glad to be considered his friends. Of course he was criticized in certain quarters for the freedom with which he discussed certain subjects not usually mentioned in family journals but such criticism never seemed to bother him.

After a great deal of persuasion, Edwards allowed his name to be put up for election to the Legislature. But he resolutely refused to do any electioneering. Indeed, in every issue of his paper he advised the electors not to vote for him. Despite his protestations, he was elected by a substantial majority.

About the time of his election to the Alberta Legislature the death was announced of a man who had sought to decry Bob by every means in his power and had made charges against him that were cruel and proven in court to be baseless. He wrote a laconic epistle to my husband which read as follows:

"Dear Zack:

Is it not wonderful? Here am I in the Legislature
and M---- in hell.

Yours,
Bob."

At that time *The Eye-Opener* was well established and eagerly read far beyond the Alberta boundaries. Bob himself was advancing in years and had reason to expect a time of comparative comfort and relaxation. His life had been a tumultuous one; he had experienced many ups and downs, and there were times when hardship must have furnished his daily fare, while his personal habits had been by no means conducive to health or well-being. He was attacked by illness that was not, at first, regarded as serious, but from which he failed to rally. His funeral is said to have been the largest that ever took place in Calgary. He was followed to the grave by representatives of every section of the life of the City which for so long had been his home.

After his death his business and manuscripts fell into alien hands and things were written and published in his name that would have made him turn over in his grave if he had known about them. As a consequence, quite unjustly, aspersions have been cast upon his memory by people who had no real knowledge of his true character.

When the story of Alberta is written with the calm detachment of history, the name of R. C. Edwards will have an assured and a not unhonoured place.

The following verses written by Charles F. Steele, Lethbridge, Alta., which were published in *The Eye-Opener* November 25th, 1922, may well serve as an epitaph.

We laughed at his humour and cringed at his fire;
We followed his muse as it struck the weird lyre—
For Bob was a mixture of fun and of sadness,
A friend of the friendless, a fountain of gladness.
He wrote as he found men. He spared none—
not he!

The great or the small might dissent or agree;
Some threatened, some sued, some throttled the
mails,

But none could stop Bob from telling his tales.
His was the voice of the old, breezy west Land,
His was a hand that was always a glad hand;
He hated the shams, the conventions, the frills—
But say, how he loved our prairies and hills.
The whole world read Bob—yes, oft he'd offend—
Yet, strangely, you'd read him right to the end;
His was a Muse that cared little for beauty;
But no one can say it ever betrayed duty.
Tonight, in the West, there's a great voice that's
still—

Bob Edwards has left us—gone over the hill.

It was New Year's Day in 1902, which we were passing peacefully at our home in Calgary, when a Halfbreed boy arrived post-haste with a note from Bob Edwards, in which he stated that he was lying seriously indisposed at "Irish's", a resort on the outskirts of the City much frequented by trap-shooters and similar sportsmen. He intimated that he was *in extremis* and wanted Zack to help him make his will or receive his last message.

We were quite worried, and my husband started out at once. It was after dark before he returned. I saw with some surprise that he was accompanied by an immense animal of the canine species, which he restrained by a chain attached to its collar.

"Where on earth did you get that savage brute?" I asked.

"Oh!" replied my husband, "he is a hound of mettle and we will have lots of fun chasing coyotes and wolves with him."

"Fun!" I said, "is about the last thing of which I would accuse him. Was he a parting gift from Bob? And how is Bob anyway?"

My husband explained that he found Edwards as well as ever, organizing horse races among a bunch of Blackfeet Indians camped nearby. When Zack asked him about the note, he replied:

"Oh! that was to help you fix up the 'Missis', so that you could get away."

Among other sports, there was a rifle match. This noble animal was put up as a prize and Zack won it. He was a great tawny brute, built for speed and battle. He was supposed to be an Irish wolfhound, a breed said to have been used by the Romans to fight lions and tigers and the like in the Flavian Amphitheatre. If they were like Smoker, the wild animals must have had rather a bad time. However, he then seemed docile enough, and we made a bed for him in the shed behind the kitchen.

All went well for a few days. I had a girl friend, just out of hospital, staying with us and I was preparing to take her breakfast in bed. I placed the tray on the dining-room table and, when I returned from the kitchen, Smoker was polishing off the bacon and eggs with a good deal of gusto. With my open hand I slapped him on the ribs. He uttered a menacing growl and seized my ankle. For a few moments I was really scared, but presently he let go and walked with great dignity to his lair in the shed. I told Zack when he came home, but he made light of it, and said the dog was just playing.

Next day at lunch time when I went to the pantry, Smoker was standing by the shelf finishing off the cold roast. I called Zack who bestowed on him a smart cuff. Instantly the dog reared up, and I thought he was going to devour my husband before my eyes. Zack had a Boer Sjambok which he picked up and ordered the dog out the door. When he was half way through, he closed the door on him and administered a sound beating to his hinder end; then propelled him through. Smoker made an awful row, but strange to relate, when my husband invaded his quarters a little later he wagged his tail and made every demonstration of friendliness. I expressed surprise at that, and my husband with an air of superiority quoted the old English couplet:

“A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
The more you beat 'em the better they be.”

We lived in a cottage about half a block off the Main Street. It was on the track to a Halfbreed encampment, and sometimes when my husband was out late at the office or attending a meeting, I was nervous. I would go to bed and Smoker would come into the room and lie down on a mat. When he heard footsteps on the Main Street, he raised his head and listened attentively. If they continued down the street he just resumed his slumbers. He could tell Zack's footsteps when they first became audible and thumped the floor with his tail and grinned.

John R. Thompson, the local Homestead Inspector, was making a journey to the Mormon settlement at Cardston. He was quite a dog fancier and had recently acquired a thoroughbred greyhound. He was taking it along to familiarize it with prairie sights and sounds. He was afraid this valuable creature might get tangled up with a coyote or wolf and he asked permission to take Smoker with him as a sort of guard. Thompson was a good man with dogs and, to tell the truth, we were getting a little tired of the constant vigilance we had to maintain in keeping our hound within bounds, and we let him go.

When Mr. Thompson got back he said that when he was crossing the Blood Reserve, the greyhound caught sight of a wolf and started after it. Smoker had been slouching along the trail, probably hunting early gophers, and did not see the greyhound start. Thompson called him, and turned his team on the prairie to follow the chase. When the dog caught sight of the wolf topping a rise with the greyhound rapidly closing in, Thompson said it was beautiful to see him springing into action as he took up the pursuit and disappeared over the hill in great galloping bounds. When Thompson arrived on the scene he found the

greyhound quite dead and close beside it the wolf also dead, while Smoker was rolling in a little patch of snow getting the fur out of his teeth.

That spring I had suffered an attack of illness that confined me to the hospital. I was still quite weak when I returned, and it was necessary to get some domestic help. We made a deal with our laundryman to engage the services of a China boy. He came to the house one evening and arrangements were made for him to come to work the following morning. We gave him the key of the back door, and told him to be sure to knock before coming in, so as not to take Smoker by surprise. The dog was lying at our feet and the Chinaman patted his head saying:

“Good doggie; good doggie.”

However, he apparently forgot our instructions, for we were awakened the next morning by a fearful row. We found the China boy scaling with great agility a high fence that separated us from the grounds of a nearby school, and Smoker tearing his flapping garments to pieces. When Zack had the dog under control, the Chinaman was running like an antelope towards the Rocky Mountains. We never saw him again.

That evening we were visited by a friend named Crofton, who had a small ranch near Shepherd, and told him our troubles. He was supposed to be something of a dog and gun man, and offered to take Smoker with him to the ranch, where he could run off some of his surplus energy. We agreed cordially to his proposition. Crofton had a stable in town where he could tie him up before going out to the ranch, and my husband went with him and chained Smoker in a stall.

We had been planning a visit to Banff, but as we could neither take Smoker with us nor leave him at home we had to put it off from time to time. We thought now, with the dog out of the way, we would take advantage of the situation and enjoy a little holiday. We fished for trout on the Echo River, and were having a good time when we received a wire from Crofton which read somewhat as follows:

“For Heaven’s Sake! come home, Smoker is loose in the stable and the horses have not been fed for two days.”

There was nothing for it but to return forthwith, and Smoker once more became a member of our household.

After further negotiations with our laundryman, we engaged another China boy. We were taking no chances this time, and Zack’s brother, who was staying with us for a few days, undertook to get up in the morning and intro-

duce him to our new domestic. Something went wrong with the introductory process and again we were roused by a fiendish uproar, and when we appeared, my brother-in-law had the dog in hand and the Oriental was sitting by the kitchen table staunching sundry wounds with serviettes and repeating over and over:

"The dog he bit me; the dog he bit me."

We took him to a doctor and had his injuries dressed, but he absolutely refused to have anything more to do with a household that harboured such a dangerous animal.

By this time I was thoroughly exasperated and that night I issued an ultimatum to my husband that if something were not done to remove Smoker from the premises, I would shoot him myself. I was still weak from my illness, there was house cleaning to be done, clothes to be washed, and I was at my wits' end.

My husband was worried over the situation and the following morning started out early apparently to look for some household help, and in the meantime I got out the tubs and prepared to engage in a day's washing.

A little foreign settlement had sprung up on the outskirts of the City, north of the Bow River, and Zack's brilliant idea was to go down to the Langevin Bridge and intercept some woman going to work and, by offering her a little more than the going wages, induce her to come and work for us instead. It was still early when a splendid looking creature dressed in foreign raiment came stalking across the bridge. She was of ample proportions and among other adornments wore a magnificent amber necklace. She had not much English, but Zack said to her:

"You go to work?"

She replied: "Yes," and he showed her two dollars, and suggested that she accompany him home. She shook her majestic head until her necklace rattled and said: "Not nough."

He tried what three dollars would do, but again she made a gesture of negation, and in desperation he sweetened the pot with another dollar. That seemed to conquer her and she said:

"All right! I go."

When Zack arrived, I had already commenced the washing. I looked at the woman he had brought and remarked:

"Heavens! Where did you get that gaudy creature, and what does she want here?"

Zack said: "I brought a work lady for you."

As soon as the woman saw me, she shied away from the door remarking:

"You no want me; you got other woman," and showed signs of distaste.

My husband was desperate and he urged her into the house. She shouted: "I no wash; I no scrub; I no work."

"What?" said my husband. "You have already been paid to do so."

By this time I was thoroughly exasperated at the whole situation.

"All right," I said, "my husband has paid you, if you have never worked before, you are going to learn now. Remove some of those gaudy garments and get busy and earn your money."

When Zack left for the office, leading Smoker with him, she was up to her elbows in soap suds and apparently lamenting the menial position in which she found herself.

Zack did most of his work at *The Herald* seated at a large desk with an aperture beneath it into which he projected the dog and, when he attempted to come out, gave him a poke back with his boot. He brought him home at lunch time and then took him back to the office, because I would have no more of him around the house.

When five o'clock came and the paper was on the press, there was usually a period of relaxation, and a group of Calgary citizens would come into the outer office and discuss the news of the day. My husband, forgetting all about Smoker for the moment, filled his pipe and joined the group. Among those present was W. H. Heald, a well-known Calgary sportsman accompanied by a beautiful Irish setter that was the very apple of his eye. Suddenly Heald exclaimed: "Merciful Heavens! where did that savage brute come from?"

There was Smoker coming in the door with the hackles on his neck standing up and his eyes fixed upon the setter. Before anyone could say a word he threw himself upon Heald's dog, and instantly there was pandemonium. The crowd scattered, some persons taking refuge on tables or desks, while one old gentleman tried to climb up the door. A bookcase fell down and there was a fearful racket. Heald was shaking his fist in my husband's face and shouting: "If your dog kills mine, I will shoot you, so help me Heaven."

Into this tumult came George Hope Johnstone, a tall athletic Scot. He picked up a large office chair and swinging it above his head put Smoker out of business. There was

awed silence. Smoker lay as if dead. Heald picked up his setter, which was more frightened than hurt, and went out abusing Zack in a shameful manner.

Mr. Tomlinson, the Business Manager, said: "Well! I guess that is the end of your troubles with the dog; Zack, you had better remove his carcass."

With the assistance of Mr. Johnstone, Zack dragged Smoker into his own office where he lay apparently completely bereft of life.

Just then *The Herald* presses started and the news boys came bolting out to get their papers on the street. The first boy stumbled over Smoker's remains. Instantly, the dog came to life. He leapt upon the lad, who fled screaming outside, while the dog proceeded to tear the papers he had dropped into shreds. He seemed as well as ever and as ready for battle and trouble.

Somewhat discouraged Zack snapped on Smoker's chain and started to lead him home, rather dubious about the reception that awaited him under his own roof-tree. At the Alberta corner he met Captain Gordon who stopped him.

"By Jove!" he said, "what a magnificent hound you have there."

"Yes," replied my husband, "he is a dog of mettle and many accomplishments."

"Do you think he would be any good with wolves?" he asked.

"Just show him a wolf," said Zack.

"You know," said the Captain, rather hesitatingly, "the wolves have been bothering my stock for quite a while; I suppose you would not loan him to me?"

Zack, brightening up, said:

"Why! Captain Gordon, I would not give him to anyone else, but seeing it is you, and that these wolves are bothering you so badly, I will let you have him."

"Oh! that is so good of you," said the polite Captain. Zack ventured to ask him when he was returning to his ranch.

He replied:

"I'm just going to Johnny Hamilton's livery stable to hitch up."

My husband chained Smoker to the hind axle of Captain Gordon's buggy, but at the last, he had a qualm of conscience, and said:

"Captain Gordon, after Smoker has disposed of all the wolves on your range, you had better be a little careful in case he starts on your cowboys or any other live thing that may be about the place."

We left Calgary shortly afterwards and that was the last we heard of Smoker.

It was a strange and convivial company that then gathered in the Alberta Hotel. Not long ago I was in Calgary, and saw the old building, now converted into stores and offices, and it seemed to me that many a jovial ghost must haunt those faded passages.

The guests were, for the most part, men from the ranges, with the tan of the wind and the sun of the open places on their faces. There were tall, lean Englishmen of the type supposed to denote Norman ancestry, some in riding breeches, the cut of which indicated Bond Street, and others in the "chaps" and belled spurs of the cattle country. There was also a leaven of American cattlemen who, after trailing in herds from the south, had found the foothill pastures so much to their liking that they remained in the country; and there were of course a number of Calgary citizens who made the place one of frequent and pleasant resort.

One often saw there "Pat" Burns, King of the cattle country, then on his way to become a multi-millionaire. He was a modest, unassuming man with little book learning, but a shrewd business sense. His purse was always open to any worthy cause and his kindness of heart was a proverb throughout the range country. His qualities were recognized by R. B. Bennett and when he became Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Burns was one of the first men to be called to the Canadian Senate.

My husband had known him in the Qu'Appelle Valley when he was starting in the cattle business with just a few head to his name. It was away back in the winter of 1890 when my husband was only a boy. The season had been a dry one and there was no wild hay in the settlement. My husband's father had engaged an old Highlander named Malcolm Ferguson to go up the Qu'Appelle Valley for about sixty miles beyond settlement to Eyebrow Lake where there was a marsh, and put up slough hay.

When the fall came the Hamilton herd was sent there for wintering in charge of Ferguson and his wife who was nearly as good with live stock as her husband. Zack went along to drive the cattle. It was early November when they started out; progress was slow and the trip was a hard one. However, they reached their destination before

the snow came. Ferguson had built a log shack during the summer, and the winter camp was made fairly comfortable. Zack was supposed to return as soon as the cattle were bestowed on the wintering grounds, but as the hunting was good, and although the cold was increasing, he remained longer than he had intended.

One night shortly after the first snow put in an appearance, when the little company in the shack had gone to bed, they were awakened by the sound of horse's feet crunching in the snow. There were Indian troubles south of the Line and stray bands of Sioux were finding their way into the Qu'Appelle Valley region. There was not a soul within forty miles and there was no knowing who the visitor might be. Ferguson was up in a moment lighting a lantern. He stationed Zack in a position to cover the door with a rifle.

There came a knock and Ferguson opened the door. There was neither Indians nor danger. The visitor was a chubby man in a buffalo coat to his heels, leading a tired pinto pony. He was fearfully cold as well as hungry. He was brought in, warmed and fed. He told Ferguson that he had a small contract to supply beef to construction gangs that during the summer had been employed in building the branch line from Regina to Prince Albert and he was hunting half a dozen steers that had strayed away, and had become lost himself. After dark of a cold day he had come to one of Ferguson's stacks, but seeing no signs of human habitation had tried to make a burrow for himself in the hay which he was about to seek when he saw the light from the shack.

He remained for a couple of days to recuperate before he undertook the return journey. He was afraid, he said, if he could not find the steers, it would break him. This was my husband's first meeting with Patrick Burns who, when we were in Calgary, was the King of uncounted herds.

Among the company in the Alberta Rotunda the picturesque figure of Fred Stimson of Bar U was frequently to be seen in all the range habiliments. Although of Canadian birth and ancestry, he always spoke in an affected English accent. He was a great teller of marvelous tales. Bob Edwards writing of him once said:

"There are four really good liars in Alberta. Dave MacDougall is one, and Fred Stimson the other three."

George Lane, who eventually bought the Bar U land and brand and was to become the mentor and neighbour of the Duke of Windsor, was invariably present. A notable figure was Oswald Critchly, with his three great sons, all

of whom were to win distinction in the first Great War. There were the Beresfords of the famous Irish fighting family, who "ran cattle" along the Bow River; Major Walker, who had been one of the original commissioned officers of the North West Mounted Police; D. H. Andres of the 76 Ranch, who had bought in Wyoming and brought to Crane Lake on the Canadian Prairies the brand made famous by Owen Wister in his fine cowboy novel *The Virginian*.

Often to be seen in the Alberta Hotel gatherings was "Nigger" John Ware who, although as black as the ace of spades, had proven himself a good man in many a tight corner. For years he had made the Royal Hotel his headquarters when in the City. The Royal was then owned and run by James Reilly, who had been a friend of my father in the Province of Quebec. Reilly esteemed the dark-skinned rancher, and "Nigger" John was always treated as an honoured guest.

Eventually Mr. Reilly sold the Hotel and a gentleman that "knew not Joseph" took it over. Shortly after this change, Ware arrived and walked up to the desk to register. A dapper clerk said:

"Sorry! we do not cater to coloured folk."

"You don't," said the rancher. "Well! we'll see about that," and produced a large "forty-five" that he cocked with a portentous click. The startled clerk made a break for the stairs with John hard at his heels waving his weapon. However, some of his friends calmed him down. He promptly transferred his custom to the Alberta.

Another worthy who frequented the Alberta was "Tammas" Burns, the City Treasurer, a dry-witted Scot of kind heart and sarcastic tongue. Once a young English reporter on *The Herald* arrived in a state of great excitement, and told my husband that he had just seen the Right Honourable Arthur Balfour disembark from the train. Zack said he must have been mistaken, but the reporter persisted and declared that Mr. Balfour was met at the station by Mr. Burns and the two of them had gone to the Alberta Hotel.

"Well!" said my husband, looking out the window, "here comes Mr. Burns himself. We will just ask him."

On being queried, the old Scot replied:

"And what for no? Wasna my own faither with him at Whittingam?"

Still another of the company was Major Fred Bagley, one of the originals of the North West Mounted Police who

had crossed the Plains in 1874. He was then only in his teens, a strong well-grown lad, and had a chance to enlist as a bugler if he could obtain his father's permission. His father rather reluctantly gave it on his son giving his solemn promise to keep a diary covering every day of the overland journey. Fred kept his promise and shortly before his death at a great age in 1945, gave a copy of it to my husband. It was meticulous in detail even to the first name and the colour of every troop horse.

There were of course many others but these were a fair sample of the frequenters of this Calgary gathering place. When a company of these worthies was in session, there was much witty and salty conversation; some whisky was consumed, and on occasion, poker was played for considerable stakes; but they were fine folk, active and hard-working, building with honesty and intelligence the foundations of a great young country.

Calgary in those days was always an interesting place. At the break of the century it still had the savour of the cow country. Heavy rowelled spurs still rang the wooden sidewalks and horsemen were everywhere. Its citizens were an active, stirring folk. A newspaper Editor called the place "Proud, Progressive Calgary" and the designation was not inept.

At the time of Provincial Establishment, it made a strong bid for the Capital, but Edmonton with its Hudson's Bay background, and its position as the gateway of the North, elbowed it out. Nevertheless, Calgary never lost an opportunity to display its wares to the public.

One of the greatest shows of the Prairies was the Stampede of 1912. It gathered Rodeo experts, ranchers and cowboys from every portion of the range areas of North America, and a splendid western spectacle was the result.

The Stampede was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada, who took a keen interest in the proceedings. The range country from the Saskatchewan River to the Rio Grande had been combed for "outlaw" horses and the riding for the cowboy championships was really magnificent, although some of the best riders in America fell by the wayside.

As the elimination contests proceeded, there was one horse that no one had been able to master. It was a powerful brute named Cyclone, adept in all the man-killing tricks, and as vicious as a tiger. Some of the contestants had been injured, and the horse was so obviously a man-killer, that those in charge of the Stampede came to the conclusion that things were getting to be too much like a Roman holiday, and Cyclone was withdrawn from the contest.

At that time, Glen Campbell was in charge of Indian Affairs in Alberta. He was the son of Robert Campbell, one of the potentates of the Hudson's Bay Company who ruled a vast stretch of the Prairie region from his post at Fort Pelly.

It was there that Glen Campbell was born. When a mere lad Glen was sent to Edinburgh to study at Merchiston Castle School, where he established a tradition envied by every school boy in the Scottish Capital. In due course he returned to western Canada and married a little native beauty who had been his childhood's friend and companion. He was elected to the Manitoba Legislature and later to the Dominion Parliament. During the first Great War, he led a western battalion overseas.

When it was announced that Cyclone was withdrawn from the Rodeo, Glen Campbell went to Pat Burns and A. E. Cross, prominent directors of the Stampede, and told them he had a man who could ride Cyclone. They replied that they did not want to see anyone killed, but Campbell assured them that the man he had in mind could ride any horse that was ever foaled. He said, however, there were difficulties. The rider in question was a Blood Indian named Tom Three Persons, and he was then in the Mounted Police guardroom at MacLeod, serving a short sentence. He eventually talked the directors into the idea. Arrangements were made whereby the Indian was to be released under bond to the care of Mr. Campbell for a sufficient time to enable him to take part in the Stampede.

As soon as these preliminaries were arranged Campbell, driving his car, took the old trail to MacLeod that in other years had smoked beneath many a speeding horseman. He presented his credentials to the Mounted Police officer at MacLeod, and the following forenoon saw him back in Calgary with Tom.

The bronco riding for the championship was nearing its conclusion, and was set for that afternoon. There was a great deal of interest taken in it, and the grandstand was crowded when the Duke and his party took their seats in the Vice-Regal Box. The Announcer from his stand shouted through his megaphone:

"Cyclone coming out; Tom Three Persons in the saddle."

The horse came out like his name, bucking and sun-fishing and using every device that long experience had taught him would unseat a rider. Tom was riding him like his skin, and the Outlaw could not shake him. It was a contest between a man and a powerful infuriated brute.

Suddenly the horse reared up and the spectators gasped as he threw himself backward. When he hit the ground, Tom was standing by his shoulder and, when the horse found his feet again, he was in the saddle.

Spurring him with his heavy Mexican spurs and beating him over the head with his Stetson hat, Tom rode Cyclone to a standstill in front of the grandstand, and the people in the bleachers, many of whom were ranchmen who knew riding when they saw it, rose to their feet in a tumult of acclamation. Even the Duke clapped his gloved hands.

As the "picker-up" hemmed Cyclone in, and lifted Tom from the saddle, Glen Campbell came charging from the bleachers right through the Vice-Regal Box and, reaching the outfield, embraced Tom crying: "I knew one of our own people could do it."

That was a great night at the Ranchmen's Club. There were many visitors. The fine old port wine reserved for high occasions was produced and quite a celebration was in progress. Glen Campbell was holding forth to an interested group on the Indians, his favourite subject, when Minty Christianson came in. He was then Indian Agent at Fort Pelly, Glen Campbell's birthplace. Mr. Campbell greeted him cordially, saying: "How are things at Fort Pelly, Mr. Christianson, and how is my friend Joe Coté, the Chief?"

"Everything is all right there, Mr. Campbell," said the Indian Agent. "I saw Chief Coté just the other day and he was wanting news of you."

Campbell turned to those who surrounded him and said with a gravity that indicated the intensity of his feelings: "Gentlemen! You sometimes make fun of me for my attachment to the Indians. Joe Coté and I were born in one hour, but my mother lay at death's door, and Joe and I hung to the same dusky breast, and that is how I am living today. Can you blame me if I love the Indians?"

Glen Campbell died a good many years ago. Chief Coté still rules his band of Saulteaux on the Swan River, and Tom Three Persons has flocks and herds on the Blood Reserve that would make many a white rancher envious.

CHAPTER XII

FATHER LACOMBE — HIS INDIAN BLOOD — HIS SERVICES TO CANADA — R. B. BENNETT IN PERSONAL COMBAT — HIS AVERSION TO STRONG DRINK — ROYAL VISITORS — THE BEGINNING OF THE RUSH TO THE LAND — WILD GEESE SQUADRONS IN THE QU'APPELLE — A STALKING OX.

It was a pleasure to me to discover—Dec. 1900—that the Nuns who had been my teachers at Prince Albert were then established in Calgary. Once while visiting at their convent a handsome old priest with long white hair and falcon face came in and I recognized Father Lacombe. My father had known him during the construction days on the Lake of the Woods, and later he had visited us in Regina.

My husband and I became friendly with this fine old missionary and we frequently had interesting talks with him. He had then just returned from a European journey, with Rome and Vienna in his itinerary. He told us of an audience granted him by the Pope, who displayed much interest in western missions.

Zack asked him if he found it difficult to converse with His Holiness.

"Not at all," he replied. "You see, priests are supposed to speak Latin when in Rome. When I knew I was to have the honour of an audience, I tried to polish up my Latin, but soon realized I was more at home speaking Blackfoot or Cree. "Anyhow," he added, "It was all right, for the Holy Father spoke French."

Father Lacombe wished to raise money to establish a mission in a large Galician settlement in northern Alberta. The Galicians had been subjects of the Emperor of Austria, and he determined to seek an interview with Franz Joseph with the object of soliciting aid for that purpose. He obtained credentials from Rome to the Austrian Court, through Cardinal Merry del Val, who had been Papal Legate to Canada, and thus equipped, was admitted to an audience with the Emperor. He carried away rather a melancholy picture of the ancient Ruler.

He told us the audience took place in the Royal suite of a magnificent palace, where noble chambers and a sort of lifeless splendour testified to the past glories of the Hapsburg line. Franz Joseph he described as the one mouldering pillar still standing amid the ruins of his Royal House. The present seemed to have no existence for him. He had outstayed his time and generation, and under-



FATHER LACOMBE

neath the shell of the Majesty with which he was clothed, there was only a feeble old man.

"He spoke to me with a detached graciousness, as if his mind was elsewhere," said Father Lacombe, "and when he understood my mission gave orders that a handsome contribution should be made towards the object I had in view."

Among the missionaries who in the earliest days carried the message of the faith that was in them to the savage denizens of the far North West, there was none who dared more or had greater influence than Father Lacombe. If I am not mistaken he was the second member of the great Oblate order to engage in missionary work among the Indian tribes. Archbishop Taché of St. Boniface was the first. His life was one of danger, hardship and self sacrifice, and so remarkable was his personality that he was a welcome visitor in Blackfoot camps at a time when these formidable Indians cherished a bitter hatred against the white man and all his works. He walked un-

scathed where the life of the boldest fur-trader would not have been worth an hour's purchase, and all honoured him.

Once he was passing a night in a small Blackfoot camp, when during the hours of darkness, it was attacked by a large Cree war party. Roused from midnight sleep and holding high his crucifix, he rushed out in the face of the bullets that were singing their deadly song through the night. He called out in their own tongue to the Crees to cease their attack. A bullet grazed his head and he fell in his tracks. A Blackfoot shouted through the darkness: "Dogs! You have killed the Black Robe."

Instantly the firing ceased, and the Crees and Blackfeet ran forward together, all enmity for the moment forgotten, to render succour to the devoted and much-loved priest. Fortunately he was only stunned and soon recovered, but the Indians, particularly the Blackfeet, never forgot his courage and devotion on that occasion.

He was a man of striking and picturesque appearance. He had an eagle face but had none of the predatory look which that description usually implies. His expression was open and benevolent, except when some account of injury or injustice called forth a righteous indignation. In later years he had a long plume of white hair that gave a look of great dignity to his appearance.

He told us once that he had some Indian blood in his veins. Long ago in the days of the "Old Régime" in Canada an Iroquois war party attacked an isolated settlement along the Richelieu River and killed the men and carried off the women. When the Indians reached their own village with their captives, the Chief took one of the young women as his wife and she was accorded the respect that went with that position. After more than a year, word was brought to Quebec that the prisoners were still in the Indian camp and a military expedition was organized to go to their rescue. The Iroquois were defeated and the captives rescued and taken back. The child of the white woman and the Indian Chief was said to have been the ancestor of Father Lacombe. "No wonder I love the Indians," he told us with a laugh.

It was due to Father Lacombe more than to any other influence that the Blackfoot Confederacy took no part in the Rebellion of 1885. At that time these formidable Indians could have placed five thousand horsemen in the field and, had they gone on the warpath, their numbers probably would have been augmented by reinforcements from their kindred of the Montana reservations.

They were then excited and restless. The throb of their war drums sounded through many a lonely valley

and their armed parties were moving about the country. Most of the members of the North West Mounted Police in southern Alberta had gone east along the North Saskatchewan with General Strange and "Sam" Steele; and Calgary, MacLeod, Lethbridge and the settlements south of the Red Deer River were practically defenceless. Ottawa was being subjected to a daily bombardment of wires asking for military protection; but General Middleton, with almost all the armed forces available in Canada, was on the way to the scene of actual hostilities in the North Saskatchewan country and, for the time, the Government was helpless.

Father Lacombe had long been a friend of the Blackfoot people. At this crisis he rendered a service to his native Canada that can scarcely be over-estimated. He went out on the Plains alone and—as he put it himself—"with his crucifix as his credentials", met Crowfoot, the Head Chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy in council and made a treaty of peace with him on behalf of the Government of Canada. During the dangerous days of the Rebellion, none of the Blackfeet or their allies took the warpath.

No other individual approximated the part played by Father Lacombe in mediating between the Indian and white man during the early days of settlement. His services were recognized by the Government of Canada, and when he travelled on the Canadian Pacific Railway, he was treated as an honoured guest of the Company. His name will long be honoured in this wide and western land with which he was so long identified.

For a time we lived in a boarding-house that had some celebrity in the Calgary of the period. It had been the residence of the Lord Bishop of Calgary and Saskatchewan, and was an imposing mansion. It was conducted by a lady named Mrs. Moore, well known to that generation of Calgarians. A pleasant company of lawyers, bank officials and civil servants lived there.

The most notable partaker of Mrs. Moore's hospitality was Richard Bedford Bennett who, with his brother George of the staff of the bank of Montreal, and Gordon Edgar, Manager of the Hudson's Bay Company Stores at Calgary, occupied a large front room that in the days of the Bishop had been the state bed chamber. The two Bennett brothers slept in a canopied bed in an alcove, while Mr. Edgar took repose (when he could get it) on a small couch as far away as possible from the somewhat stirring proximity of the Bennetts.

"R.B.", as we called him, was often late in coming in at night. He might have been working all day and half

the night, but that never seemed to affect his chronic energy and high spirits. His chief diversion before retiring was to wake up his brother and the two of them would pull poor Edgar out of bed and dump him on the floor.

Edgar, who was a hard-working individual, objected to having his repose disturbed in this fashion, and he remonstrated, but without avail. So one night he determined to make preparations to defend himself. He took a pair of stout boots to bed with him and concealed them under his pillow. When Mr. Bennett came in after midnight, Edgar was apparently peacefully sleeping, and he said to his brother: "Wake up, George, and pull old Gordon out of his blankets."

Nothing loath the younger Bennett climbed out of bed, and blithely advanced to the assault, whilst "R.B." proceeded to toss off his outer garments in preparation for the strife sure to ensue.

Mr. Edgar was not so sound asleep as appearances indicated, and sitting up in bed, slung a wicked boot with such precision that George Bennett immediately became a casualty. The future member of the House of Lords could not stand idly by and see his side worsted and, believing that Edgar had now discharged his missile and was weaponless, bounded forward to the attack.

But the harassed Edgar still had another shot in the locker and, producing the other boot, discharged it against his new assailant. His aim was unerring, and it bounced off Mr. Bennett's classic forehead, disappearing with a crash through a large front window. Immediately thereafter the house rocked to the shock of battle. Mrs. Moore pounded on the door and implored the Bennetts to desist before the place was completely wrecked, while the boarders in various stages of undress huddled in the hall, and hearkened with awe to the clangor of the conflict and the shouts of the contestants. I do not know which side achieved victory, but the Bennett brothers for several days displayed some "honourable scars".

About this time Mr. Bennett suffered an injury to one of his toes. It was frozen or something. It refused to heal and his doctor indicated that he would be better off without it. Always realistic in his religion, Mr. Bennett decided to follow the Scriptural advice about "offending members", and the operation was duly performed. He told me it was a painful experience and I asked him if he did not have an anæsthetic: "No!" he replied. "Do you think I would allow anyone to carve away at me unless I could see what he was doing? When it was over the Doctor

actually tried to make me swallow a drink of brandy, but I compromised on a cup of coffee."

Knowing his strong teetotal principles, I asked him if his aversion to spirituous liquor had a religious basis?

"Certainly not" he said. "There is nothing in Scripture to justify this attitude. With me it is simply personal. The members of the Bennett family are so enthusiastic in everything they do, I have no intention of ever starting in that direction."

In the fall of 1901 Calgary was honoured by a Royal visit. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, afterwards King and Queen of Great Britain, Ireland and the Dominions Overseas, were making a progress through Canada, and Calgary made preparations to receive them. *The Herald* issued a special edition printed in Royal purple, and my husband wrested for several nights in the preparation of verses of welcome.

The day before the arrival of the Royal party, Mr. Niblock, the local Superintendent of the C.P.R. asked my husband if we would like to have the use of his office at the station from which to obtain a good view of our future King and Queen. The platform was to be kept clear for the Municipal Reception Committee and a few other notables, so we gladly accepted Mr. Niblock's invitation.

We were early on hand on the morning of the great day and had just taken our position when the train which preceded the Royal one rolled into the station. Sir Wilfrid, looking like a *grand Seigneur*, was there escorting Lady Minto with a grace and dignity that might have belonged to another age. Lieutenant-Governor Forget, resplendent in his Windsor uniform, was a striking figure and there were A.D.C's, Lords and Ladies-in-waiting, and of course accredited Press Correspondents looking rather ridiculous in top hats and very unaccustomed garments.

A red carpet had been put down at the far end of the platform and members of the Local Reception Committee, looking exceedingly uncomfortable in their Sunday-go-meeting garments, ranged themselves in its proximity, while we were left in solitary possession of the space in front of Mr. Niblock's office. We stood by the door fronting the platform and effaced ourselves with due modesty, hoping we might be lucky enough to catch a distant glimpse of Royalty. Then the line was cleared for the Royal train.

It came to a long sliding halt with the rear coach exactly opposite our position. We observed a stir amongst the little crowd by the carpet, but strain our eyes as we would, we could not see anyone who looked the least like the Prince or Princess. Then I saw a lady come to the rear

door of the last car and look out expectantly. I said to my husband: "Why, there is the Princess!"

"Nonsense," he replied: "It must be one of the ladies of her suite."

"No," I insisted. "I am sure it is she; I have seen her picture too often to be mistaken."

And indeed it was no other. Any doubt soon vanished, when she was joined by the Prince in the uniform of an officer of a guards regiment. There had been some error in placing the train, and thus we, in all our insignificance, were the only persons in the immediate foreground when our future King and Queen arrived in their City of Calgary. Only a few feet separated us, and I am afraid we gaped like rustics.

However, something had to be done, and Zack took off his hat and gave his version of a respectful bow. I also made my obeisance, which took something of the form of the genuflection which the nuns had taught us in saluting a dignitary of the Church.

The Prince and Princess gave us courteous acknowledgment, and Her Royal Highness said in her clear English voice: "Lady Minto! I wonder where Lady Minto can be found?"

At once my husband started off to find her and I was left alone in the presence of Royalty, feeling about the smallest and most insignificant thing in all Calgary.

In a moment Lady Minto came hurrying down the platform. I would not like to say she was running, but she had gathered up her skirts and was not losing much time. When she reached His Royal Highness, she dropped on one knee, and I was encouraged to observe that my curtsy had been *de rigueur* after all.

After a few presentations, the Prince mounted a horse, and rode off escorted by a detachment of Mounted Police, while the Princess, accompanied by Lady Minto, drove away in a carriage.

I remember thinking that the most remarkable figure in the Royal *entourage* was the Duke of Roxburgh in the jack boots, steel cuirass, and plumed helmet of the Life Guards. I asked my husband if British soldiers still went in armour. He told me not to be silly.

The chief feature of the Calgary visit was a great Indian gathering at which the important chiefs were presented to the Heir to the Throne. This took place at Shaganappi Point, an elevation overlooking the Bow River just beyond the western outskirts of the City.

The Indians presented a barbaric and vivid picture. Many of them were dressed in the ceremonial garments so dear to the Indian heart. There were magnificent war bonnets of eagle feathers, shirts and leggings of the finest deer skin sewn with sinews and ornamented with dyed porcupine quills and beautiful bead work. Some of them wore head-dresses of otter, marten and beaver, and dusky faces were painted red or vermilion in accordance with individual taste. These decorations extended to their mounts, and I noticed a black horse, ridden by an almost naked warrior, garnished with yellow bands.

The women and children and some of the older Indians sat in circles on the ground, but the majority of the men were mounted on good-looking horses. Many of the riders carried weapons such as Winchester rifles, the butts of which were studded with brass tacks; revolvers, lances and even bows and arrows. Most of them were Blackfeet from the nearby reserves, easily identified by their lofty stature and dignified bearing. There were Sarcees of short and sturdy build, as well as Assiniboines, locally known as "Rocky Mountain Stonies". Some Crees from the northern reserves were also in the gathering.

The Mounted Police formed a circle in the centre of which the Prince took his stand. The Reverend John McDougall, noted Wesleyan missionary, who had spent a lifetime among the Indians, stood by his side to act as Interpreter. His Royal Highness presented to his Indian subjects the greetings of the King, which were translated into the Indian tongue by Mr. McDougall. Then came the ceremony of presenting the chiefs and headmen, most of whom made short speeches in their native tongue.

I think the Prince must have been pretty weary that afternoon. There was an unending procession of chiefs and headmen, some in the barbaric habiliments of the days of the war party, and others dressed in the blue coats and brass buttons issued by the Government to certain native dignitaries.

While the Prince was in Calgary he reviewed a large body of the North West Mounted Police that had been mobilized for the occasion under the command of Superintendent Burton Dean. They put on a fine show and were complimented by the Prince. Later in the afternoon a miniature rodeo was staged and there was some of the finest rough riding I have ever seen. If I am not mistaken the prize for the best horseman went to a young man named Pearson from the Chipman Ranch up the Elbow. His Royal Highness remarked that he had seen some magnificent riding in South America but nothing to equal the Calgary display.

There was also some steer roping. A bunch of range bred three-year-olds as wild as deer and much more dangerous, were turned loose in the outfield in the Exhibition grounds, and the cowboy who could rope, throw and tie one of these animals in the shortest time was proclaimed the winner. At the commencement of that part of the programme a sleety shower came driving across the prairie and wet lariats made roping indifferent. Two or three big horned brutes came charging among the spectators. We were there and did a very quick scattering. I remember seeing a dignified Calgary citizen scaling a high board fence with great agility just ahead of the horns of one big brute. It was rather remarkable that no one was hurt.

In the summer of 1901, the movement of new settlers to the North West became pronounced. The large area which lay between Calgary and Edmonton was receiving the chief attention of the immigrants, most of whom were coming from the American Middle West.

A few stations north of Calgary the country changed from wide treeless plains to a region of wood and meadow, lake and river. The contour of the land remained level, except in the vicinity of the rivers and creeks, but there was a vigorous growth of poplar, some of which had to be cleared before cultivation could be commenced. The soil had been fertilized during countless years by the mould formed from the leaves of these deciduous trees. This land responded amazingly to tillage and the new settlers began to reap bountiful harvests.

At that time the chief crops grown were oats, barley and fodder. Although the soil was well adapted for wheat, that cereal often suffered from late summer frosts and at first there was not much of it grown in the Alberta park region. Oats did particularly well and yields of upwards of eighty bushels to the acre were not uncommon. Of late years this region has become renowned for its wheat producing qualities. The clearing of the land has reduced the tendency to summer frosts, and the substitution of "Marquis" wheat and other early maturing varieties for the "Red Fife" in universal use in the early days, has practically removed this danger.

The movement to the land was making itself felt in Calgary and houses were scarce. After some difficulty in obtaining permanent quarters, we made arrangements to have a cottage built and, during the late fall while it was in the course of erection, I went to the Qu'Appelle Valley to visit my husband's people.

It was the time of our Indian summer and the Valley, which for hundreds of miles intersects the southern plains,

was at its loveliest. The brown hillsides blended with the autumn foliage; in places stubble fields gave a golden gleam to the flats; herds of cattle browsed contentedly on the meadows, and the air was so clear that we could hear from miles away the slow rumble of wagons carrying grain to swell the store in the Lumsden elevators. The maple groves by the River were gorgeous masses of colour, and nature in its noblest garments seemed to be marching forward to meet impending winter.

Overhead we could hear the trumpet note of the wild geese, which from their resting-place on Last Mountain Lake, made the aerial passage of the Valley night and morning to feed on the stubble fields of the southern plain. The vast numbers of these splendid birds were a source of wonder to me. It seemed that sometimes there were millions in the air at one time, and the clangor of their strident notes and the rushing sound of their wings made a tumult that could only be likened to the sound of the ocean upon a distant shore.

Last Mountain Lake, a fine body of water some sixty miles long and more than a mile wide, lay six miles north of the Qu'Appelle. There was little settlement along its northern extension and numbers of wild geese nested there. Towards the middle of September, flocks from the breeding grounds of the far north used the Lake as a resting-place on their annual migration to winter quarters among the bays and lagoons of the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Coast. Sometimes these visitors remained at the Lake for a month or more, and during that period their numbers were constantly augmented by new arrivals. When the birds that nested locally are also taken into consideration, some idea may be formed of the mighty flocks that gathered there in the late fall each year.

When the grey of the dawn was touching the eastern sky, we could hear the trumpet notes of a solitary goose flying high above the Valley, apparently a scout sent to spy out any danger that might menace the coming flocks. It circled high in the air and, as if in response to its invocation, the great mass of the birds commenced to leave the Lake in a clangor of sound that came to us down the wind. When the sun rose red over the skyline the flocks were in full flight across the Valley, their numbers defying computation.

It was remarkable how they kept within their wedge-like alignment. If one bird fell out of rank, another instantly took its place, and the formation was unimpaired. If the morning was still and clear, they passed high in the Heavens, but in tempestuous weather they barely skimmed



Courtesy F. J. Clark.

WILD GEESE.

the low range of hills that lay near the northern verge of the Valley. Once on the southern plain they spread out on the stubbles, remaining there for perhaps two hours; then they flew back to the Lake where they spent most of the day, returning to the feeding grounds about half-past four in the afternoon. By nightfall they were back at the Lake once more.

Most of the flocks consisted of Canada geese, with black necks and handsome symmetrical bodies, but occasionally other varieties were seen. There were geese with barred breasts, that had a curious dancing motion in their flight, and "laughing" geese that went cackling overhead like a company of feathered lunatics. Sometimes, but not often, the white "wavies", so common in portions of Manitoba, joined the procession, and one morning Mr. Hamilton brought in a handsome grey goose, that he said was identical with the variety known as the "grey Lag" in the far away Shetland Islands. Occasionally when a flight was on, we heard the wild and melancholy cry of wild swans

and caught a glimpse of these magnificent birds passing high overhead.

While on the stubble the wild geese were almost impossible to approach. The feeding grounds were level, with no shelter that might conceal a lurking enemy. On a flock alighting, sentinels immediately took their positions on the outskirts and, while the main body was feeding, walked about, the personification of alertness and vigilance. At the first indication of danger they raised their long necks, giving vent to sharp warning cries, and usually in a moment the flock would be in full flight.

It was noted that, while the geese took instant wing at the first appearance of anything in human form, they seemed to have no fear of grazing cattle, or even horses. Sometimes, therefore, the "pot-hunter" took a "nigh" ox, usually a handy tractable beast, and, concealing himself behind it, succeeded in getting quite close to a feeding flock. The geese were seldom alarmed by what must have appeared to be a six-legged animal, angling across the field in their direction. The hunter, however, had to hug closely to the side of his stalking beast, for the glimpse of a human face or the flash of a gun barrel was sufficient to alarm all the geese in the neighbourhood.

Once when Zack was a lad, threshing was in progress at the big farm of Charles Sherriffs on the South Plain. It was late in October, a blustery day with occasional sleety showers driving across the prairie. Winter was coming on, and the geese were gathering in large flocks preparatory to their southward journey. From his vantage point on a sheaf stack Zack observed a tremendous flock rising and settling about a depression in a field less than a mile from the farm.

The threshing machine broke down, and Mr. Sherriffs suggested to Zack that he take his gun and try to get a goose for dinner. He was quite willing to exchange the pitchfork for the gun and, taking an ox with him, started off.

The wind was blowing strongly towards the geese, and Zack and his trusty animal came down with it in their direction. Contrary to some ideas, this is the best manner in which to approach big birds like geese on their feeding grounds. When the wind is strong they cannot rise with it; they have to run a few steps against it before they can take wing.

Zack got fairly close before the birds became uneasy. He angled his ox across their front, and then stopped to make a survey of the position. Very carefully he peered under the neck of the animal. He told me there must have

been acres of geese, the main body packed closely together and the sentinels walking about, honking in evident alarm. With his heart in his mouth at the sight of so many splendid game birds well within range, he pushed the ox directly forward on the flock. Still they did not rise, and realizing he was within twenty-five yards of them, he turned the ox loose and ran in on the flock. They rose all about him with a hurricane of wings. He fired both barrels. For a moment it seemed to rain geese. Some members of the threshing gang came out to help him carry in the "bag". Eight birds had fallen to the two shots. Zack was never very proud of this achievement. This of course, was not sport and its only justification—if there was any—was to secure a number of fat birds with which to feed a large gang of hungry threshermen.

It was sometimes possible to decoy the geese on the stubbles. The plan was to dig a pit on some well-known feeding ground and set out decoys. The sportsman concealed himself in the pit before dawn, and often the geese would swing down in their flight to investigate the apparent members of their species that stood around in such a stilted manner.

But my father-in-law, who was a fine sportsman and excellent shot, rather despised these tactics. He considered it the best sport to intercept the flocks in their passage to and from the Lake, when it required all the skill of the hunter to stop them in full career. He made a careful study of their habits, and came to know their aerial lanes. He could predict their line of flight according to the weather.

Late in the fall, when it became stormy, we often heard him stirring before daylight, snatching some hasty breakfast before going out to the Valley hillsides to meet the flocks coming from the Lake. It was seldom he returned without several birds.

One gusty afternoon, when he thought the geese would be flying low, I walked up among the hills with him. He was a slight, rather frail elderly man, not in the best of health, but I saw that his gun fell smoothly to his hand like the tool of a skilled craftsman. At the first clear note that proclaimed the flight, weariness and infirmity dropped from him like a discarded garment and he became the alert and experienced sportsman.

It was blowing strongly on the uplands, and as we rounded an acclivity, a small flock, flying down wind at tremendous speed, swung past. On becoming aware of our presence they commenced to climb. Before I could exclaim, I heard the double shot, and the foremost goose

leading the squadron to the higher air, collapsed as if hit by a thunderbolt, while another bird swinging away low and fast, came down on a knoll with such force that its breast was split by the impact.

I sheltered in the lee of a hill with my father-in-law that afternoon, and obtained some insight into the true spirit of the sport that lured men away from their business or avocations, from the comforts of home and the ease of ordered living, to face hardships and sometimes even danger in places beyond the boundaries where the hunter's dawn comes in with tempest, and the call of the wild game stirs the blood.

Mr. Hamilton told me that geese were big birds, and for that reason they did not seem to be flying as fast as they really were; consequently even good shots, when first engaging in the sport, were not likely to make sufficient allowance for their speed. He said that owing to their feathered armour, it was almost useless to fire at oncoming birds, unless they were quite close, and when the shot was heard rattling against their feathers, it was usually an indication that little damage was done. When a bird was past, particularly if going down the wind with its feathers open it could often be killed at long range. He declared that almost every gunner shot too far behind a passing bird, and the mistake of shooting too far ahead scarcely ever occurred. He explained there were two methods of shooting passing birds. One was to swing the gun with the moving object, and then to give it a lead according to the distance. The other was to shoot quickly for the spot where long experience had shown the bird would likely be by the time the shot reached it. Whatever method he followed it was certainly effective, as I do not think I ever saw him miss.

When we were returning down the hills, dragging four fat geese with us, two prairie chickens rose from a small patch of weeds, each going a different direction. He killed them one after the other with two shots so close together that there seemed scarcely an interval between the explosions. He then walked through the little field and shot a few more from the same covey.

I remarked that his birds always seemed stone dead. There was none of the maimed flutterings I had seen in the birds of other sportsmen. I asked him about this, and he explained that his gun was heavily choked in both barrels, and carried the shot with little spread for some distance.

He took great care of his gun, a handsome one made by an Edinburgh gun maker. I mention this because, while

recently reading an account of some of the adventures in South Africa of F. C. Selous, the famous big game hunter, I noticed he referred with appreciation to an express rifle made by the same gunsmith.

I have often looked back with pleasure on that afternoon on the uplands of the Qu'Appelle. The strong fall wind, still tempered by the backward breath of summer, the flight of the fine game birds, the acrid tang of the burnt powder mingling with the tobacco smoke of the hunter's pipe, the companionship and conversation of a fine old sportsman, all united in an experience that will always remain in my memory.

CHAPTER XIII

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN — A GREAT WESTERN FIGURE — GEORGE BROWN OF THE GLOBE — POLITICAL PERSECUTION — THE RUMBLING OF THE LAND "BOOM" — A MIGHTY INVASION — UNFAMILIAR FOLK — C. W. SPEERS — SAS-KATCHEWAN VALLEY LAND COMPANY.

I went to Regina from the Qu'Appelle Valley to meet my brother Joe who had come from the Ranch. While walking along South Railway Street one gloomy afternoon I met Mr. Davin. He was boring into the wind with his head down, talking to himself. He came out of his abstraction on recognizing me, and his greeting, as always, was cordial. He asked about Zack and my people; but I saw he was worried and distraught. He was returning from the funeral of Cayley Hamilton, a pioneer lawyer of Regina, who had been a tried friend and loyal supporter.

Among the pioneers of the prairie country for the first two decades of settlement, Nicholas Flood Davin was easily the most outstanding figure. He had been born in the south of Ireland, the son of a country doctor whose early death made things difficult for the widow and young family. The boy had the poetic heritage of his race and environment. Mourners by their dead still hearkened to the cry of the "Banshee", and there were those who believed that the fairies came out in the dim of the summer night and danced on the green hillside. It was the very home of poetry and romance, of joy and sorrow, of persecution and of glory. Reared in such an atmosphere a child of brilliant mind could not help but respond to its influence.

The financial position of the family was such that a university education was out of the question, and the lad was apprenticed to an iron merchant. While doing his best in that uncongenial occupation, the Davin home was visited by a rich old lady, a distant relative. She recognized the spark of genius, and made provision for proper schooling. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and called to the Bar in England. Later he engaged in journalistic work in London.

His descriptive writing attracted attention, and he was sent to the Franco-Prussian War, representing two important British journals. He witnessed several of the major engagements, and his description of the battle of Gravelotte placed him in the foremost ranks of the war correspondents of the period. He was injured at the siege of Montmedy and returned home to recuperate.

About the middle seventies, there was a strong movement in the Dominion in favour of annexation to the United States, and Mr. Davin was given a commission to proceed to Canada and write a series of articles on the subject for a London journal.

Times in Canada were difficult. The Confederation Government of Sir John Macdonald had been driven from power over the "Pacific Scandals", the North American continent was in the grip of a severe economic depression, and there were many people who believed the destinies of Canada were bound up with those of the United States. A celebrated orator from New York, a certain Dr. Tiffany, was imported to give an address in Toronto that was a thinly veiled advocacy of annexation. He created a strong impression.

In Toronto, however, there was "a suffering remnant" that refused to "Bow the knee to Baal". A party of young men gathered to discuss the situation, and it was suggested that a demonstration be staged to offset the effect of the eloquence of the American orator. But the question was, where to look for a speaker with sufficient power to stir the people. Then spoke up a young man, who in later years was to become one of the foremost journalists in Canada. "There is an Irishman at present in Toronto who can do the trick," he said. "I once heard him at a Student's Union in Ireland, and he had the true gift of oratory."

Nicholas Flood Davin was approached in this matter. A hall was secured and a meeting announced. Never was he in better form. He sounded a strong and encouraging invocation to those who believed that Canada's future lay within the British Empire, and this speech had no inconsiderable effect on the patriotic spirit that then gathered and grew in the land. From then on Davin's lot was cast with Canada. He was called to the Dominion Bar, joined a Toronto legal firm and engaged in journalism.

He defended Bennett, the Printer, who was tried and convicted for the murder of George Brown of the *Globe*, and he always regarded Bennett's execution as a tragic miscarriage of justice. Indeed there were many people who argued that the wound inflicted by Bennett was not a mortal one, and that Brown's death was much more attributable to his own disregard of his doctor's instructions than to the injury he received.

Not long before his death, the late Sir James Loughheed, long the Conservative Leader in the Dominion Senate, when speaking of the incident, told us that at the time he had been a student in the same Toronto law firm with

which Mr. Davin was associated. He said Davin was dreadfully depressed on account of Bennett's conviction. One day the Sheriff called at the office and gave Mr. Davin, as Bennett's lawyer, a card to admit him to the execution. He threw the card aside contemptuously, declaring he would have nothing to do with it. However, he told young Loughheed if he wanted it he could have it.

The Senator said the morning of the execution was dull and depressing with a promise of rain. The scaffold was a raised structure in the jail yard, something like a small bandstand with a railing round it, and "the drop" in the centre.

Bennett was dressed in a decent blue suit and seemed quite cool and collected. He asked and received permission to address the little group of spectators. He leaned upon the railing and said that no one was more sorry for Mr. Brown's death than he was. He had been employed on the night shift of the *Globe* and having to pass through a disreputable district on his way home at four o'clock in the morning, he had bought a small revolver which he carried in his pocket.

There had been a strike in the *Globe* office and Bennett was delegated to interview Mr. Brown in respect to the grievances of the printers. The irascible Editor refused to discuss the situation and ordered him from the room. Bennett persisted and Mr. Brown proceeded to throw him out. In the struggle, the printer produced the pistol which went off, wounding Mr. Brown.

"And now," said Bennett, "After this explanation, let us get on with the business that brought us here this morning."

The attention of Sir John Macdonald, then engaged in consolidating his shattered forces for a renewed attack upon the citadel of power at Ottawa, was directed to Davin, and he sought the aid of the young Irishman in the ensuing campaign. He was the Conservative candidate in Haldimand and, although defeated at the General Election of 1878, gave a good account of himself. About that time he published a book entitled *The Irishman in Canada* which achieved immediate popularity and remains a Canadian classic.

Sometime after the Dominion Election of 1878 he was given a commission by the Federal Government to report upon the best method to be employed in the establishment of Indian schools in western Canada, and in 1881 his duties in this connection took him to Winnipeg. The possibilities of the West attracted him and he decided to cast in his

lot with the new land of the far horizons. He returned East, but in 1883 was in Regina, where he commenced the publication of *The Leader*, a newspaper with which his name will always be associated.

In his opening editorial he declared that his paper was the advocate of the pioneers—of the brave men and women who, undeterred by unfamiliar conditions, and braving the rigours of a severe climate, were laying well the foundations of a great new country. "The humblest," he wrote, "will receive justice at our hands and the most powerful can expect no more."

Brilliant and eloquent articles flowed from his pen and, in a time of distress and detraction, he was the foremost advocate of the country. As he put it himself, his was the task "to fan the fainting flame of hope". He had the gift of making the printed page live, and could describe in a few words the farmer with his ox-team bringing a load of grain to market in a manner that visualized the struggles and privations of the pioneer.

In 1887 when the North West Territories were granted Federal representation, he was elected for Western Assiniboia, one of the largest constituencies ever represented in the Dominion Parliament.

In and out of Parliament he was unceasing in his labours on behalf of the settlers. He made their cause peculiarly his own, and understood their problems as did no other. He was nominally a Conservative, but did not hesitate to take issue with his party when the interests of his constituents were at stake. If the claim of Grit or Tory was just, it found in him a powerful advocate.

His popularity was unbounded. He went in and out among the people, sometimes travelling great distances, exposing himself to all the asperities of an austere climate. He was as much at home in the sod shack of the homesteader as in the most pretentious mansion, and all honoured him.

His appearance was picturesque and arresting. In stature he was tall and well formed. His features were of the dominant type usually attributed to Norman ancestry. He was nearly bald, and the lack of hair gave his forehead a high and intellectual appearance. His clear blue eyes shone brightly beneath bushy brows. His expression was remarkably mobile and his whole face lighted up as ideas came to him faster than he could give them utterance.

Mr. Davin had a very wide humanity. I have seen tears run unrestrained down his cheeks on receiving the news of the death of a child of a poor homesteader at whose shack on the prairie he had been the guest of an hour.

On the streets of Regina he spoke to everyone and seemed to know and have at heart all their troubles. His progress sometimes took on the aspect of a procession and he would discuss political questions with supporters and others not so friendly with the greatest freedom. Once after his return from a contentious session at Ottawa, there was quite a crowd around him on one of Regina's wooden sidewalks. A man known to be one of his most consistent opponents said: "Mr. Davin, I understand you nearly killed the speaker at Ottawa, last session."

"In what way?" said Davin.

"By talking him to death," said the other.

"Oh!" he replied: "'Tis not the first Grit I have slain."

He once made a mistake, however. He met on the street one day an Irishman who had been too free with his neighbours' cattle and had suffered some months in jail. Mr. Davin, who was ignorant of what had happened, greeted him warmly and asked him where he had been, because he had not seen him for some time. Quite unabashed, the man replied: "I have just been discharged from a Government institution."

"Bless me," said Mr. Davin, "that is too bad. I am supposed to control the patronage in this constituency, but I have never been consulted. Give me the details. I will have you reinstated immediately."

He was loyal to his friends, but just and fair to all. He was covetous of neither wealth nor position and, in a rather venal period in Canadian political history, his name was never smirched by the suggestion of self-interest or scandal.

It was inevitable that Davin should be defeated at the General Election of 1900. It was the hey-day of Liberalism. The generation of the builders of Confederation was passing away, and the mighty name of Laurier was casting a spell upon the land. He was defeated by Walter Scott, to whom he had sold *The Regina Leader* some years previously, and whom he had befriended when Scott was a young printer.

When it was seen that he, who had been so powerful, had fallen, there was little magnanimity shown by the victors. Scott himself, I think, would have been glad to extend consideration to his vanquished adversary, but the proud old man was then in irreconcilable mood. Some of Mr. Scott's followers were of different disposition, and a policy of considered and incredibly mean persecution was adopted in respect to Mr. Davin.

During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Regina in 1901 those in authority did not see fit to include Mr. Davin amongst the leading citizens selected to meet their Royal Highnesses, and to inflame the wound thus inflicted, but proudly concealed, his wife was bidden to the Government House function. Of course, feeling keenly the slight to her distinguished husband, she did not go, and they stood among the jostling crowd on the muddy sidewalk to see the Heir to Britain's Throne go by. It was felt that this was poor treatment to accord the man who had sounded one of the first Imperial notes in the democracy of a representative Canada and whose facile pen and splendid eloquence, for a quarter of a century, had been constantly devoted to that cause.

He then held no public position that might have made him the legitimate object of criticism, but week after week, the local partisan press held him up to ridicule. The very gifts which, in other days had won him the plaudits of the multitude, were spat upon and derided. His presence in Regina seemed to infuriate these petty politicians, and a few days after my meeting him, he went to Winnipeg and in God knows what bitterness of mind, took his own life.

When the news of this tragedy reached Regina, it was stunning in its effect. The voice of detraction was shamed into silence. Expressions of sorrow and regret poured in from every portion of Canada; it was felt that a great man had passed.

Nicholas Flood Davin was buried in the beautiful Beachwood cemetery at Ottawa and a graven effigy, erected by his friends and colleagues in the Dominion Parliament, marks his resting-place. His monument bears the inscription:

"WHAT A WORLD OF HOPE MAY BE BURIED IN
A SINGLE GRAVE."

I had returned to the Valley before the news was received of this tragic event. Mr. Davin had been on terms of intimacy with the Hamilton family ever since their arrival in the country; I had known him from childhood, and we were among his sincerest mourners.

But in the course of the next few days I received a telegram from my brother Joe that informed me of a nearer and more personal loss. My father had died suddenly in the Province of Quebec, where he had gone with the intention of passing his closing years. I had not seen him since my marriage; his death was a sad and unexpected blow. It seemed to me as if it was a season of sudden bereavement, and I was anxious to return home as soon as possible. Accordingly I left for Calgary without delay.

During the summer of 1902 I was in constant ill health and my doctor advised me to seek a lower altitude. Accordingly, when my husband was given the opportunity of a position on a Winnipeg newspaper, he resigned from *The Calgary Herald* to accept it.

Shortly before leaving Calgary, Senator Lougheed asked Zack if we were going directly to Winnipeg. My husband told him we were taking two weeks' holiday with his people in the Qu'Appelle Valley.

"Well," said the Senator, "I think there is going to be a land 'boom' in that part of the country. You know the district well. See if you can locate a good tract, and if it is all right, I will finance it."

When we returned to Regina my husband went land hunting, and located a large acreage not far from Craik near the railway that ran from Regina to Prince Albert. Senator Lougheed sent an experienced man to examine the land and a deal was closed. A good commission was realized and my husband decided to give up journalism for the time, and engaged in the land business which then seemed to have excellent prospects.



OURSELVES, 1902.

(Zachary Macaulay and Marie Albina Hamilton)

When we returned to Regina I was just commencing the third decade of my western experiences. Heretofore I have been writing of the real old West in its characteristic aspects; now we are entering upon a different phase—perhaps unique in itself, but one that was to change completely conditions as we had known them. We had been

discovered in our remoteness, and an army of argonauts, one of the greatest land hungry expeditionary forces of history, was being equipped to converge upon us.

We found many changes in Regina. It was no longer the self-contained community with which we had been familiar. New people were arriving on every train; hotels, stores and other establishments were doing capacity business, and there was an air of alertness and expectancy about everything. The first mutterings of the Boom were audible.

For the first twenty years of its existence, neither Regina nor the district surrounding it had made notable advancement. There was, of course, some development, but progress had been hampered by a succession of dry years, and during the early nineties the North American continent had lain under the cloud of an economic depression. The last years of the century, however, witnessed a business revival and a wave of prosperity was gathering volume.

Regina was situated in the heart of a wide alluvial plain of great fertility. The face of the country was nearly level and there was little variety to the soil. A person might travel twenty miles in any direction and find scarcely an acre of waste land.

The northern limit of the Regina Plain was marked by the Qu'Appelle Valley, and when that boundary was passed, the region took on an entirely different appearance. The contour of the country was rolling, and the ridges were often bestrewn with stones and boulders. In some places, chiefly near its southern extremity, the soil was light and sandy, covered with a coarse, scanty herbage although as an advance was made into the heart of the region contour and soil improved. The whole region was annually swept by prairie fires that gave it a desert appearance.

This district which was bounded on the east by Last Mountain Lake, swept in a north-westerly direction from the Qu'Appelle to the South Branch of the Saskatchewan. It was almost uninhabited, but traversed by a branch line railway, the chief function of which was to carry supplies and mail to the country north of the Saskatchewan River. About twice a week a mixed train strolled backwards and forwards along rusty rails. There was neither station agent nor operator between Lumsden and Saskatoon, a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles.

During the first two years of the century there had been some immigration to what was even then known as the Saskatchewan country — a thin trickle at first, but steadily gathering volume—flowing into the North West. It was directed chiefly towards the "park" district of the

North where there was wood, water and shelter. Such places as Yorkton, Swan River, Rosthern and Duck Lake were receiving most of the new arrivals, and some colonization was being done by American companies in the fertile southern prairie region served by the "Soo" Line constructed a few years previously, which entered the North West Territories at the southeast corner and found its Canadian terminus at Moose Jaw.

But the great wilderness between the Qu'Appelle and the South Saskatchewan continued to be shunned by "man and beast". Indeed the immigration officials arranged with the Railway Company that settlers going into the northern wooded region should be carried through this ill-omened country during the night, so that they might not be intimidated by its desolate appearance.

In 1901, my husband and I were discussing this tract of country with D. S. McCannell, Dominion Land Agent at Regina, and he told us that in all the millions of acres lying between Lumsden and Dundurn only six homestead entries had been recorded.

At that time the Dominion Colonization Agent was a man of remarkable character named C. W. Speers. He had been engaged in farming and stock raising in the vicinity of Brandon, and had also taken some prominent part in local politics. He was a man of strong personality and a convincing public speaker. He had an abiding faith in the destiny of the West and was able to inject others with his enthusiasm. Clifford Sifton, the Minister of the Interior, always a good judge of men, had selected him to take charge of western colonization work.

The wilderness that lay untenanted beyond the Qu'Appelle had long been an eyesore to Mr. Speers. In the early summer of 1901 he made a personal inspection of the region, and came to the conclusion that some areas within its boundaries could be colonized successfully. He suggested to the Minister that a sum be provided in the departmental estimates for some agricultural experimental work in the district. But Mr. Sifton turned an exceedingly deaf ear to his recommendations. Speers' chance came the following year.

Early in 1902 Mr. Sifton sent for him, and in the familiar colloquialism of the West said: "Look here, Wes! We are in some trouble about the country you have been bothering us about. A goodly portion of it consists of the land grant earned by the Company that built the Railway from Regina to Prince Albert. Their charter calls for good agricultural land, and they claim there is scarcely an acre which answers to that description. They are suing the

Dominion Government, and if a great area like this is declared unfit for settlement by a decision of the Courts, it will be a black eye to our immigration campaign. You are the only friend the confounded district has; suppose you go down to the States, where the people are land hungry, and see if you can swing a colonization deal. The Government will stand behind you; but don't get us into any 'jackpot'."

Mr. Speers packed his grip and took the train to St. Paul, then the headquarters of the American land movement to the Canadian North West.

At Minneapolis he made contact with Amos Warner, a wealthy business man who had been engaged in some colonization enterprises in the States. Speers was a persuasive talker, and soon interested him. Warner got together a coterie of Minneapolis capitalists, and arranged a meeting at his house to be addressed by Mr. Speers, who turned up full of enthusiasm.

But the bad reputation of the ill-starred region had spread even beyond the boundaries of Canada, and the eloquence of Speers was quite wasted. They would have none of it. The land in question, they said, was a desert with which the Sahara might compare favourably, and they even warned Mr. Warner that if he listened long enough to the arguments of the Canadian official, it might have disastrous effects upon his fortunes and well-being. Then taking their hats and overcoats, they departed from the conference, which they implied they had attended only out of courtesy to their host.

Speers was sadly discouraged. He thanked Mr. Warner for his efforts and departed for St. Paul, intending to take the train to Winnipeg. When he reached the station he discovered he had lost his transportation and, being of a thrifty spirit, had scruples about buying another ticket. He decided to remain over one more day in the hope of finding it. Accordingly he returned to the hotel and, tired out, sought repose.

The next day was Sunday. He had a good night's rest and awoke refreshed and encouraged. He determined to make another attempt, and after breakfast, again sought Mr. Warner at his home. He found him alone, his family having gone to Church. He secured his undivided attention and advanced every argument he could muster in favour of the much-maligned territory.

At length Mr. Warner said: "Well, Speers, you are persuading me in spite of myself. I could do nothing for you yesterday. Those fellows had made up their minds before they came. You saw how it was, but a man experi-

enced in land matters is coming on Tuesday. If you can convince him, I will go in on a deal and perhaps interest some others."

The man to whom Mr. Warner referred was Colonel Davidson, a native-born Canadian, who had spent many years in business in the north western States. He lent an attentive and understanding ear to Mr. Speers, and accompanied him to Regina.

The two men spent some time travelling through the district, and Colonel Davidson decided that it was suitable for colonization. He returned to the States and succeeded in interesting a number of capitalists in the project. It was thus the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company, one of the most successful colonization enterprises ever undertaken, came into being.

But Colonel Davidson's task was by no means an easy one. He had to combat prejudice and bad report. It was, however, the hey-day of agriculture in the American Middle West. The great movement across the Mississippi that followed the Civil War resulted in agricultural and pastoral development then unparalleled in the history of the United States. Practically every acre on the fertile mid-western plains was under cultivation; there was no room for expansion, and the prosperous farmers of Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas were looking for new lands in which they might invest their surplus dollars, and find an outlet for the inherited pioneering spirit of the younger generation.

With the assistance of the Canadian Government, the railway land grant in dispute was acquired for a ridiculously low figure—I think it was a dollar and seventy cents per acre—and to sweeten the transaction, the Government threw in a large area of Crown Lands in the same district at a nominal price.

Years afterwards when the Saskatchewan Valley Land deal had become western history, Colonel Davidson told us some of the difficulties he encountered in its promotion. He had been in Ottawa, he said, to close the transaction. He had paid a large sum and made commitments on behalf of himself and his associates for which the money was not then in sight. If the project were to be self sustaining, a tremendous selling campaign would have to be inaugurated and a nation-wide scheme to advertise the Saskatchewan country undertaken. He boarded the train at Ottawa bound for Chicago, a prey to misgivings. The magazines purchased to beguile the tedium of the journey lay unopened beside him and he was frankly worried.

He was still in this state of abstraction when he reached Chicago and went to the Union League Club for lunch. The waiter knew him and found him a window table.

He had scarcely commenced his meal when he was joined by an acquaintance, a banker from Iowa. In the course of the conversation the banker said: "You have just come from Canada; do you know of any good land in the Saskatchewan country? Some of the people in my district are pretty keen about Canadian lands and they have plenty of money."

Colonel Davidson's interest was at once aroused. "Why! yes," he replied, "I am going up there next week. Will you come along as the guest of the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company?"

His friend accepted the invitation and at the conclusion of the meal the two men went their separate ways to attend to the business that had brought them to the "Windy City".

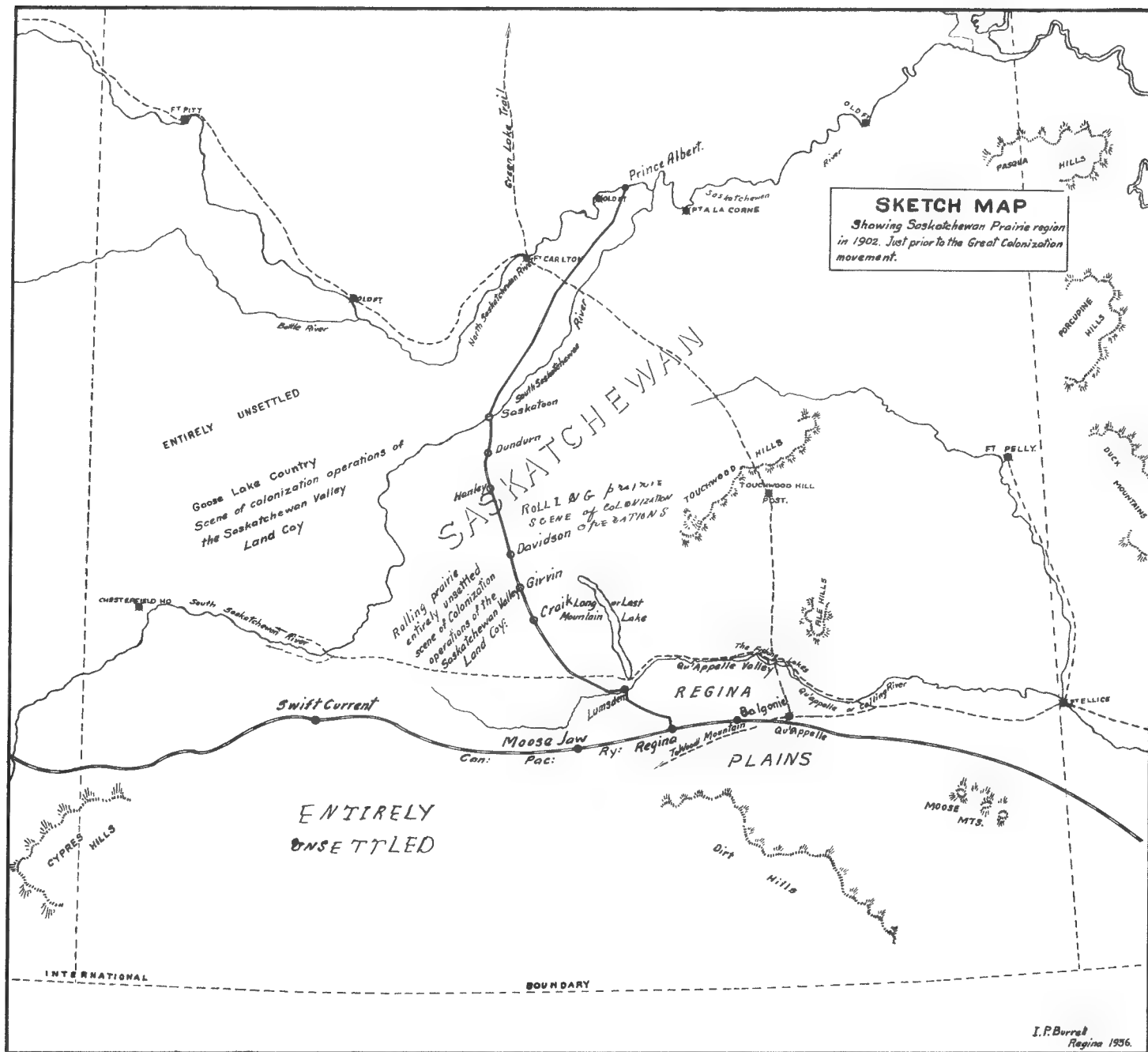
At dinner time the same evening the Colonel was approached by his friend, who introduced another banker and asked if he might be included in the Canadian expedition.

A great light dawned on Colonel Davidson. Here was his advertising scheme ready to his hand. He explained: "Why, certainly; not only must your friend be our guest, but pass the word to all interested people—bankers, farmers with good bank accounts, business men. We will fix up a special train and all go on an excursion to the Saskatchewan Valley."

A special train was prepared, provisioned with the best eatables and drinkables and, when it pulled out from Chicago, it carried as passengers a large number of substantial business men and farmers of the American Middle west. At St. Paul there was a considerable augmentation of the company, and when Winnipeg was reached a number of prominent Canadian men of affairs joined the party.

Never was there a more successful land buying expedition. Wherever the country took the eye of the excursionists a halt was called, the passengers descended and spread out over the prairie, examining soil and taking in the surface features. These men were no amateurs at this business. Many of them had built up substantial fortunes in dealing in similar lands on the American side. They were not influenced by report or detraction; they trusted their own judgment.

At Dundurn on the return journey buying commenced. When Girvin was reached, it had attained carnival propor-



tions. The late A. D. McRae, the Secretary of the Company (afterwards a member of the Canadian Senate) sat at a table in the dining-car, accepting cheques as fast as he could write receipts. He had two large waste paper baskets beside him which he used as receptacles for the slips of coloured paper representing so much money. Before Regina was reached both were full.

The scene was a remarkable one. A man would approach Mr. McRae and say: "Give me three sections of this land at your list price; here is the money." Another would remark: "Bill Smith of Sioux Falls" (or Des Moines, or Fargo, or Council Bluffs or wherever the place might be) "will want to be in on this; give him a couple of thousand acres on that plain out there. I'll write you a cheque for it; make out the agreements in his name."

Some of the Canadians who were accustomed to regard the whole region as worthless were frankly skeptical. R. L. Richardson, member of the Dominion Parliament and proprietor of *The Winnipeg Tribune* said: "These fool Yankees can have all of it for me; it's not worth ten cents an acre."

When the train reached Winnipeg on the return journey, certain members of the party were so impressed with the country and so sure of its coming development that they purchased large blocks of stock in the "Soo" Line Railway which they thought would receive a deal of the traffic of the impending American movement, and of the Hudson's Bay Company which, with its great landed holdings, could scarcely fail to benefit.

Amongst those who became heavily interested as a result of this expedition were: Geo. Howe, a millionaire Minneapolis miller; Amos Warner, who had introduced Mr. Speers to Colonel Davidson; F. E. Kennaston, an agricultural implement manufacturer; Wells, of a great packing concern in Chicago; Peter Jansen, a capitalist of Nebraska; and Detchen, a patent medicine manufacturer, who bought and developed a great tract near Davidson. Only two Canadian men of affairs had the courage to join in the enterprise. They were D. H. McDonald of Fort Qu'Appelle, a member of a well-known Hudson's Bay family, and A. J. Adamson, a private banker from a small western town.

Colonel Davidson afterwards declared the special train cost the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company ten thousand dollars, but as a result the money for all future financing was made available through land sales. Later the Company extended its scope and more land was acquired. Senator

¹Under the Dominion Survey system a section of land contains 640 acres.

McRae in a letter to my husband shortly before his death, stated that the Company sold and settled an average of one million acres of land annually for four years.

After the consummation of the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company deal, the influx of settlers to the prairie region of western Canada, of which Regina was the recognized metropolis, became one of the most remarkable land movements in the story of Canada. It was as if the flood gates had been suddenly opened, and the great human stream flowed over the face of the country.

For limitless time the prairie had lain uncultivated and almost unexplored. Yesterday it was the untrodden wilderness in which the only life was that of the wild animals native to the solitudes. When the wayfarer had climbed the north bank of the Qu'Appelle and fared out on the plains, he was lost in a region of incredible distances—of ever undulating prairie, where the low butte he was approaching had nothing to distinguish it from the one he had left in the rear, or the one in the far distance.

Almost overnight the scene was changed. Habitations, from the rude shack of the homesteader to the more pretentious farm buildings of the prosperous American newcomer, began to dot the landscape. Long black strips of plowing made sharp contrast to the brown prairie grass; and the unwonted sound of farm machinery startled the herds of antelope that flitted through the prairie haze.

The first selling activities of the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company consisted of efforts to interest other colonizers. They specialized in selling tracts of five, ten and twenty thousand acres, and the purchasers in their turn sold to the individual settler. The land business centred around the stations on the railroad between Regina and Saskatoon, and places like Chamberlain, Craik, Girvin, Hanley, Davidson and Dundurn, that previously had been nothing more than names, developed into flourishing and busy little towns.

Regina was the clearing place for a great land commerce, and it thrived amazingly. Heretofore most of the settlers had come from eastern Canada, or the British Isles. We were now astonished at the cosmopolitan throng descending upon us. Most of the earlier arrivals were Americans from the Middle West, although the East and South furnished quotas. Shrewd, slow-speaking folk they were, many of them of the strong Anglo-Saxon stock and others of German or Scandinavian ancestry. They were thoroughly familiar with similar conditions south of the Boundary and embarked on no new experiment. The farmers from Iowa, where land was often worth three

hundred dollars per acre, visioned an almost equal productiveness from the Saskatchewan plains, where the choicest tracts could be acquired at from five to ten dollars per acre. They came to the country in droves, bringing with them their families, their stock and implements, and their substantial bank accounts.

About this time, too, central Europeans began to arrive in great numbers. The railway yards at Regina were the scene of remarkable activity. Special immigration trains were arriving daily. Every siding was full of cars of live stock and settlers' effects, while passenger trains were crowded to capacity. Galicians in wadded and embroidered sheepskin coats and knee boots, the women with kerchiefed heads, provided a note of strangeness to the scene. (Today the children of these immigrants wear tailored clothes and silk stockings.) Doukhobors, members of the strange sect that, fanatical in passive resistance to authority, had furnished a colourful page in Russian history for nearly a hundred years, were much in evidence, their robust and often comely women presenting in many cases a remarkable contrast to their attenuated and be-whiskered male companions.

There was a perfect babel of tongues. One could hear the nasal drawl of the American "Down Easter", and the slow intonation of the Middle West mingle with the rough "burr" of the Lowland Scot, or the clearer open-vowelled enunciation of the English rural dweller. German, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Roumanian, Serbian and other European tongues all united in a confusing medley. The North West seemed to have opened its gates to strange and hitherto unfamiliar people.

All were land hungry. Most of them were experienced tillers of the soil. Rich and arable acres, which only required a season's cultivation to stir them into production, were theirs for the asking, and they were responding to the call of the land.

Nature itself was furnishing its contribution to this feverish movement. There had been a succession of wet summers with abnormal production. Forgotten were the dry years of the nineties, and the newcomers witnessed with amazement wheat crops of forty bushels to the acre, and oats returning from the land a hundredfold. The virgin earth seemed proud and eager to display its new found fecundity. In many districts it was no unusual thing for a newcomer to buy a tract of land, erect buildings, place it under cultivation and realize his total outlay from the first crop.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BARR COLONY — THE CAMP BY THE RIVER — C. W. SPEERS TAKES A HAND — A WILDERNESS CARAVAN — “BEHOLD THE LAND: UP AND POSSESS IT” — THE BRAVE BRITISH SPIRIT — MOUNTIES TO THE RESCUE — A TIME OF GREAT PROGRESS—BUILDING A CITY—THE DOUKHOBORS — A NIGHT FROM A BAD DREAM — THE PASSING OF A GREAT FIGURE.

During the opening years of the century there were many colonization schemes projected. One of the most notable was known as the “Barr Colony”.

The Rev. Mr. Barr was an Anglican clergyman who claimed some limited experience in western Canada. In 1901 he conceived the idea of organizing an all-British settlement scheme for the Saskatchewan country. After obtaining reservations of a considerable acreage about a hundred miles north and west of Battleford, he proceeded to England to promote his project. He engaged in an advertising campaign and it was not long until he had a number of adherents.

People from almost every station of life flocked to his banners—landowners, professional people, artisans, trades folk and tenant farmers. All were eager to get out beyond the fences and engage in a Canadian adventure. Many of them had means.

The Immigration authorities regarded the scheme with some apprehension. Scarcely any of the colonists had any idea of the difficulties incidental to the undertaking and few of them had any knowledge of Canadian life. Their land had been selected more than two hundred miles beyond the railway and, probably by accident, it turned out to be an excellent tract.

The argonauts reached the end of steel at Saskatoon, and there made preparations for their overland journey. Trouble developed between the immigrants and Mr. Barr, and C. W. Speers, the Dominion Colonization Agent, went to Saskatoon to take a hand.

The immigrants were encamped on the banks of the River and certainly furnished a remarkable spectacle. There were country squires in well-cut breeches and riding boots; north country farmers with ruddy complexions and well-nourished bodies in shooting coats and gaiters; grocers, cabinet makers and artisans and other urban dwellers in raiment that they considered suitable to the Canadian wilds and women in almost every kind of clothing. Also

they were fearfully and wonderfully armed. Here was to be seen a splendid Westley Richards and Purdey shotgun; there a double-barrelled express rifle with a report like a cannon and a recoil like the kick of a pile driver that might perhaps stop a charging elephant but if used against antelope or coyote would scatter these animals in fragments to the winds. There were revolvers of every make and calibre, and one man carried in a broad leather belt a beautifully mounted pair of duelling pistols of about a hundred years ago. It was their habit in the evening to have musketry practice down by the River, and it then sounded as if a battle was in progress.

When Mr. Speers arrived on the scene, the "Colonists" had deposed Mr. Barr, and were looking to the Government officials for aid and advice. Speers set up a tent in their vicinity as Government headquarters, and certainly did much to divest the expedition of a good deal of its hardships. Those who had a fair supply of money were advised to purchase teams of horses, but most of them were instructed to acquire oxen which, although slower moving were much more tractable, and could forage most of their sustenance from the prairie grass. Mr. Speers himself supervised many of the necessary purchases and saw to it that the prices paid were fair and reasonable.

Some of the immigrants had brought their most cherished household goods to the banks of the Saskatchewan. There were pianos—some even of the grand variety; cases of books; heavy articles of furniture such as great four-poster beds of the ugly Victorian period, massive mahogany dining-tables, and family portraits, often enclosed in heavy gilt frames. It was of course absurd to attempt to transport much of this baggage along the wilderness trail, and Mr. Speers had to use his utmost diplomacy to induce the owners to consent even to a temporary separation from their cumbersome possessions.

At last a start was made and surely never stranger caravan wended its way across the prairie. There were brand new wagons, piled high with a strange miscellany of goods, drawn by horses or oxen, people in buggies and buckboards, on horseback and even on foot. The prairie resounded with the penetrating accents of London, or the broader inflections of Yorkshire, Lancashire or Cumberland. Neither frock coats nor swallow tails were to be seen along the trail, but I think almost every other garb worn in the British Isles was in evidence.

The route followed the faintest of prairie trails. There were rivers to ford; leagues of interminable plains to be

crossed; quaking "muskegs" * to be negotiated. The travelers were scorched by the burning suns of summer; rained upon by torrential thunder showers, and assailed by swarms of mosquitoes that seemed to take special delight in fresh British blood.

That they reached their destination without serious misadventure was almost a miracle. Mr. Speers had provided trail-wise men to assist them along the way. He had selected some experienced freighters and one or two Half-breeds who, to use his own expressive language, "could watch every horse in the outfit for sore shoulders; smell a muskeg a mile away; teach the newcomers how to light a fire in a downpour, and make smudges against the assaults of the mosquitoes."

One lovely summer morning that trail-worn company finally approached the end of the journey. Mr. Speers drove across the front of the procession and halted the foremost ranks. Those in the rear came up until most of them were gathered together. He stood up in his vehicle a tall and commanding figure, and pointing to the beautiful park-like country they were approaching, cried in a great resonant voice: "Behold the land; up and possess it."

The first year of the settlement must have been one of great hardship. These people were at least a hundred miles beyond the frontier settlement of Battleford, the nearest source of supplies. Nevertheless they set themselves down with courage and resolution to establish homes in the wilderness.

At this stage they were well led. The Rev. Exton Lloyd, who had taken the place of Mr. Barr, was made of the stuff upon which Britain's Overseas Empire is founded and a born leader of men. He was afterward the Bishop of Saskatchewan and Lloydminster, which was the name given to the town that grew up in the settlement, and which serves as a memorial to his enduring qualities as leader, pioneer and a fine and patriotic gentleman.

Work was at once commenced in raising habitations and preparing small tracts of land for cultivation. Lumber was freighted in over the long and weary trails from Battleford and Saskatoon by those who could afford it, and some buildings were erected. Many of the shelters provided for the winter were built of logs felled and drawn from the nearby bush, and there were numerous huts, the walls of which were sod and the roofs of poplar poles, thatched with the long grass from the prairie sloughs.

* "Muskeg" is the name given in the prairie region to a morass.

There were carpenters and handy men in the party, and the construction of the lumber buildings did not present serious difficulties, but raising shelters from the native materials was an entirely different matter. It was doubtful if there was one of the newcomers familiar with the axe of the pioneer, and there was much wasted effort.

Speers had arranged to scatter among the new settlers some Canadians experienced in pioneer conditions who were of great assistance, and certain of the Métis natives of the district rendered invaluable aid. City dwellers from England watched the deft handling of axes by those accustomed to their use, and saw with wonder the perfect accuracy of every stroke that squared and mortised the rough logs as cleanly as if they had been prepared by machinery. Soon they were swinging axes themselves, somewhat awkwardly at first, but gaining proficiency with perseverance and experience.

Almost at once a village began to spring up. Stores and community institutions were established, and the foundations of Lloydminster were laid. At such a distance from the railroad goods were of necessity high-priced; but having some of the essentials at hand was a great convenience to many of the settlers. Most of the Canadian business men who established themselves in the community were persons of worth and integrity, but unfortunately the immigrants were harassed by parasitic camp followers that sought to make capital out of their ignorance. The immigration officials did their best to protect the settlers, but English people are apt to be independent even to their own detriment, and a number were mulcted. Not all however. When the western horse trader, who prided himself upon his shrewdness, undertook to try conclusions with the Yorkshire farmer, he was usually forced to retire discomfited from the field, and there was a considerable leaven of that class amongst the settlers. The English city dwellers were more credulous, and their very desire to succeed made them the easiest victims. There is the tale of the lady who paid a ridiculous price for a bantam rooster because it was represented to be a hen of an extraordinarily prolific breed, and that of the young people who were persuaded to discard a team of horses in favour of a yoke of ancient oxen because the milk certainly would be of great benefit to the family that they expected in due course. But these impostures carry no reflection upon those against whom they were practised; rather upon the cruel harpies who sought to profit from their necessities.

The first winter was a bitter one. There were heavy snowfalls and the temperature must have seemed of Arctic

intensity to those accustomed to an English climate. Many of the settlers erected their first habitations on their homesteads and when the blizzards swept down, were shut off from help or neighbours.

Not long ago a gentle English lady who had passed that winter on the snow-enshrouded plains, and whose family is now one of the most respected in Saskatchewan, told me that after a week of storm, when provisions were almost exhausted and it seemed as if they were doomed to spend an eternity in white and icy isolation, they heard a cheery hail from the heart of the swirling snowstorm, and a "Mountie" stamped in, pulling the icicles from his moustache, demanding: "Is all well here?"

"I shall never forget what those riders did for us that winter," she continued. "No cold was too great, no blizzard too wild to prevent their patrols bringing comfort and assistance to the winter-bound shelters of the pioneers. When aid was required, it was quickly furnished. No wonder we of the old West regard the Royal Canadian Mounted Police with pride and affection. Even today when I hear the winter winds blow, and the snow drive against the window pane, I live over again those hard old days, and I think of those messengers of hope who came riding down the storm, and their greeting: 'Is all well here?'"

The success of the Lloydminster settlers has become a proverb in Western Canada. There is no better settlement in all the wide prairie country. The town itself is well built and flourishing and the surrounding region shows every evidence of progress and development. Handsome farm homes with their attendant steadings, situated amid well-cultivated fields, have taken the place of the crude shacks and limited cultivation of the first settlers, and the people themselves have furnished leadership in public life, in business and in agriculture.

The first years of the century ushered in a period of great progress on the Prairies. The invasion of the American farm folk was at its height and the influence on the country was significant and important. To the American immigrants their Canadian adventure was no experiment. They and their pioneering fathers had been familiar with similar conditions in their own country. They knew what to do and went to work at once. I remember hearing one of our shrewdest old timers say: "We've been taught more by watching these Yankees in one season than we learned for ourselves in twenty years."

The rapidity with which the best districts were settled was marvelous. This was no slow evolution from the crude shack to the pioneer to the prosperous and well-ordered

farm. The newcomers from the States had money in their hands and did not hesitate to use it. Substantial buildings were at once erected and large acreages prepared for sowing the following year, and at the prices then prevailing the first crop would probably defray the cost of the land and all the improvements.

With the incoming settlers and the outgoing grain, the railway companies prospered exceedingly. Branch lines began to gridiron the face of the land, and in many instances construction scarcely waited for the completion of the Dominion Survey to advance in new districts.

The growth of Regina was phenomenal. It was the supply point and clearing house for an immense territory. It doubled in population within three years. New business establishments were opened almost daily, while those already in existence were doing a flourishing trade; streets were graded and improved; public conveniences, such as light, water and sewers were being installed and building was rushed at a tremendous rate.

The increase in the number of banks doing business in Regina may serve as an indication of this rapid expansion. For the first two decades of its existence, the banking requirements of the Prairie Capital had been served by one branch of the Bank of Montreal. In 1906 there were at least seven chartered banks doing business in the place.

Urban real estate was appreciating rapidly. E. A. McCallum, a young school teacher of Regina, was the first to realize the coming "boom". With the financial assistance of relatives in the East he bought a great deal of vacant property close to the business centre. He acquired blocks of forty building lots for about three hundred dollars per block. Within a very short time individual lots were finding a ready market at from five hundred to a thousand dollars each.

Most of the property north of the main line of the C.P.R. was owned by the Townsite Trustees. There had been no development in that district; it was still the bare prairie. My husband thought the property had potential value, and with two other young men secured an option on quite a large acreage. Before the option expired they were able to dispose of about one-third of the land at a figure that gave them clear title to the balance and some cash in addition. The property cost them about two dollars and fifty cents per lot and within two years some of the lots were selling at five hundred dollars each.

Just before the commencement of the "Boom", an American named Kline, had purchased a section and a half

of good land on the low elevation immediately south of Regina and developed it as a wheat farm. In 1905 Zack, who at that stage of the proceedings had formed a partnership with a middle-aged gentleman named Grey, cast covetous eyes upon this property. It was contiguous to the town, and he thought it the most suitable site for the Legislative Buildings then in contemplation.

For domestic reasons Mr. Kline desired to return to the States, and my husband and his partner made him an offer for the property on extended terms which was accepted. The price paid for his farm of nine hundred and sixty acres was in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars, and a gale of laughter went up from the "knowing ones".

"Twenty thousand dollars for a farm in the Regina district, even if it is good land with fine buildings, is a ridiculous price," they said. It is only fit for growing wheat and oats, and similar land can be bought a few miles farther out for less than ten dollars per acre."

It was a heavy load to carry, but with the assistance of a Mr. Gates of Minneapolis, they managed to make the payments, and within a year sold it for one hundred thousand dollars. When this transaction became known the laughter of the "knowing ones" was not quite so loud. This property was afterwards developed into the suburb of Regina known as "Lakeview" which, lying alongside the Legislative Buildings, became the finest residential section of the City.

The money then made in real estate almost passed belief. One lady, a well-known old timer, bought a lot on Albert Street upon which to build a house, and paid seventy-five dollars for it. She built her house at a cost of about fifteen hundred dollars, and within a very few years, when Albert Street was "booming", sold the property for more than twenty thousand dollars.

But perhaps the most remarkable urban manifestation of the development was the ceaseless building activity that barely halted for the hours of darkness. People could scarcely hear themselves speak for the rasp of the saw and the clang of the hammer. Work continued until dusk and, as soon as it was light enough to see the head of a nail, the pounding and the hammering made sleep impossible. In the centre of the town premises of more imposing appearance than any which had hitherto been seen in the country were being raised, and the frame work of half-built erections gave a gaunt and spectral effect to the scene.

It was in the residential districts, however, that the building expansion was most noticeable. In no time at all

whole streets came into existence with houses so new and vivid that they seemed as if they had been freshly painted on the drop curtain of a theatre. The smell of paint and sawdust was everywhere, and each untilled yard was cluttered with odds and ends of lumber. There was scarcely a garden or lawn or tree in Regina. The freshly built houses stood sharply defined on the level plain, stark and disconcerting in their garish newness.

Real Estate offices were opened on almost every business corner and people made money fast. The man who, in his white apron, had tied up your grocery parcels last week, or the lad who delivered your meat, might today be driving a fine turnout and wearing expensive clothes as the result of a successful trade in lots. The speculative fever was contagious; and almost everyone took the infection. The first local buying had been at low prices with little money involved. Those who were early in the game were derided by the old timers as feather-brained fools; but as they unquestionably made money, and prophecies of disaster remained unfulfilled, the jeers died down.

It was the new arrivals, particularly the Americans, who gave impetus to the commerce in town lots. Their example and conversation seemed to let loose a gambling spirit in even the most conservative folk. Business was flourishing and credit easy. Merchants used their surplus cash to get into the game, and some of them made a great deal of money. Lawyers, doctors and other professional men joined the procession; even ministers forsook their pulpits, while saving elderly widows adventured the money they had gathered by a lifetime of thrift and penury, and must have been astonished to discover they were becoming rich beyond their dreams. It was like the discovery of a new and immensely rich gold field. Those who had toiled over the Caribou Trail and dared the dangers of the Chil-koot Pass in their search for the yellow metal were laughed at for their folly. Fortune had been waiting for them at home all the time and they had never known it.

Population increased faster than sanitation could be provided and sickness was prevalent. When the flood abated in the Qu'Appelle Valley at Lumsden in 1904, stagnant pools were left in many of the deep sloughs, and during the heat of the ensuing summer became festering spots of infection. Diphtheria broke out in the Valley town, and typhoid of a particularly virulent type began to take toll of human life. It was not long until the pestilence reached Regina and many people were stricken.

There were few sewers, and almost all the household water was drawn from wells. Horses and cattle were

watered at many of them, and often the approaches were trodden into a muddy mire. The summers of these years consisted of very hot weather alternating with torrential downpours. These showers were short in duration, but terrific in intensity. When they passed, the saturated earth steamed like a geyser and exuded clouds of miasma-like vapour. The heavy clay land provided little natural drainage, and most of the elements favourable to enteric epidemics were present.

In the summer of 1906 the typhoid epidemic was so bad that it was almost impossible to find accommodation for patients. One of the churches was utilized as a temporary hospital, and cots were placed in the Exhibition buildings. The chief victims were the newcomers. Old residents seemed to enjoy some immunity. During previous years a form of dysentery had been prevalent in the fall and few of those who had suffered from it were attacked by typhoid. The young and vigorous seemed the most susceptible. Among children the sickness took the form of *cholera infantum*, and when the epidemic reached its height, many of the babies born that year were attacked, and a number of them died.

Work was proceeding rapidly on a system of water works, and it was claimed that some of the first water turned into the mains carried the infection, thus contributing to the unfortunate conditions. The health authorities issued warnings that only water which had been boiled should be used for domestic purposes, and many a family that hitherto had been noted for temperance principles, not only boiled its drinking water but added a modicum of whisky before using. However, as a system of water supply and sewage disposal was completed, typhoid was gradually stamped out.

Despite the influx of population, and the remarkable building activity, we had occasional reminders that we were not yet altogether separate from the pioneer days. We were living in a modest house we had built on what was then the outskirts of the town. We had no water installation, but boasted a hot-air furnace, then considered quite an advance in household comfort. It was installed in a cellar, a portion of which was cribbed with lumber.

Once when my husband was away the little German maid who acted as our domestic came from the cellar in great excitement. She said: "Misses, I see a big funny cat down there. Come and see."

I went down the cellar steps and peered into the darkness. At first I could see nothing, but my attention

was attracted by a curious hissing sound above my head. I looked up and there on a beam was a lynx spitting at me. I bolted up the steps and slammed down the trap door.

Just then our butcher boy arrived, and found us considerably upset. On explaining things to the boy, he declared he would provide himself with a weapon and then return and slay the beast out of hand. He drove off, but presently came back with a revolver, and with an air of great bravery disappeared down the steps. Almost immediately we heard a couple of shots which, in that confined space, sounded as if the house was being blown up. A big dog that we had howled, and there was quite an uproar. Then the boy appeared from the depths with a rather defeated expression.

"I saw the brute all right and it spat at me," he said. "I was just taking aim when it leaped right across the cellar and got behind the cribbing. I gave it a couple of shots, but I don't think I touched it."

When my husband returned I told him about our unwelcome visitor. He laughed at my story, and went below to investigate, but returned in quick order. This time the lynx had taken up its position on the top of the furnace where it was nice and warm, and fairly frightened Zack off with its demonstrations. When he provided himself with a firearm, it had gone.

The lynx kept appearing and disappearing for about a month, apparently using a broken cellar window as a means of egress and ingress. It had found a nice warm lair on the furnace, and invariably returned to it. When alarmed, the animal retreated behind the cribbing where it would have been hazardous to pursue it. We did not close up the broken window because we never knew whether the lynx was in or outside, and we were in hopes that it might disappear as it had entered; and that is what it finally did.

The delivery people got to know about it, and their favourite afternoon sport was to hunt the "Hamilton lynx". All had firearms of sorts and even the milkman participated. It was a wonder no one was shot.

One evening C. W. Speers, the Dominion Colonization Agent came to our house. He seemed tired, an unusual condition for him, for he was always in good spirits and full of enthusiasm. The newspapers had been featuring the Doukhobors¹ parades and we asked him about them.

¹The Doukhobors were the members of a fanatical, religious community that, for nearly a century, had caused the Imperial Russian Government a great deal of trouble. In Russia they devel-

I will try to tell as nearly as possible in his own words what he told us that night. He said: "I had word that the 'Douks' were on the march, and I hurried to Yorkton from Winnipeg with full authority from the Government to handle the situation. I got a good team, and accompanied by a few 'Mounties' started after the pilgrims.

"They would eat nothing but grain and vegetables; slept in the open, and some of them were casting off their clothing and marching 'mother naked'. We came up with them, but at first they paid no attention—just kept on their way as if they had not seen us. Then I had the 'Mounties' ride their horses in front of them to make them come to a standstill.

"I asked them if they were not ashamed to parade about the country in that condition.

"One of their leaders replied that there was no harm in their nakedness because God could see through their clothes anyway, and His opinion was all they cared about.

"I ordered them to put on their clothes, but I might as well have spoken to the dead. Then the 'Mounties' gathered them together, and we started to dress them. I have had some difficult jobs in my time, but when I undertook to be head nursemaid to a bunch of crazy Doukhobors, I think I had the most distasteful task of my life. They did not fight, but would not do a thing to help themselves.

"When we had got them into some semblance of decency, the 'Mounties' herded them back in the direction of Yorkton. The Police boys showed patience and restraint, but I could not help having a sneaking sympathy with the Cossacks who, while they were in Russia, were accused of having used whips on them.

"It had begun to rain, the nasty cold rain of fall. Before we got back to Yorkton, we were splashing through

opened a practice of parading about the country in a state of nakedness, apparently, partly as a form of religious observance and, partly, as a demonstration of resistance to authority. There were lurid stories about them being scourged by whips in the hands of exasperated Cossacks.

About the break of the century they were looking for a country where they might be free from what they considered persecution. Some English Quakers and certain Russians like Count Tolstoi, became interested in them and their attention was directed towards western Canada. The Dominion Government, eager for new settlers, reserved large areas for them, chiefly in Yorkton and Pelly districts, and they came to the country in large numbers. It was not long, however, until they fell into conflict with the Canadian authorities, chiefly on account of their refusal to assume the ordinary responsibilities of citizenship. Some of them moved to British Columbia where they have caused a great deal of trouble owing to the fanatical actions of certain members of their sect.

mud and everyone was completely miserable. Some of the 'Douks' were induced to go back to their homes, and the most obstinate were locked up.

"I had been without sleep for two nights and was 'all in'. I went over to the hotel, and rolled between the blankets, too tired even to eat.

"I was scarcely asleep when a messenger came to tell me that Black Diphtheria had broken out in the Hungarian settlement to the north, and there was nothing for it but to turn out and attend to this new trouble. I got a fresh team and drove out through the dripping woods—one of the most miserable journeys of my life.

"The 'Strangler' had struck quickly. Already a number of children had died. There were few facilities for attending the sick in the settlement and quarantine would have been impossible. Left to themselves, these people would have spread the infection through the whole countryside.

"We did what we could for those too ill to be moved and, leaving some people to look after them, we brought to Yorkton those who had been exposed to the infection, where they were placed in strict quarantine. I 'rooted out' some carpenters, and as quickly as possible, prepared accommodation for them.

"I shall never forget that night. Some of the imprisoned Doukhobors started up their melancholy hymns; the sawing and hammering of my carpenters added to the din; a few of the Hungarians commenced a mournful wailing—one woman had carried a dead baby under her shawl for ten miles and fought like a mad thing when we tried to take it from her; some damned fool had caught a young coyote and fastened it up with a chain and, when it smelled death, it howled like a lost soul. Through it all was the interminable 'drip, drip, drip' of the cold rain on the roofs and the trees. It was like a night out of a bad dream. Yes! I am a little tired, and small wonder."

The last time I saw Mr. Speers was in 1918. It was Exhibition time in Regina, and he had a handsome little mare of the famous "Direct" breeding entered at the races. The hotels were crowded and it was difficult to obtain accommodation. He came to see us and it was a pleasure to offer him hospitality. He remained with us for a few days. I thought he looked old and tired.

In the spring of 1920 he wired my husband from Brandon that he would be passing through Regina and asked him to go down the line and travel back to Regina with him.

Zack found him failed. The great stalwart figure was as erect as of old, but there was a drag to his steps indicating encroaching years and maybe weariness. There was a good deal of retrospection and a note of gentleness in his speech. He spoke of his home, his wife and three daughters with whom his relations were very affectionate. He was on his way to Butte, in Montana, where one of his daughters was living. Zack said good-bye to him in the Regina station, and a few days later we learned of his death.

CHAPTER XV

RUSTLERS OF THE RANGE — THEFT OF MY BROTHERS' HORSES — THE WILLOW BUNCH GIANT — OUTLAW DAYS — KIDNAPPED — QU'APPELLE VALLEY FLOOD — LONG WALKS — THE LAWYER AND THE HORSE THIEF — MONTANA CONDITIONS — TRAGEDY OF THE MISSOURI — DEATH OF AN OUTLAW.

Towards the spring of 1903 we went to Montreal and visited my brother Pascal and his wife who had been passing the winter there. While we were at their home, Pascal received a wire from my brother Joe that greatly aroused his ire. It told of the wholesale larceny of a band of more than two hundred horses owned jointly by my two brothers.

About that time, our erstwhile peaceful Willow Bunch country was suffering from some raids carried out by "rustlers" from the American side. At first they confined their depredations to the people whom they could overawe and, until they made this raid upon my brothers' horses, had left the larger "outfits" strictly alone. Pascal had large ranching interests in the south country and he proposed to do something to curb their activities. In this "horse lifting" affair it seemed that "Dutch" Henry, one of our former ranch hands, was a prime mover.

The previous fall Pascal had learned that there was a bunch of good range horses for sale near Williston on the American side and he sent Joe across the Line to negotiate a deal. Joe took Dutch Henry and another rider with him and purchased about two hundred and fifty head.

In the meantime our range had been swept by prairie fires and Joe, after moving the "bunch" up near the Boundary, decided to winter them in American territory. He established winter quarters there and left the horses in charge of Dutch Henry and the other cowboy. In the spring Joe returned to the winter camp to put the horses through the Customs and moved them north of the Line to our own range.

Dutch and his companion received him with a cordiality that Joe at the time thought somewhat forced. The horses were rounded up, camp struck and all was ready for a start. Joe was throwing his leg over his saddle when Dutch, who was close beside him, reached up and deftly pulled my brother's revolver from the holster. As Joe reached the saddle the Cowboy poked the gun in his back, and said: "Now ride, and keep on riding."

My brother thought at first that it was a rough kind of joke, but repeated prods from the hard and unfriendly muzzle of a "forty five", and a cold menacing light in Dutch Henry's eye convinced him that it was deadly earnest. Weaponless, there was nothing to do but take his departure. It was assumed afterwards that Dutch and his companion were making preparations to depart with the herd before Joe's arrival but he had arrived unexpectedly.

Joe went to Wood Mountain and reported to the Mounted Police, but the raiders were out of the jurisdiction of the Canadian authorities and before any co-operation could be obtained from the States the "rustlers" had disappeared from the scene with the horses.

Pascal returned West and commenced to put machinery in motion to apprehend the "reivers", and if possible recover his property. Nothing was accomplished that season. The horses had apparently been driven off to some hiding-place in the hills and a careful search revealed no trace of them.

We tarried in Winnipeg for a few days on our way home from Montreal and while there encountered Edouard Beupré from Willow Bunch, who was then obtaining some celebrity as a giant.

Edouard was the son of that Gaspard Beupré whom I have previously mentioned as having been taken prisoner by Sitting Bull's Sioux at Wood Mountain, and a Métis woman. When he was about seven years old, he was an exceedingly lusty youngster. Before he was twelve, he was as big as a well-sized man and shooting up at an astonishing rate. Joe said he was like one of father's melons on a hot day—you could just see him grow. When he was in his first "teens" he was towering above ordinary folk, and his parents were quite proud of their amazing progeny.

He worked for us at the ranch during his growing period, and I used to observe with wonder the manner in which he harnessed a team. He commenced with the "nigh" animal and then, without changing his position, leaned over and fixed up the horse on the "off" side.

Soon he got so big that when he mounted even a tall horse, his feet almost touched the ground, and the animal swayed under his weight. It took a whole deer skin to make him a pair of moccasins, the chairs in which he sat fell to pieces and there was not a bed in the settlement capable of containing his vast bulk. As he approached manhood he was eight feet tall and still growing.

This prodigy was not at all disproportionate, and was rather spare and broadly built with the shapely feet and

hands of most of the western natives. He was very shy, and when in company used to cover his face with his hand, a habit which, persevered in from childhood, had forced his large and aquiline nose to one side, giving him a rather sinister appearance.

While in Winnipeg we stayed at the Queen's Hotel at the corner of Portage Avenue and Main Street. The bar, the entrance of which was almost at the exact intersection of the two streets, had an international reputation for the quality and quantity of the liquor it purveyed. Of course I was never inside, but every time I passed throngs of business men were going in and coming out, many of them surreptitiously wiping their whiskers. My husband told me that at busy hours as many as seven barkeepers were on duty at their stations along an elevated and shining bar, and they were all kept busy. One of the barkeepers had a spectacular way of making change. He made every coin spin on the polished surface of the bar.

One day when we were in our room I saw from the window a crowd that seemed to converge upon our hotel. Then we heard the trampling of feet, and a knock came to our door. I opened it, and there was Edouard Beupré, nearly reaching to the ceiling and followed by what seemed about half the population of Winnipeg. He had heard we were there, and came to pay his respects.

Not long afterwards my husband was in the Eastern Townships Bank, then recently established in Winnipeg. The Bank President, Mr. Farwell, was there, as well as Mr. Ball, the local Manager, who had lately arrived from Quebec. There was some talk of the Bank expanding in the West, and my husband with the true "booster" spirit was urging the officials to open a branch in Regina. He enlarged on the fertility of the region and painted a glowing future for the prairie Capital. Mr. Farwell seemed favourable, but Mr. Ball took the typical banker's attitude and made some objections.

While Zack was making his declamation, he looked out the window and saw the gigantic Edouard looking in at "Jerry" Robinson's big store across the street, and towering like a monument above the crowd. My husband turned to Mr. Ball and said: "You Easterners have not yet got a proper perspective of the West. You must realize it is a country of big enterprises and big men, both physically and mentally."

Mr. Ball replied: "I agree with you about the big enterprises but I have not observed that the men here are any larger than those of the Eastern Townships or elsewhere."

"Well then," said Zack, "you are very unobservant. Do you mean to tell me you have been here several months and taken no notice of the big men of Winnipeg?"

Mr. Ball replied rather sharply that he did not understand what he was talking about.

"Very well," said my husband. "Those fellows are about every day. Why there is one now, over on the other side of the street. I do not know where your eyes have been."

Mr. Ball walked to the window and looked out. Instantly he stiffened into astonishment. He rubbed his eyes, and ejaculated: "In the name of High Heaven what do you call that?"

In a moment the whole staff of the bank was looking across the street with wonder and amaze.

Edouard was so big that he looked as if he had come out of "Jack the Giant Killer" or some other fairy tale. Once we were discussing his proportions with a friend from Willow Bunch, and we looked up some of the giants of history. Our friend discovered that according to the Bible, Goliath of Gath was a remarkable number of cubits longitudinally. In calculating his height, he had made some error, and figured that the Philistine champion must have towered a tremendous distance into the air.

"Why," he cried, "I don't believe a word of it. He was as high as the Union Bank. I never did have much faith in the Protestant Bible anyway, and when I see a story like that in it, I have less than ever. A man as high as the Union Bank building in Winnipeg. What nonsense," he concluded with a snort of incredulity.

Edouard was the eldest of twenty children who had been born to his mother before she was forty. She was exceedingly proud of the quantity of her offspring, and once confided to me that the fact that she had never had twins was a real disappointment.

This giant died at St. Louis at the time of the big fair, of a hemorrhage of the lungs. Pascal went down South to settle his affairs, and brought some of his personal effects back to Regina. He gave us one of his boots, an enormous affair.

Once, when my husband was going away and I was apprehensive at being left with only a little German maid, he told me to leave Edouard's boot at the door, and it would scare away any burglar who might effect an entrance.

One morning a plumber or a carpenter arrived to do some fixing about the house. We were at breakfast, and

we heard him give a startled ejaculation. Then he came into the room with Beaupré's boot in his hand saying in a tone of entreaty, "Say, Missis, will you tell me, honest and truly, if the fellow who wears this boot really lives here?"

During the fall of 1903 my husband was summoned to Eastern Canada on business. When he left, my brother Trefflé was in Regina, and suggested that I go back to Willow Bunch with him for a visit. I had not been there since my marriage and liked the idea. Accordingly, we took the train to Moose Jaw where my brother had left a caravan of Métis freighters with whom we were to travel.

The wagons were heavily laden and the journey took several days. It was clear fall weather with the invigorating tang in the air so characteristic of the Prairies at that season. After breakfast each morning, Trefflé and I started on foot ahead of the wagon train. He had a small calibre rifle and shot ducks and prairie chickens along the way. The wagons would catch up with us some time during the forenoon. We would then drive with them until the mid-day halt, and in the afternoon we went through the same routine. The evening of our first day I saw one of the freighters pluck and prepare some of the prairie chicken and toss them into a pot.

I said to my brother: "Surely they will wash them before cooking."

"It is not the habit of the trail," he replied. "The potatoes get the same treatment."

I then told the men to get some water and I would wash the viands; but they seemed to think it quite superfluous. I could not bring myself to eat any of the food thus prepared. The next day, however, the supper smelled appetizing after our long walk in the fresh air and I gingerly picked at the leg of a bird. The following day I had developed a tremendous appetite; my scruples vanished and I did full justice to every meal until our arrival at Willow Bunch.

When we arrived there was a good deal of excitement about the "Outlaws". Tales were current about an "outfit" that went under the name of the "Nelson and Jones Gang". Some of those yarns were no doubt true, others certainly exaggerations. Nelson had the reputation of a prairie "Robin Hood" of sorts. Indeed, not long afterwards he abandoned the role of "outlaw" and, making his peace with the American authorities, went back to the States. Jones must have been a person of an entirely different character. After the departure of Nelson he gathered some new adherents, including Dutch Henry.

At first they robbed only the smaller settlers—the Métis with herds of cattle, and some of the small ranchers. They did not care to try conclusions with cowboys or experienced frontiersmen who were well able to look after themselves. They did make some attempts to harry "Jim" Marshall, whose place was in a lonely district far down the Big Muddy, but "Jim" had seen considerable service in the Mounted Police, and carried a "303" carbine in a scabbard under his stirrup. After a few demonstrations in his direction the freebooters apparently decided he was "bad medicine", and left him severely alone.

They encountered "Cachot" McGillis, one of the best of the Métis ranchers, out on the plains and, to use a frontier expression, "set him afoot". When his mother told me about it she spoke in a whisper, looking apprehensively over her shoulder as if afraid *they* might be listening.

During the absence of the owner, the gang looted a small ranch among the broken lands of the Big Muddy. The rancher, a young fellow who had recently come to the country, rode to Wood Mountain and complained to the Mounted Police. When returning home he was intercepted by the "outlaws" and taken prisoner. He was blindfolded and led to their "hideout" among the hills. They had a cunningly concealed camp, and were "holding" a big band of horses. The captive was placed at work building a corral under the direction of a ruffian who menaced him with his gun if he slackened at his work. He was cuffed about and given a "dog's life".

One day, after being duly warned that if he said a word of his experiences or held any communication with the Mounted Police his life would not be worth a day's purchase, he was "turned loose" to find his way as best he could to the settlement. Just before he departed one of the best disposed of the men whispered to him to avoid trail and sky line.

All day he plodded through the hills. Evening found him following a faint cart track through a little valley wooded with small poplars and walled in by high and tumbled hills. He had walked since morning and, being tired, decided to rest. Then the warning given him came to his mind and leaving the trail he concealed himself in the heart of a bluff*, intending to sleep a while and continue his journey on the rising of the moon.

The sun had passed out of sight beyond the hills; the buttes and eroded pinnacles were casting long fantastic shadows; a chill air was stirring. Something dark

* "Bluff" in the vernacular of the plains, means a clump of trees.

and sinister seemed to be brooding over the place. He could not rest and thought of resuming his way.

Then, as he looked apprehensively about, he saw a man on horseback appear on the sky line and come down the trail. He lay close in his concealment, warily watching the approaching rider.

Soon he was able to identify him as the Leader of the "Gang", whose prisoner he had been. The bandit came down the slope with loose held reins. his Winchester at the ready in the crook of his arm. He was quartering the ground like a questing dog, and his appearance was so menacing that his purpose appeared plain. He was apparently following to shoot the young man down in a place where no one, not even his associates, could bear witness against him, and far enough away from the robbers' hiding-place to prevent attention being directed to it in the unlikely event of anyone finding the body before the wolves and coyotes had divested it of all means of recognition. The rider passed on down the trail.

Darkness came. The frightened youth still crouched in the bush, not daring to stir until he heard the sound of horses' feet returning. Then he took to the hills, and by daylight succeeded in reaching Willow Bunch. His experience had so unnerved him that he left the country.

The Members of the Mounted Police were constantly on the move, but the wild and broken country of the Bad Lands afforded many a secret lurking place, and the few settlers on the verge of the region were afraid to furnish information useful to the authorities.

My brother Pascal was very active in his efforts to drive the unwelcome visitors from the country. He went to Regina and interviewed the Mounted Police, with the result that the number of men at the Wood Mountain Post was increased, and Inspector D'Arcy Strickland, an experienced officer, who had done excellent service in the Yukon, was placed in charge.

Pascal received several anonymous and ill-spelt letters, threatening him with all manner of evil things if he persisted in his activities. He was furious. His dominating character, his great herds and his thorough understanding of the native people had made him the leading man of the district. Many of the Métis were in his employ, he had friendly and business relations with most of the white ranchers, and, I think, rather cherished the idea that his word was law in quite an extensive region. He paid little attention to the threats, except that when he rode abroad,



PASCAL BONNEAU, equipped to take the trail of the outlaws.

he "packed" a heavy automatic pistol and carried a carbine on the saddle. He was afraid of nothing, and perhaps the outlaws, with all their threatening, were not particularly anxious to meddle with him at close quarters.

After some weeks at Willow Bunch I was joined by my husband, and we passed a pleasant time visiting together the scenes which many a happy memory of my youth had endeared to me.

It was late in the fall before we left Willow Bunch. We travelled north with a Métis named Louison LaRocque, who was a fine campaigner of the trail. He was one of the happiest, most easy-going of men and good-looking. One night when we were sitting by the camp fire he was lamenting the passing of the old free life of another day.

He said: "When I first saw dis contrie she was black wid buffalo from La Montagne de Bois to La Rivière du Lait. Den de buffalo go away, but antelope still ron among de butte, and ducks and prairie chicken *partout*. Now de farmer is coming wid his plough and wire fence, and pretty soon de gopher all go too and we will have to buy our meat from de butcher."

Poor Louison! He has gone down the last trail and there are still some gophers in the country.

The winter of 1903-4 was a severe one. The snow lay deep on the prairie, and there was a succession of blizzards.

The previous summer, Pascal had brought in two large shipments of yearling cattle, or "Dogies" as they were called. One lot consisted of farmers' stock from Ontario, and the other of "grade" Herefords from Old Mexico. I think the two bunches amounted to about three thousand head. His winter losses were heavy; indeed the largest he ever experienced all the time he was in the cattle business. The Eastern bred stock suffered the most. There was some mortality amongst the Mexicans, but, being well bred "rustling"* stock, they stood the winter better. The percentage of loss that year on our range was much higher than in 1906-7, the worst winter in my experience of the country. One of the chief reasons for the heavy casualties in 1903-4 was that the fall was cold and rainy. The country froze up wet, and range conditions were bad even before the coming of the snow.

The spring was late that year and when at last the snow went, every creek, slough and rivulet was brimming. That was the year of the famous Qu'Appelle Valley Flood. The river burst its banks and spread out on the flats until they were completely inundated.

The little town of Lumsden in the Valley presented a remarkable spectacle. The water flowed through the streets and only the upper stories of many of the buildings showed above the flood. Railway communication with the North was interrupted for weeks; a steamboat was brought in on flat cars, and it puffed about the Valley, in some cases passing over the tops of submerged trees. When the waters abated, there was a marvelous growth of wild grass and hay, and the settlers had abundance of fodder that season.

I had not been well during the winter, and when the fine weather came I went out to the Hamilton place in the Valley, while my husband remained in Regina to attend to his real estate business. He came out every weekend. Automobiles were not yet generally available and horses and vehicles were expensive. Zack did not feel like spending the money for either, and each Saturday afternoon walked the twenty-five miles to the Valley and back to Regina again on Sunday. Sometimes it was late when he came, but he never failed, and I often watched the sun go down over the hills while waiting for him.

It was there one lovely morning in July, 1904, that our eldest son was born. Zack, summoned by wire from

*Used in this sense "rustling" means cattle well able to take care of themselves under any conditions.

Regina, arrived—it seemed to me—on the wings of the wind. That day he did not count the cost of a fast-stepping horse. He sat by me, and we both looked wonderingly at the queer little atom of humanity that had come to us.

Three days after the birth of our little lad, a wire came from my brother Pascal stating that the Mounted Police had apprehended a man named Shufelt, found in possession of some of the stolen horses, and the preliminary trial would take place in Willow Bunch within a few days. He asked Zack to meet him at Moose Jaw the following day, prepared to go back with him.

At any other time my husband would have hailed this adventure with delight, but now I had to urge him on his way. He met Pascal and accompanied him and the late Hon. W. B. Willoughby, the prosecuting lawyer, to Willow Bunch.

Pascal explained that Shufelt had tried to justify himself by putting up the well-known defence of the “innocent third party”. He had produced a duly executed bill of sale from Dutch Henry, and stood upon his rights. He professed to have paid in the neighbourhood of twelve thousand dollars for the horses, although he did not then explain how he obtained the money. His reputation was not of the best, and he was held in a considerable sum to stand his preliminary examination before the local magistrate at Willow Bunch. Accordingly he drove into Regina to seek legal assistance.

It was the Long Vacation and most of the Regina lawyers were out of town. Someone directed him to the law office of Balfour and Martin, and there he met W. Melville Martin, afterwards Federal Member of Parliament, Premier of the Province, and now—in 1952—Chief Justice of the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal, but then recently arrived in the country from Ontario.

To Mr. Martin, Shufelt told a tale of wrong and persecution, and backed up his story with a retaining fee. Mr. Martin agreed to accompany him to Willow Bunch and defend him before the magistrate. Bright and early the following morning they took the long south trail.

After they passed the “Soo” Line, some thirty miles south of Regina, the country took on a wild and desolate appearance. Habitation there was none, and to Mr. Martin, unfamiliar as yet with the distances and scanty settlement of the West, it seemed as if they had left civilization far behind.

Evening found them apparently mazed in the monotonous tangle of the Dirt Hills. Shufelt was taciturn and wary

and had no small talk to beguile the tedium of the way. He replied to questions, but that was about all. At sundown, he unhitched the horses and after hobbling them turned them out to forage for themselves.

The travellers ate a frugal supper washed down with water from a spring by the trail, and then Shufelt made a couch conspicuous for its simplicity. It consisted of one grimy horse blanket spread on the ground and another to serve as a coverlet, with a sack half full of oats for a pillow. Shufelt lay down and invited the future Premier to share his somewhat sketchy bed. Mr. Martin crawled in with some trepidation.

The situation was not an inspiring one. As far as he knew there was not another human soul within fifty miles. The darkness seemed vocal with night sounds. A night wind was rustling through the prairie grass, and a coyote on a nearby hill burst into horrid sound. Mr. Martin began to have some doubts as to his companion who, now that he was in his native wilds, appeared to have completely changed from the soft-spoken individual who had come to the Regina law office.

Just before composing himself to sleep, Mr. Martin saw Shufelt raise himself upon his knees. The lawyer, himself the son of a Presbyterian Manse, was greatly reassured. He thought to himself: "This is certainly a worthy young man; he is about to say his prayers." But prayers were probably the last thing in Shufelt's mind at that moment. He reached into his hip pocket and produced a revolver. He opened the breech and spun the cylinder to be sure it was loaded in all the chambers. He then placed it under the sack which served as a pillow, and lay down with his hand on the butt.

"What are you doing with that thing?" queried Mr. Martin. "Are there any dangerous animals about?"

Shufelt intimated that there was not much danger from that source.

"Well," persisted the young lawyer, "is it men of whom you are afraid?"

"You never know what you will run up against in them hills," answered Shufelt; and Mr. Martin had to leave it at that. He did not sleep much. The mosquitoes assailed his long legs, which were inadequately protected by the horse blanket, and whenever he stirred Shufelt was on the alert, his hand on his weapon.

Before they reached Willow Bunch the following day, Shufelt handed Mr. Martin his revolver and asked him to

keep it in his bag; otherwise he said the Mounted Police would take possession of it. Mr. Martin made him "spill" the shells and then bestowed it gingerly among his pyjamas and hair brushes. Owing to subsequent developments, Shufelt was never in a position to reclaim his weapon, and Mr. Martin did not know what to do with it. It remained in his possession for a number of years.

When they reached Willow Bunch they found a considerable gathering of Shufelt's sympathizers, who had ridden in from the "Bad Lands" to give him aid and encouragement. They were camped about the spring, and Mr. Martin was rather appalled at their appearance. Zack, Pascal and Mr. Willoughby had arrived the same day, having come by the Moose Jaw trail. Zack walked over to the camp of Shufelt's friends and invited the lawyer to Trefflé's comfortable home. Mr. Martin declined politely, thinking his client might regard it as hob-nobbing with the enemy. However, the Mounted Police looked after him and he passed the night at the Willow Bunch Detachment.

That night the Police officer in charge suggested it might be well to round up Shufelt's adherents and relieve them of their artillery. Pascal thought it would be a good idea, but Trefflé said: "I would not bother with them tonight; tomorrow they will give up their guns without any trouble."

The "Mountie" officer asked him how he figured it out that way. Trefflé replied: "You see they are camped by the Willow Bunch spring, and not being accustomed to the water, they will be in a pretty subdued condition in the morning." And that was the way it turned out.

After the court was convened, it was not long until Mr. Martin realized that the evidence was strongly against his client and, after hearing the case, the two Justices committed Shufelt to stand his trial at the next Court of competent jurisdiction. He was sent off to Regina in charge of a police escort. Before the prisoner was driven away, Mr. Martin rather anxiously questioned him about arrangements for his own return to Regina.

Shufelt said: "Just take my team and buggy, and follow that wheel track over the south hill. If you keep going for thirty miles, you will come to a shack where you will find my wife. Tell her I said she was to send a Halfbreed to show you the way to Moose Jaw and you will be all right."

Rather dispiritedly Mr. Martin followed the directions. He said afterwards that thirty miles, when it was men-

tioned, seemed a considerable distance, but when it was actually traversed, it appeared interminable. After he had almost given up hope of getting anywhere, the tired ponies pricked up their ears and started to trot with renewed energy, and eventually pulled up beside a shack of rather primitive construction. A person whom Mr. Martin took for a boy emerged from the door, and asked him truculently what he wanted. He then realized it was a young woman in overalls who was addressing him. He explained who he was and his mission.

"What did they do to Ed?" she demanded.

The lawyer explained he had been committed for trial and sent to Regina.

"Serve him right," she said. "He ought to have had better sense than to get mixed up in things like that."

However, she made the necessary arrangements, and Mr. Martin was soon on the trail to Moose Jaw, which lay a good hundred miles away.

Some strange and forbidding characters turned up in Regina for Shufelt's trial, and the back seats in the Court Room were given a disreputable appearance by their presence. They made their whispered comments on the proceedings from the corners of tobacco-stained lips and seemed sadly out of place in the Halls of Justice. They had drifted in from the Big Muddy, the Little Woody, the West Poplar and other remote places on both sides of the Boundary. For the most part they played "jackal" to the bolder thieves. They knew how to change a brand, and there were usually many more calves than cows in their scrubby herds.

During the trial a strenuous attempt was made on behalf of the prisoner to prove that he had bought the horses from Dutch Henry in good faith, and had made the money paid for them while operating a saloon in Saco, a little frontier Montana town.

The prosecution counter-claimed that he had never possessed the sum mentioned in the transaction. It was alleged that he had shot a man in Saco, known as "Long Henry" and had been arrested and tried for murder by a Montana jury. The plea was the usual one of self-defence and despite the evidence he was acquitted. In any case, it was stated that Shufelt told several of his intimates that it had cost all the money he had made in the saloon business to "fix" the jury.

When Sam Briggs, a rancher from Wood Mountain, was called to the Witness Box, he asked for the protection

of the Court. This created rather a sensation because Sam was a decent, hard-working man with the speech of his native Yorkshire on his tongue, and honest as the day. Such protection usually was invoked only by a witness whose evidence might incriminate himself. He explained, however, that he had no fear of the law, but the protection he desired was from bodily harm at the hands of some of the friends of the accused.

The Judge assured him that persons who attempted to intimidate or injure him as the result of his evidence would do so at their peril. Mr. Briggs then said that he had been visited the previous evening by a man who informed him that if he testified against the prisoner his ranch buildings would be burned, his stock driven off and he himself—to use a western expression—“set a’foot”.

After this information had been given to the Court, proceedings were stopped while the Judge and the Crown Prosecutor, T. C. Johnstone, K.C., consulted. It was plain intimidation and called for action.

Previous to making his announcement Mr. Briggs had given Mr. Johnstone the name of the man who had threatened him, and the Crown Prosecutor handed it to Sergeant Wilkinson of the North West Mounted Police with instructions to have the man taken into custody as soon as the jury reached a verdict.

The Sheriff retired to his office to prepare the necessary warrant while Briggs continued his testimony. The Sheriff was called back to the Court Room and he told the Sergeant that the warrant had been left on the table in his office and he could pick it up there.

It was noticed during this interruption that one of the unsavoury visitors from the South was restless and uneasy. He was heavy-set and shambled as he walked and his large nose had been moved to one side, likely in some fight or brawl. He was unbelievably dirty and even his own colleagues displayed some aversion to his proximity.

After the testimony of Briggs the case galloped to its conclusion. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Shufelt was sentenced to several years in the Penitentiary, ¹and

¹When Shufelt was led from the dock by the “Mounties”, he turned to my brother Joe who was standing nearby and said in a quiet voice, but with a deadly intensity: “Joe Bonneau, when I get out I will kill you!” Joe’s evidence had done much to convict him. He never had a chance to carry out his threat, for he died in prison.

Sergeant Wilkinson started to put into action the machinery for the arrest indicated by the Crown Prosecutor.

Before the Court was cleared, Wilkinson went to the Sheriff's office for the warrant, but found the door locked. As he hurried back to the Court Room for the key, he met the wanted man coming down two steps at a time. It was only a matter of minutes until he had the warrant in his possession and went outside to make the arrest. The man was standing on the sidewalk, but before the Sergeant could reach him, a lad leading a saddled horse and riding another appeared upon the scene. With a single bound the fugitive was in the saddle and the two of them were off at the gallop.

For once, the "Mounties" did not get their man. He was not seen around Regina again.

Years later we learned that he was a member of a family well known and respected in Eastern Canada about Confederation time. As a lad he had been educated at a famous Canadian college but, drifting to the Montana range country, had fallen among bad companions and "drink and the devil" had done the rest.

Two of his former schoolmates were well-known Regina business men and, for the sake of the "Old School Tie", they financed his escape; at least that was the story told us years later by the lad who rode the other horse.

A number of officials from Montana—deputy sheriffs, marshalls, and the like—had come to Regina for the trial. One of them, George Hall, a well-known frontiersman with a reputation for cool fearlessness, was brought to our house by Pascal. He told us one tale, typical of conditions in Montana at that time.

He said the patience of an exceedingly tolerant Montana citizenry had been exhausted by the depredations of a man whom we shall call Brown. He had been very careless of human life, and was tried for murder and sentenced to death. His time was short, and the scaffold actually in the course of erection in the County town.

At the same time there was a somewhat stupid ne'er-do-well, whom I shall call Smith, who did odd jobs around the town. He was not a native of the West, but had drifted out from one of the eastern States, and was a great reader of foolish "wild west" tales. His heroes were the "Younger Brothers", "Billy the Kid" and other similar characters. He had some ambition to be a "bad man", but had neither the intelligence nor the initiative to acquire distinction in that or any other role. He conceived the idea that if he

could accomplish the escape of the desperado awaiting execution it would bring him into prominence.

Accordingly he committed some trivial offence for which he was sentenced to the local jail. The authorities regarded him rather contemptuously; he was treated as a "trusty" and allowed considerable liberty. He established contact with Brown, and succeeded in smuggling weapons to him.

One evening when the Sheriff, or his Deputy, came to the cell of the condemned man, Brown beat him nearly to death with a revolver and, after releasing another desperado, made his escape in his company. The two fugitives obtained horses and made for the wild and broken country along the Missouri.

The alarm was raised. A posse organized under the leadership of Hall rode hard on their trail. Their tracks were followed to the River, but there was some doubt as to whether the fugitives had crossed or concealed themselves in the bush of the near bank. Hall, accompanied by a deputy sheriff, forded the River and continued the search on that side, while the remainder of the party beat the country in another direction.

Dusk was coming on as the two men rode towards a clump of poplars that bordered the trail.

They were chatting together when a shot sounded from the trees and the Deputy fell from his horse with a bullet through his head.

Hall slid from his saddle, jerking his Winchester from its scabbard as he reached the ground, while the two horses, startled by the shot leaped clear and, after running a little distance slowed up and presently began quietly to crop the grass. Hall squirmed into a depression and commenced to pump bullets into the bluff. A glance at his fallen companion indicated he had been killed instantly.

Hall remained there all night. At first the bandits returned his fire; but the bullets could not reach him in the shelter. As the night wore on his shots brought no response.

When dawn came he carefully approached the bush that had concealed the outlaws, but there was no sign of life. Scouting around, he found the body of Brown's companion, apparently killed by a stray shot. Then the undaunted official gathered in the two horses and riding one and leading the other, took up the trail of the remaining fugitive. He traced Brown to the edge of the River, and there was joined by some of the other members of the posse, who had heard the firing during the night. It was

obvious the fugitive had recrossed the River, and they breasted the flood in pursuit.

Not far from the bank they saw a comfortable ranch house, with a curl of smoke rising from the chimney. Here was a promise of breakfast and some rest and feed for the horses.

They were met at the corral bars by the Rancher, an elderly man with a mahogany face and long white moustache in tall "Stetson" and high-heeled boots. At the door of the house, Hall observed a handsome, sturdy girl watching with interest the arrival of the rather formidable cavalcade.

The old man, without asking their business, received them hospitably. He showed them where to put their horses, threw down some hay, pointed out the oat bin, and then bade them to the house for breakfast.

After the little bustle of arrival was over, Hall described the fugitive and asked if the Rancher had seen him.

"Yes!" replied the old man, "he is here now."

The members of the posse were accustomed to startling situations but at this announcement the hand of every man sought the butt of his six-shooter.

"Where is he?" ejaculated Hall, when he could get his breath.

"Oh!" answered the Rancher quite composedly. "He is over there in the yard; he is not in any shape to bother you."

He led the members of the posse to the place indicated, where Brown was lying quite bereft of life.

While they were eating an excellent breakfast, cooked and served by the daughter of the house, they learned what had happened.

The old man had just risen when his daughter, who had been out at the buildings to gather some fresh eggs for breakfast, came in and told him that a tough-looking man was hiding in the hay. He went to investigate and saw the outlaw coming in the direction of the house, cocking his rifle.

The Rancher called to his daughter to bring the Winchester from the house. Instantly the stranger covered the girl and forbade her to stir. But she was frontier bred and not easily frightened. She darted into the house, returning in a moment bearing the weapon, which she placed in the hands of her father. While she was thus engaged, Brown twice snapped his rifle at her without effect. It

was found afterwards that the mechanism of the weapon had jammed. The old man shot him down in his tracks; and that was the end of Brown.

When the posse returned to the County town and told their story, there was great indignation against Smith who, by his criminal folly in enabling Brown to escape, had been responsible for so much tragedy. He was heavily ironed and placed in close confinement. Convictions were still difficult to obtain in Montana and the citizens were determined that this embryo "bad man" should not be left to the slow process of the law.

One night when the law officers were out of town a number of men invaded the lock-up, and taking the prisoner to an upstairs room placed the running noose of a lariat round his neck. Attaching the other end to a bed post they tossed him out of the window.

This private execution took place so quietly that it did not disturb a church lawn social in progress across the street where girls in white dresses were flitting about beneath Chinese lanterns dispensing ice cream.

I cannot of course confirm the details of this incident, but I have given it exactly as it was related to us by George Hall, and from my knowledge of Montana conditions at the time, and of Mr. Hall himself, I have little reason to doubt its truth.

Montana folk for many years displayed remarkable tolerance towards those accused of crimes against the person. A certain cowboy had been rather hilarious in his cups and was brought before a local justice at Scobie. He was given some hours in the lock-up. He regarded this as a dreadful affront, and on being released, sought the Justice, a bearded and respectable gentleman, in his office. He seized him by the whiskers and, forcing his head down on the desk, bit off a portion of his ear. After he had performed this operation, he spat out the fragment and remarked: "Maybe this will hold you for a while from sending decent cowpunchers to jail for a little harmless fun."

The Magistrate staunched the blood flowing from his mutilated member and, being of a methodical nature, picked up the segment of his ear and filed it away in an envelope for evidence. He then laid a charge of grievous assault against his assailant, who was again locked up, and committed for trial.

A Federal Judge with a reputation for fearlessness came from Helena to try the case. The evidence was clear; the prisoner did not deny his guilt; the piece of flesh fitted

the mutilated ear, and the Judge charged the jury to bring in a verdict of "guilty". It was felt that a conviction was at last about to be obtained in Montana.

The jury, despite the evidence, brought in a verdict of "not guilty". The Judge scrutinized the face of each juror carefully, and took a note of their names.

"You are discharged," he said; "but you had better all go carefully in your daily walk and conversation; if any of you ever come before me, God help you, for you won't get any mercy from me."

Then turning to the Sheriff in charge of the prisoner in the dock, he said: "Take that cursed cannibal out of my sight."

In time the activities of the Mounted Police on the Canadian side, with some collaboration from the Montana authorities, made our hills, lonely and remote as they were, untenable for the outlaws. They were constantly harried and hunted and most of them eventually left the country.

Mystery shrouds the fate of Dutch Henry. It was rumoured he had been killed in a gun fight in western Montana, but some cowboys who knew him well told us he had left the country and gone to South America.

One of the outlaws, with a few kindred spirits, for some time kept up their lawless activities. During an ensuing winter, he and his associates made their "hideout" in a wild desolate portion of the "Bad Lands" just south of the International Boundary. They were well equipped with provisions, but had neglected to stock up with salt. They put up with this deprivation until late winter, when the outlaw leader undertook to ride the twenty odd miles to the nearest neighbour to buy or borrow some.

On the very day of his journey two American deputy sheriffs, out on business entirely unconnected with him or his followers, had arrived at the ranch which was his objective. When he rode up he was given the customary hospitable welcome, but while putting his horse up some sense of danger was stirred by the presence of two tired horses in the stalls and the excellent and well-kept saddle gear from which they had been relieved. Consequently, when he entered the house, he was not unprepared for the presence of strangers and was as alert and wary as a wild thing.

The visitors were seated at supper when he entered, and relaxing after a hard day in the saddle, had placed their weapons and cartridge belts in a corner of the room. The desperado, his wits sharpened by the presence of danger, took strategic advantage of the situation. When

invited to the table, he placed his chair against the corner where the weapons were deposited, thus cutting off access to it, while he kept on his own belt and gun.

He was not known by sight to the American officials, but his attitude engendered suspicion. Then, too, it was noticed he wore his gun on the left side, and as one of the outlaws was reputed to be a left-handed shooter, this probably caused them to suspect his identity. After finishing the meal, he pushed his chair back into the corner, still covering the guns. Later, when blankets were spread on the floor he lay down across the same corner.

In the morning the rancher prepared breakfast and summoned everyone to the table. The outlaw took his place, still maintaining his advantage. The porridge had been prepared without salt. At the first spoonful he spat it out and exasperated, forgot for the moment his watchful attitude, breaking into expressions of annoyance and disgust. Swiftly, one of the officers got behind him and, picking up a Winchester, poked the muzzle against the back of his head with an order to throw up his hands. Determined to the last, the outlaw made a lightning pass for his gun. The Deputy pressed the trigger; a deafening volume of sound filled the room and the bandit fell over among the dishes muttering:

"They shot me like a dog."

He was dead in a few minutes.

Today the South country is as peaceful as any Eastern rural community. Cultivated farms have taken the place of wild prairie pastures on both sides of the Line, and it is only in the most remote places that herds and cowboys still linger.

CHAPTER XVI

WEST OF THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER — A NIGHT ON THE PLAINS — A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS — PRAIRIE FIRE — FIRST DAYS OF SASKATOON — MAROONED IN MID-STREAM.

Towards the end of October, 1905, my husband made an arduous journey while inspecting and selecting some ten thousand acres in the wild unsettled country west of the South Saskatchewan. There was no railway in that region, and he hired a tough little team and buggy at Saskatoon. A teamster was taken along as it was a remote country to explore alone with winter close at hand. The ponies were good travellers, and the first day's drive carried them about sixty miles to the homestead of a family named Manson, on the western frontier of a sparsely settled district. They passed the night there, and early the following morning started in the direction of the land to be examined.

Before leaving Manson's, they were informed that a settler named Bigelow was established about thirty miles to the west. The section, township and range were carefully noted. Other habitation there was none, and Zack decided to make for that place to spend the night.

It was a clear fall day; the sun was bright overhead, but a sharp whip to the air boded the coming of winter. It was a noble country into which they had come. To the north and west as far as vision extended the land lay almost dead level. The soil was rich and heavy, similar to that of the Regina Plains, and ideal for cereal production. Neither stone nor tree could be seen. A ten-mile furrow could have been driven without encountering any impediment. Far to the south the country rose in gradual acclivity to a range of low hills that, blue and misty, appeared on the horizon.

Occasionally a coyote trotted off before the advancing team, prairie chicken were flushed from the thick grass, and once they came upon a herd of pronghorn antelope. They stood as motionless as stone effigies until, startled by the rattle of the wheels, they darted away, skimming the prairie at incredible speed. Here and there the ground was strewn with buffalo bones. The locality must have been one of the last refuges of the animals, for in some places the skeletons still held together.

In all his experience of the prairies my husband said he had never seen so large a tract of uniformly good land. And well has it been vindicated. Since then it has become

a country of prosperous and well-cultivated farms, and has produced millions—yes, hundreds of millions—of bushels of grain. Such towns as Rosetown, Dinsmore, Elrose, Zealandia and many others are today situated within its boundaries, and its fame as a wheat region has spread far beyond the confines of Canada. In a word, it is the famous "Goose Lake" country.

The district had recently been surveyed and each section was easy to locate owing to the freshly erected corner mounds with iron stakes bearing metal plates, upon which the legal description of each six hundred and forty acres was inscribed. These mounds stood up so clearly on the level prairie that, although they were a mile apart, it was often possible to drive directly from one to the other without having to resort to a compass.

By sundown, Zack and his driver found themselves some fifteen miles from the place where Bigelow's homestead was supposed to be located, and they started to drive in that direction, trusting to the survey mounds to keep them right.

The night had come down frosty and a bright moon rode a hard metallic sky. Driving was a cold business despite heavy coats. About ten o'clock they took their bearings and found they were on the corner of the section that was their objective. But the level plain lay before them, and although it was visible for a considerable distance in the sharp moonlight there was not a sign of human presence. Zack fired his gun and the report was almost deafening in the frosty stillness. They listened, but there was no answering sound. They quartered the whole section, but found no trace of man or beast.

It was apparent that they had been misdirected. To return to Manson's that night was out of the question: the horses were much too weary. There was neither fuel nor shelter in that wide expanse. In their rather aimless driving, they came upon a wheel track. It was faint and disused, but nevertheless it had once been a prairie trail of sorts. The driver, who was getting panicky, turned his team on it and, heading directly south, urged the ponies into a sharp trot.

"Where are you going?" asked my husband.

"This trail will take us somewhere," he rejoined.

"I am not so sure of that," answered Zack. "We are pretty far to the westward. It may be the old mail trail between Swift Current and Battleford, and if so and we keep our present direction, the first place we can possibly reach will be Saskatchewan Landing, a good fifty miles

away. Bigelow lives somewhere around here; pull up your horses and we will stay right on this spot of ground until morning, when we will surely be able to find his place."

The driver required some persuading before he eventually agreed to this course, but finally the horses were unhitched and, after being hobbled, turned out to forage for themselves.

The hard and frosty prairie was by no means an inviting couch, but there was nothing else for it. My husband took off his jacket and removing his boots wrapped it about his feet. Rolling himself in his fur coat he lay down upon an old horse blanket, advising the driver to follow his example and share his couch. That individual, however, had other ideas. He kept his boots and coat on and sought slumber as he was, suffering dreadfully from cold during the night. My husband managed to get some sleep, but declared he dreamed of Arctic surroundings.

Looking through some old memorandum books the other day, we found the exact legal description of the place where they spent that cold and uncomfortable night. It was the southeast quarter of section 36, township 27, range 15, west of the third Meridian.

At the first glimmer of daylight they were up and scouting around. They came upon a shallow ravine and followed its course in the hope of finding enough bush to make a fire. Suddenly they heard a dog bark, and at the same moment winded the pungent odor of wood smoke. Turning a bend in the "draw", they came upon one of the rude shelters occasionally fashioned by prairie pioneers on the outskirts of civilization. The side of a knoll had been ploughed and scraped away and in the excavation thus formed a skeleton of lumber and logs had been erected. Poplar poles placed together formed a roof. The whole structure was covered with wild hay cut from a nearby slough. A portion was fitted up for human occupancy, and a passage led to a larger space where sundry horses and cattle were housed.

This abode was by no means uncomfortable. Warmth was assured by the depth of the excavation and the great quantity of hay spread over it. Indeed, it was warmer than many a more pretentious building of that period.

When Zack and his charioteer drove up, the place erupted a miscellaneous population of men, women and children who, summoned by the barking of the dogs, sallied forth to greet the unexpected visitors. They were welcomed with unaffected hospitality. They were stiff with cold and weary after their night on the unfriendly prairie. Willing

hands took charge of their horses and they were ushered into a large semi-subterranean kitchen, where they were served a good breakfast.

The inhabitants of this refuge consisted of a middle-aged man named Bigelow and his son, a lad of about sixteen; two youngish men respectively named Reid and Hicks, their wives and a considerable assortment of sturdy fair-haired children. I think there were six grown-ups and about seven youngsters; and they were a fine, happy, free-hearted tribe.

After a tremendous breakfast, and finding himself in friendly company, Zack was considerably revived, and felt no ill effects from his cold and uncomfortable night. But his driver was by no means in similar case. He had suffered greatly from the cold—was tired and a little feverish. Accordingly, after breakfast a bed was made for him, and rolling himself in the blankets, he was soon asleep.

The day was fine for that time of year. My husband engaged the services of "Joe" Hicks and, with one of his teams hitched to the buggy, they went out to continue the work of selecting the land.

Hicks told my husband they had all come together from the lumber region of Minnesota, attracted to this far frontier by the excellent quality of the land. A railway had been surveyed and construction was expected the following spring. Accordingly they had put up a great deal of wild hay and hoped to make a good profit selling it to the railway contractors. Hicks pointed out some of their stacks; and their number and size certainly bore evidence to the energy and industry of these hardy folk.

It was dusk when they returned to the house, or habitation, or dugout, or whatever it might be called. After supper, Zack being pretty well "played out", retired to his bed, which was a "tick" stuffed with hay set on the floor of the kitchen. It was invariably a case of early to bed for those out-of-doors healthy folk, and it was not long until they had subsided in sleep.

But weary as he was, Zack could not find slumber. His body was still sore where the knobs of frozen earth had pressed against him the previous night, and his present couch was not exactly one of comfort. All about were the somnolent sounds of tired sleepers. A child would stir and mutter and then be quiet again. The distant stamp of a stalled horse sounded like a gun shot, and the inevitable coyote outside gave ghastly tongue.

It was close in the dugout and Zack's throat was parched. He thought a drink of water might improve

matters. He remembered there was a water barrel on a stoneboat outside the door. Rising quietly he went out for his drink.

It was a cloudy, cold night with a strong wind blowing and, as he came into the open air, his nostrils contracted to the acrid smell of burning grass and wild weeds; from far away came the dreaded crackling of the prairie fire.

He hurried to the summit of the knoll and, a mile or more to the eastward, he saw the long line of flame, feeding on the thick old bottom of the buffalo grass, rushing onward on the wings of the gale.

He returned quickly to the dugout and shook the shoulder of Hicks, who was sleeping beside his wife, surrounded by a miscellany of children.

With the alertness of the frontiersman nurtured amid alarms, Hicks came from the depths of sleep to instant and complete consciousness.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"Get up Joe," said Zack.

He was out in a moment, and my husband told of the peril rushing down upon them. There were thirty tons of dry hay on the roof of the shelter that would go like tinder at the first spark. Hicks was cool and collected and at once went inside.

Zack heard his wife say drowsily: "What is it Joe?" and his response: "Get the babies up Luella; put some clothes on them and have everybody outside. Don't be frightened; do what I tell you, and it will be all right."

The men were forest bred and knew little of the fire scourge of the dry prairie. My husband told them to throw the harness on two teams, and in no time a couple of ploughs were in action. Furrows were turned on the hillside where the grass was short, and back fires were set out from them against the wind so that when the main conflagration arrived it would have nothing upon which to feed.

The flames were very close and the spectacle a fearsome one. The main fire was burning the grass down to the roots. The wind gusts were throwing the tongues of flame far ahead, and as they caught in the grass tops, they made a deep line of fire, shooting high in the air.

One of the women had gathered the children about her and was herding them in the "Draw" where the seepage from a spring and the sparse herbage made it a comparatively safe refuge. The other was dragging furniture and clothes from the building, and young Bigelow had already

got the live stock out. The men were ploughing furrows and beating out back fires. The wind was blowing half a gale and, fanned by it, the fire swept down upon the place with a dreadful, roaring sound.

About a quarter of a mile away there was a shallow depression where some late hay was still in "cocks". The fire seemed to pause for a moment on the brink, and then swept over the little meadow, reducing everything in its path to ashes. The cocks were very dry, and as they were reached by the licking red tongues, they went up in a burst of flames, and there was a series of muffled explosions in the heart of the conflagration.

The crackling was tremendous, the heat overpowering and the clouds of smoke made respiration difficult. The lurid light threw everything into clear relief; the frightened horses plunged; the children screamed, and everyone stood by with wet grain sacks ready to beat out any fire in dangerous proximity to the building. Then almost in a moment it was past. It split at the ploughed guards and rushed off on each side, roaring down the wind.

The fire had left some smouldering places behind—thick grass, roots, chips of manure and the like—which were fanned into a glow in the wind gusts. Zack, Hicks and Reid laboured all night to extinguish them and when daylight came creeping in, they were tired and "played out". The others had gone inside, the children were back in bed and the sparks from the chimney indicated preparations for breakfast.

Daylight came upon a scene of desolation. As far as the eye could reach, the plain was a blackened waste, while miles away to the west rolling clouds of smoke showed that the fire was still continuing its work of destruction.

"Well," said Hicks, drawing a grimy hand across a blackened brow, "we have a lot to be thankful for. Nobody hurt and we have saved the live stock and gear."

"Yes," said Reid, and the poor man's voice rose almost to a wail, "we have lost all our summer's work; the haystacks will be gone and our stock starve to death before the winter is half over."

"Maybe the hay is not all destroyed," hazarded Zack. "The fire would not run well where the grass has been closely mown."

"I'll just take a look," said Hicks. "If there is anything left, I can see the tops of the stacks from the hay pile on the roof," and in a moment he was clambering to that point of vantage.

He stood cupping his hands before his eyes to focus his vision. Then he gave a shout. "The stacks are still

there," he cried, and sliding down began to shake hands frantically with the other two men.

Reid was reputed rather pious, and there were tears of real emotion making tracks on his smoke-blackened cheeks when he said: "God has been good to us once more."

"Aye!" said Hicks. "He has that. I guess He knew how damned little we had."

By the time my husband had completed his land selection, the weather had become very cold and there was hardship in every day spent in the open. He was loath to leave the hospitable abode of Hicks, Reid, Bigelow and company, and when at last he departed, he felt he was leaving real friends.

Although the weather was cold, there was still no snow when Zack started on his return drive to Saskatoon, more than eighty miles away. He was not anxious to camp along the trail, and made up his mind to make the journey in one day.

The broncos had been rested and were in prime fettle. Zack pulled out about four in the morning, and the ponies were dancing in the harness, eager to be on the way. They were carefully driven and fed during the day, and they trotted briskly up to the livery barn in Saskatoon just as the lights were going on. When my husband settled with the livery man, the latter said:

"You've sure taken good care of the horses, not over driven them or anything; they were ready to shy at their own shadows when you came down the street."

Zack winked at the driver and said nothing. Perhaps the livery man would not have been so pleased had he known that at least eighty miles had passed under their nimble little heels that day.

When the Federal Acts creating the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan came into force in September, 1905, the matter of a provincial capital for Saskatchewan suddenly became a burning question.

Regina folk had become so accustomed to their home town being the seat of the Territorial Government that it had never occurred to them that with Provincial Establishment the choice of a permanent capital came under the jurisdiction of the local Legislature, and when Saskatoon and Moose Jaw began to advance claims for capital honours Regina treated them with lofty disdain. However, Regina was soon to discover its mistake. Moose Jaw was never seriously in the running, but Saskatoon was something quite different.

Saskatoon had made remarkable progress since the break of the century. It had been established in 1883 by a colonization company composed chiefly of clergyman and others interested in Prohibition and Temperance. It was to be a settlement in which spirituous liquors were to have no place. The promoters of the scheme secured a large acreage of Government land upon which they agreed to place a certain number of settlers within a specified period.

The location was an excellent one for a future city. It was situated in a picturesque and convenient position on the banks of a noble river near the point where the Prairies ended and the Park country, so favoured by early explorers, commenced; and it was thought that when the expected immigration materialized, it would become the metropolis of a wide and productive region.

At first it was more than two hundred miles from the main lines of the C.P.R., then the only rail communication in the North West Territories. The first settlers came to the place by wagon and buckboard, and several of those who followed them from the East took passage to Medicine Hat by train, and there built rafts upon which they floated themselves, their live stock and settlers' effects down the river to Saskatoon, a distance of at least three hundred miles.

This waterborne journey was full of hardship. The time spent in following the sinuosities of the river must have seemed interminable; the voyageurs were scorched by the suns of midsummer, rained upon by showers which, that season, were of almost tropical intensity, and assailed by myriads of mosquitoes that arose in vast swarms from their breeding places by the river banks.

The colonization scheme was not a success. Its promoters expected to obtain revenue by the sale of land, but conditions were against them. Practically every even numbered section in the country was then opened to homesteaders, who had only to pay a ten dollar entry fee, establish residence and do some sketchy improvements to obtain a deed for one hundred and sixty acres. The Government was also offering to all and sundry any unalienated land at about the same price as the promoters of the "Temperance Colony" had paid for their reservation and the Company found it could not dispose of its holdings against such competition. Then too, the prohibition feature was not at all popular with the pioneers, who as a general rule were not distinguished by abstemiousness. The scheme languished and ultimately faded away. However, certain of the settlers who had come in under its auspices remained and some of them were of a quality that would have developed a city in the shelter of an iceberg.

During the first years all supplies that reached Saskatoon had to be freighted in from Moose Jaw or Regina by trail, a distance of over two hundred miles. The trail passed through a region as bare of human tenancy as the Sahara Desert and, being annually swept by prairie fires, was nearly as forbidding.

In 1890, a branch line was constructed from Regina to Prince Albert which placed Saskatoon in rail communication with the outside world, and a hamlet came into being. But it was not until 1900 that development commenced. In the first years of the century, there was an invasion of the grim region that lay south and east of the settlement by a land-hungry multitude from the American Middle West who, familiar with similar conditions in their own country, settled in the district and made it produce amazingly. This land movement eventually spread far to the westward where millions of acres of fine, arable land were developed and placed under cultivation.

In 1900 authentic records indicated a population of one hundred and thirteen on the Saskatoon townsite. The chief claim of the place to fame was the excellent meals served to passengers on the occasional train which ran (or rather strolled) along the rails from Regina to Prince Albert and made a stop for dinner there. In 1905, the year of Provincial Establishment, the population had increased to more than three thousand and the place was going ahead at a great rate. According to census records in 1911, there were twelve thousand and four people on the townsite and in 1921, twenty-five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. In succeeding years it was the wonder city of the West. It became the market place and supply centre for a tremendous extent of producing country; its citizens were farsighted and enterprising; wide and spacious streets and thoroughfares were laid out, and in this respect Saskatoon was in marked contrast to Regina where the original town planners, with all the wide prairie spaces to draw from, made provision for streets that were shabby and restricted. Modern and convenient public utilities were installed and fine and handsome buildings erected.

Quick fortunes were made in real estate and the citizens of Saskatoon were in a class all their own as "Boosters". But the story of its eventual development belongs to another epoch. When the question of the Prairie capital was projected into local politics, Saskatoon was just commencing to get into its stride and was taking tremendous steps towards what its optimistic citizens ardently believed was its manifest destiny.

The astonished folk of Regina were soon to find that if they did not look to their defences, Saskatoon would give

them a good run for the Capital. As a matter of fact a discreet canvass of the members of the Legislature indicated that if they depended upon a vote in the House, Saskatoon would have the best of it. However, Hon. Walter Scott, the first Provincial Premier, was understood to have made commitments in favour of Regina. His authority was sufficient to carry the day and, by a vote of the Legislature, Regina was declared the seat of the Provincial Government.

When the matter was eventually settled, the Regina citizens, in relief and gratitude, gave a banquet to the members of the Legislature that was long remembered by oldtimers. It took place in the old Town Hall, a large and drafty lumber structure on the corner of Scarth Street and 11th Avenue and, for pure exuberance, far exceeded any celebration that had ever taken place in that somewhat staid and thrifty city. Champagne flowed like water; the best of eatables and drinkables were purveyed and toasts were drunk and honoured by people who never before had been accused of imbibing anything stronger than tea or coffee. To give dignity to the occasion almost everyone present from the Mayor down had dug up from somewhere a dress suit.

A clergyman newly arrived in Regina from the East was present. When he took his place at one of the head tables and observed the imposing array of bottles garnishing the festive board, he remarked to a Regina citizen: "You know, men of my cloth in the East do not usually attend functions at which spirituous liquors are served, but I realize that in this wide and spacious land we must display a little more tolerance."

That night he saw plenty to be tolerant about.

Real estate was then Regina's chief activity and nearly everyone who could raise the price was in possession of lots or acreage. Some of the investors thought they were being taxed too highly on their property, and a group of young men got together and planned to drink enough of the City's champagne to even the score, and set out to do just that. Some of them fell by the wayside and others kept on until they felt the score was even.

Next morning women could be seen all about the place rounding up errant husbands and other male relatives who had been unable to find their way home during the hours of darkness. It was late March, the streets were churned up seas of mud, and all day stragglers in dress suits of almost every known vintage, muddy and bedraggled, could be observed stealing out from refuges where sleep and champagne had overtaken them, and pur-

suing their homeward way full of contrition and humiliation. Regina folk were not then used to champagne and their chief complaint was that when they felt they were about sobered up and attempted to slake the not unnatural thirst of the "morning after" with a drink of pure water, the champagne in their interiors started its mean behaviour all over again.

It was a notable celebration.

However, Saskatoon got the University and that did something to soften the blow of the loss of the Capital.

About 1905, the movement to the land in the prairie region was assuming astonishing proportions and my husband's firm was engaging in quite extensive operations. They were in what might be called the wholesale end of the land business. When a new branch line of railway was projected into a hitherto unsettled region they would look up a tract of land, examine it carefully and, if found of good quality, purchase it. When the railway opened up the district there was usually a ready sale for it.

Most of these tracts were in units of from five to ten thousand acres and they could usually be handled without the employment of large sums of money. At that time excellent land could be acquired at from five to eight dollars per acre. The down payment was often not more than one dollar per acre with the balance spread over several years. So keen was the demand for land that in all the firm's transactions the only money actually used was the first payment, as the tracts were always sold before any further payments came due.

There was of course a lot of work involved and most of the field work was done by Zack, who made many a long journey and slept many a night on the hard and unfriendly prairie. He had a number of adventures on these expeditions and I think enjoyed every one of them.

On one occasion he took a party of bankers from Fargo, North Dakota, into the unsettled country west of the South Branch of the Saskatchewan River to examine a tract of ten thousand acres just before freeze-up. The only way of crossing the River was by means of a cable ferry. When the outward crossing was made there was ice along the shores and the Ferryman told them they had better hurry back before the ferry closed for the winter or they would have to go about a hundred miles out of their way to reach the railway bridge at Saskatoon.

Automobiles were not yet in general use on the prairies and the party was conveyed in a couple of democrats, each drawn by a good team of horses. It took the best part of

a week to examine the land, and each day was progressively colder than the other. They did not sleep out, but were able to find shelter in the shacks of the few homesteaders who had already adventured into the region.

It was in the dark of a cold and wintry morning when they reached the river bank on their return journey to find a thin skin of ice on the main channel and much heavier covering on the water nearer the shore. When they had crossed in the first place, Zack had asked the ferryman to be on the outlook for them on their return, and had told him that if he were not in sight he would fire his gun to summon him.

There was a nasty cold wind blowing and men and horses were quite uncomfortable as they huddled by the river bank waiting for the ferry. Several shots were fired without eliciting any response. Then, as a grey daylight came in, they saw the ferry commence its slow passage of the river which, encumbered by ice, seemed to be difficult to navigate. However, a landing was made, and the travellers had quite a job to get their horses aboard. They were cold and uneasy and seemed to regard the queer looking ferry with considerable aversion. Probably they had more sense than the voyageurs.

The ferryman informed the travellers that they were all taking a chance with the river—if it were not for the high opinion he had of my husband and the other wayfarers he would not have risked his own life and ferry in making the crossing. Everyone, including the reluctant horses was eventually loaded on the craft and the return voyage commenced. It was slow work. It had frozen hard during the night and cakes of ice were floating in the current and, whenever they were out of the wind, congealing in a solid mass. When the ferry was about in the middle of the stream something broke; the cable started to run out from the drum, and it was evident that if it became completely unwound the ferry would lie out in the middle of the river, and if the passengers were not drowned in the ensuing wreck they would be frozen in. The bankers were alarmed and their fear seemed to spread to the horses. They snorted and stamped and appeared to be making preparations to plunge into the river with the vehicles to which they were attached. At the moment when the cable was near its end, a man named Otis pulled off a pair of buckskin gauntlets and thrust them into the gearing that controlled the cable and thus stopped the run. The ferry hung uncertainly in the River current in what, Zack said was one of the most uncomfortable situations of his life. Some slack of the arrested cable was gathered up and

fastened to a post on the ferry and thus they remained for most of that miserable day, blown upon by a bitter north wind; battered by cakes of ice and expecting every moment to be cast into grey and menacing water. In the meantime quite a crowd had gathered on the far bank. They tried shouting directions, but they were too far away to be heard. Zack said that the leading banker of the party cursed Canada, its people, its land and its climate with a ferocious fluency that he had never heard equalled.

It was almost night when cakes of ice formed a dam that left some open water, enabling a boat to reach the castaways. A cable was brought off and firmly fastened to the ferry; the end was taken ashore and two teams of horses attached to it. After some strenuous attempts they succeeded in pulling the craft to the shore.

The ferryman kept a store of sorts in his house. Among other things, as was usual at the time, there was a shelf devoted to patent medicines, and the bankers ransacked it to find if there was anything among the drugs that would restore warmth to their shivering bodies. They made a concoction of several bottles of Perry Davis Pain Killer, then a hot and popular remedy for almost every human ailment, some Collis Browne's Chlorodyne and a few shots of extract of lemon. Mixing these ingredients with hot water and sugar they took copious draughts of it. It seemed to warm them up if it did nothing else.

In spite of their somewhat harrowing experience the bankers bought the land and made a good deal of money out of its resale.

CHAPTER XVII

PROVINCIAL ESTABLISHMENT — A POLITICAL MILESTONE — AN OCEAN TRAGEDY — MEN GREAT AT THE COUNCIL BOARD—RICHARD BEDFORD BENNETT—A HARD-FOUGHT ELECTION — SIR FREDERICK HAULTAIN AND HIS TIMES.

1905 was the year of the Provincial Establishment and it marked a change in the life of the Great Plains so remarkable that it requires the balanced perspective of the historian to estimate its true significance. The wilderness was emerging from the immemorial shadows of time, and quickening to what we, for want of a better definition, call "modern civilization". The last creaking caravan of native hunters had passed over the hill on the trail from which there is no returning; the buffalo herds, that within the memory of the pioneer blackened the prairie pastures, had thundered away on the last stampede, and the war shouts of contending Indian tribes no longer evoked the echo of hill or valley. The rifle and lariat of the plainsman had been discarded for the homely implements of husbandry; the stubborn prairie sod was falling away in long black waves from the breaking plough of the settler and towns and cities were rising where the native hunter had wandered. The North West, wearing with some awkwardness its new-cut garments, was stepping forward to take its place among the provinces of the Canadian confederation.

In previous pages we have said little about things political, not because the subject was unimportant, but because matters that might be controversial have little place in our simple narrative. Nevertheless it would be a manifest omission to pass by in silence the men who piloted the country through its formative years, or to ignore their influence on the life of the period.

The North West Territories Act of 1875 provided for the appointment of a Lieutenant-Governor and an advisory council of six to administer the local affairs of the territory that stretched westward from the Manitoba boundary to the Rocky Mountains, and northward from the American Line to the unknown silences of the Arctic.

At first there was nothing democratic about the Council. Its members were appointed by the Dominion Government, and in no electoral sense represented the will of the people. Provision, however, was made for future responsible representation. An area of one thousand square miles, containing not less than a thousand inhabitants other

than Indians, could be proclaimed a constituency and send an elected member to Council. When the members thus elected should reach the number of twenty-one, the Council was to become a legislative assembly.

It was not until November, 1876, that Hon. David Laird of Prince Edward Island, Minister of the Interior in the Dominion Cabinet, was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territories, and his Council appointed.

The seat of Government was first fixed at the junction of the North Saskatchewan and the stream known to the natives as the Battle or Fighting River. It was from the latter designation that the name Battleford was evolved. The situation was a beautiful and convenient one. Arrangements were made to erect the necessary Government buildings there. Pending their completion, Governor Laird and his Council held their first session at a place that had been prepared for the western headquarters of the North West Mounted Police but had been abandoned as unsuitable for that purpose. Fort Livingstone was not far from the important Hudson's Bay post of Fort Pelly on the Swan River.

In 1877 the move was made to Battleford. In 1881, Mr. Laird was succeeded as Lieutenant-Governor by Hon. Edgar Dewdney.

In 1882, it was decided that the Capital had to be on the main line of the transcontinental railway and the following year the plant and machinery of Territorial Government was moved to Regina.

In 1883, when the first session was held in the new location, a number of elected members appeared at the Council board. During succeeding years the appointed members gradually disappeared and the Council took on the aspect of a legislative assembly.

When the sparse population of the Territories is considered, the quality of the men called to Council appears remarkable. Dominion party politics found no place in Territorial Governmental affairs. The members of the Executive Council, which took on the aspect of a local administration, and the ordinary members of the House devoted themselves with singleness of purpose to the business of government and the solution of the problems that confronted the people.

From a conflict that developed in the early nineties of last century, between an arbitrary Lieutenant-Governor and the Assembly, two men emerged whose names will always be associated with the evolution of responsible

government in the Prairie region. They were F. W. G. Haultain and James Hamilton Ross. Mr. Haultain was Chairman of the Executive Council, a position that corresponded to that of Premier, while Mr. Ross was his chief lieutenant.

No prairie chronicle can be even approximately complete without giving honoured place to these two men who with courage, foresight and steadfastness, dry-nursed the country through its political childhood, and injected such a decent British spirit into all their works that scandal never breathed upon them, and their administration was as clean and wholesome as the prairie air.

Mr. Haultain was then in the prime of his early manhood, able and vigorous, possessed of an excellent education, a sound lawyer and a finished and logical speaker. Although his life from infancy had been in Canada, his characteristics were essentially English. He graduated in law at Toronto in 1882, and in 1884 went to MacLeod in the Provisional District of Alberta to practise his profession.

MacLeod was then the ranching metropolis of the North West. Herds of cattle, wild as buffalo, grazed summer and winter on the fenceless foothill pastures, and the people of the region were the men of the "open range", who furnished many a colourful page in frontier history. They elected Mr. Haultain to represent them at Regina in 1887, and he was returned for the constituency at each succeeding election until Provincial Establishment in 1905. For nearly fifteen years, his was the hand that guided the North West through many a difficult period.

J. H. Ross, Mr. Haultain's colleague, belonged to the Scottish Highland race that has made so many contributions to the life of Canada. He came West from London in Ontario and, in the late seventies, was "driving dogs" on Lake Winnipeg. In 1882, he reached Moose Jaw, and was one of the earliest ranchers in the Qu'Appelle Valley. He was the first elected member of the North West Council for the Moose Jaw district. In 1887, when Federal representation was granted, he contested the constituency of Western Assiniboia against the redoubtable Nicholas Flood Davin, and although defeated, gave a very good account of himself. After his defeat in the Federal field he went back to the Territorial Assembly.

Early in his political life Mr. Ross had married Barbara Mackay, the acknowledged belle of Moose Jaw, and their marriage was regarded as the union of the two most popular young people of the district. Their life together was ideal, and he found rest and relaxation from an exacting public life with his family.

After long and faithful service in the Government of the Territories, in 1901 he accepted the office of Commissioner of the Yukon. There had been talk of corruption in high places there. The population of the northern El Dorado contained a wild and turbulent element (often found in a gold rush); a strong hand was needed, and Mr. Ross went to a man's job. His influence was at once apparent. Difficulties were straightened out, injustice righted, and it was felt that an able and righteous administrator had come to judgment.

He had left Mrs. Ross in Regina and during the summer, when travel in northern waters was at its best, she joined him in Dawson City with her baby of a few months. Residential quarters had been secured, and after a short sojourn in the Yukon metropolis, Mrs. Ross started on her return to Vancouver to purchase the necessary plenishings for her new home.

No one will ever know what happened. The *Islander*, a well-found steamer of the Canadian Pacific Coastal Service, was ploughing its way through calm waters in the velvet hush of a summer night, when it struck some hidden obstruction and went down.

A survivor saw Mrs. Ross with her baby in her arms running up the sloping deck as the vessel reared for its final plunge. She wore no life belt and the eye-witness saw some unknown hero remove his life preserver and adjust it on her body. Both mother and child perished. Mrs. Ross' body was found with the dead infant still clasped to her breast. They were buried in Ross Bay in Victoria, one of the most beautiful sanctuaries of the dead in the Dominion.

To Mr. Ross the blow was a fearful one. His appearance changed in a few days from a vigorous and robust man to one upon whom grief had set its signet. He was needed at his post and he turned away from his wife's grave to resume his duty. He was stricken by illness nearly mortal, and his two sons, recently bereft of one parent, were summoned to what seemed the death bed of the other. But a strong constitution and resolute will prevailed, and he slowly recovered. He was the first Federal member for the Yukon Territory and was afterwards appointed a Senator of Canada.

Years later when we were living in Victoria, B.C., Mr. Ross, accompanied by Hon. Walter Scott, then Premier of Saskatchewan, came to visit us. It was characteristic of these two men that the ostensible object of their visit was to bring us news of my people and the Hamilton family whom they had seen before leaving Saskatchewan. Mr. Scott, who was not in good health, was preparing to leave

for England to attend the Coronation of George V. After lunch while I was talking to Mr. Ross, Scott took my husband aside and said:

"Zack, will you do something for me? Mr. Ross wants to visit his wife's grave; I am not equal to it; will you go with him?"

My husband agreed and they spent the afternoon together in that quiet spot. He never quite recovered from the shock of his wife's death, and when he died was laid beside her.

When the Assembly was in session, the queer old building on Dewdney Avenue housed within its restricted walls men who would have been great at any council board. Haultain was easily the most commanding figure. He was a splendid parliamentarian and, although he never cultivated the art of pleasing the multitude, could on occasion reach heights of restrained eloquence. There was an honesty and sincerity about every utterance that arrested attention. His exposition of a subject was clarity itself and his diction polished and scholarly. He was fair to those who differed with him, and never indulged in the flouts and jeers too common in Canadian public life although, when roused, he was a master of the satire that

"Should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen".

Mr. Ross was of an entirely different type. He was a man of great natural gifts whose wide human sympathy, knowledge of people and conditions, and political insight amounting almost to genius, furnished a valuable element in the Government. These two men made an ideal combination.

Hugh Cayley, a brilliant young lawyer and journalist from Calgary, was Mr. Haultain's chief critic, and nearly as able a parliamentarian as the Premier himself. A verbal duel between these two young men was an event long to be remembered.

Frank Oliver of Edmonton was another man who lent strength and colour to the House. In his early political career, he was inclined to be radical and given to picturesque and, on occasion, somewhat profane speech. He left Territorial politics in 1896 to enter the Federal arena and, in later years, was Minister of the Interior in the Laurier Administration.

Thomas MacKay of Prince Albert, of the notable MacKay family, was the advocate of the native people. As a young man he had hunted buffalo on the Plains, served the Hudson's Bay Company with intelligence and

fidelity and, during the Rebellion of 1885, risked his life to mediate between the Government and the insurgents. He was a big burly man with a coal black beard, and his clear resonant voice had the sibilance inherited from Gaelic-speaking ancestors. He had a natural gift of graphic and expressive speech, and there was an atmosphere of sturdy rectitude about him that gave strength and dignity to his discussion of a subject.

C. A. Magrath, who for some time was a member of the Haultain Administration, played a leading part in the early settlement and development of southern Alberta. An able engineer, he was the father of irrigation on the southern Prairies, and mainly responsible for settling portions of the district with Mormons from Utah who, with their knowledge of irrigation and frontier conditions, furnished a valuable element in the life of the foothill country. In later years he was the Chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission and, during the first Great War, was Canadian Fuel Controller.

D. H. McDonald of Fort Qu'Appelle, member of a dominant Hudson's Bay family, was Leader of the Opposition during the closing years of the nineteenth century. He was a banker, a keen and successful business man, and one of the only two Canadians associated with the successful Saskatchewan Valley Land project.

Arthur Sifton, who for a time was Commissioner of Public Works in the Territorial Executive, belonged to a family important in Canadian public life, and some competent observers have declared him the ablest of his clan. He was a dark and saturnine-appearing individual, and I think it was R. B. Bennett who once said that he reminded him of Mephistopheles in *Faust*. He was utterly indifferent to criticism, and never rose in the House unless he had something important to say. He was a capable and constructive legislator and a good debater, although by no means pleasing to his listeners, owing to the rather harsh and rasping quality of his voice. After leaving the Territorial Government, he was successively Chief Justice of Alberta, Premier of that province and a member of Canada's wartime Cabinet.

R. S. Lake was another member who gave consistent support to the Haultain administration. He belonged to one of those British families that seem to inherit an instinct for public service. His father had been a Colonel in the army, and his brother, Sir Percy Lake, was a soldier of distinction who during the first Great War played an important role in the Mesopotamia campaign. Mr. Lake's associate in the Assembly was A. E. Cross, whose great

cattle herds wandered the foothill ranges, and who was connected with a large brewing industry in Calgary. I remember Dr. Patrick of Yorkton referring to these two men as fine examples of the old Latin proverb: *Mens Sana, in corpore sano*. Mr. Lake was subsequently elected to the Dominion House, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan, and received the honour of Knighthood.

Dr. Brett, later Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, was a prime favourite with all the members. He was at one time the head of a Territorial Administration, but was defeated in the House. The Lieutenant-Governor refused at first to relieve him of office because it was said he enjoyed close association with the genial doctor and appreciated his good stories. However, not having a majority, Dr. Brett could get no supplies, and stories or no stories, the Governor was eventually forced to accept his resignation. He was for a time Leader of the Opposition, but his criticism was so kindly and good-natured that it never aroused the hostility of those against whom it was directed. In private life Dr. Brett was a distinguished physician and was one of the founders of the Manitoba Medical College. He lived at Banff where he conducted an institution that was partly a sanitarium and partly a pleasure resort.

It was in the Territorial Legislature at Regina that Richard Bedford Bennett served his apprenticeship to public life. He "hit the Assembly in 1898" — to quote one of Bob Edwards' expressions — "like a rocket out of Calgary", and shattered the Legislative calm in a series of verbal coruscations. He wore beautiful vesture, that flashed like shining armour amid the sober utilitarian garments of his fellow members. He came to battle like a crusader and when he found no Saracens to slay, did not hesitate to couch his lance at any stray windmills that appeared upon the landscape. He instantly recognized Mr. Haultain as the foreman most "worthy of his steel" and assailed him with volleys of declamation and arraignment that would have floored most men, but only aroused curiosity and amusement in the Territorial Premier, whose cool and incisive argument and sardonic humour gave him complete mastery over the hurricane attacks of the young man from Calgary.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bennett was a useful member. He scrutinized legislation with acumen and understanding and when the question of provincial autonomy overshadowed lesser matters he gave Mr. Haultain's policy powerful support. There were many others, but those mentioned will serve as examples of the quality of the members of

the North West Legislature in the days prior to provincial establishment.

Under the guidance of Mr. Haultain and Mr. Ross, the country slowly and surely developed its political institutions. The growing needs of the lusty young country were very great, and there were few precedents to guide. Legislation was carefully prepared and enacted; equitable forms of taxation evolved; problems met and solved and an educational system said to have been one of the best in the Dominion inaugurated. While all Canada was agitated by the "Manitoba School Question" Separate Schools were operating in the North West Territories with such frictionless efficiency that they were causing scarcely any comment.

The decade from 1885 to 1895, for the most part, was one of famine. There were only two seasons when the harvests were normal and during several drought-stricken years the crops failed completely. There was little money in the country, and the pioneers suffered accordingly. Under those conditions the responsibilities of the local government were very heavy. Nevertheless, Premier Haultain and his colleagues were equal to every situation, and so conducted themselves that as each election was fought it found them firmly entrenched behind increased majorities. Seldom in the history of Canada has a similar government enjoyed more fully the confidence of the people.

The famine cycle ended in 1895. Queen Victoria's birthday of that year came in with heavy showers and it continued to rain with only very occasional dry intervals for thirty-four years. The crops were amazing; new areas were being brought under cultivation; immigration was increasing the population, and the demand for governmental and municipal services was nearly overwhelming. Tremendous prairie spaces had to be served by trail and roadway; swift and turbulent rivers and streams had to be bridged; hundreds of miles of "corduroy" had to be thrown across the quaking surface of muskeg and morass; the maintenance of an adequate educational system entailed heavy expenses upon the government of a still sparsely settled country, and provision had to be made for many other services.

It was not a time of spectacular Territorial policies; rather of exacting responsible governmental labour. How it was ever accomplished with the limited funds available will remain the wonder of the historian. On being questioned in the Legislature about his policy, Mr. Haultain said: "This Government is neither Liberal nor Conserva-

tive; it is devoted solely to the service of the people of the North West Territories. Read our statute books and you will find our policy written there."

As the century drew to its close, it was apparent that provincial establishment could not long be delayed. A Territorial legislature had neither the authority nor the resources to deal with the many problems arising from the wave of immigration that was commencing to flow into the country and the new interests developing.

Premier Haultain had very definite ideas of the terms upon which the Territories should attain provincial status. As early as 1898, he outlined in the Legislature the position of his Government in respect to that important question, and served notice on the Federal authorities that, when the North West Territories became a province or provinces, they must receive the same treatment as the original members of the Canadian confederation family.

After a great deal of discussion, in February, 1905, the Autonomy Acts were introduced at Ottawa providing for the establishment of the two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

It is neither our scope nor our intention to deal with the bitter controversy that developed between Mr. Haultain's Government and the leaders of the Liberal party then in power at Ottawa upon this constitutional question that was to involve the country in political and factional strife for many years. Mr. Haultain in the Legislature and from the public platform strenuously opposed certain clauses of the Autonomy Acts as unconstitutional and, although at the previous Territorial election every member of the Legislature had been elected to support his provincial autonomy policy, the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. A. E. Forget, called upon Walter Scott, the Leader of the Federal Liberal party in the Territories to form the first Saskatchewan Provincial Government. Mr. Scott had never been a member of the local House, although he had represented Western Assiniboia in the Dominion Parliament.

As the Territorial Assembly had automatically gone out of business on the Autonomy Acts becoming effective in September, 1905, a provincial election was necessary, and Haultain prepared to vindicate his policy before the people.

Despite the fact that he had resolutely set his face against the introduction of party lines in the Assembly, he inclined to the Conservative side in Federal politics, and several of his colleagues were strong Liberals. Indeed Mr. Ross, who had stood by his side in many a battle, was one of the most influential Liberals in the West. Before the provincial question became acute, however, Ross had

resigned to become Commissioner of the Yukon, and later, certain other of Mr. Haultain's Liberal supporters in the Assembly fell away from him owing to his opposition to the Autonomy legislation enacted by the Laurier Government.

The Haultain party was defeated at the first provincial election, after one of the bitterest political battles ever waged in Canada.

The Government of Sir Wilfred Laurier has been severely criticized for not instructing the Lieutenant-Governor to summon Mr. Haultain to form the first provincial government, and for choosing a man who had never sat in the Legislature in his place; but it must be remembered that the Territorial Premier had severely attacked certain provisions of the Autonomy Acts, and it is unlikely that any Government in power in Canada at that time, whether Liberal or Conservative, if faced with a similar situation, would have acted otherwise.

For seven years Mr. Haultain sat in the Provincial Legislature as Leader of the Opposition, and criticized Legislation with such constructive skill that many of the statutes in force today bear the evidences of his influence. In 1912 he was appointed to the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal and for many years was Chief Justice of the province. He was knighted for his distinguished public services, and in 1938 retired, with health and faculties unimpaired, to spend in rest and relaxation the evening of a long and useful life, more than half a century of which had been devoted to the service of the people of this western land. He died in Montreal in February, 1942, in his eighty-fifth year.

The constitutional struggle which arose over the terms of the Autonomy Acts will be a matter of deep interest to the future historian, but the events are too recent and party feeling still too high to allow them yet to be considered with the cold detachment necessary for an impartial chronicle.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

And now my tale is told. I have travelled far along the old prairie trails, and provincial establishment marks the end of our wanderings.

The first decade of the present century witnessed an agrarian invasion that completely changed the western scene. Its only parallel on this continent was the American movement west of the Mississippi following the Civil War,



MARIE ALBINA HAMILTON.
(Mrs. Z. M. Hamilton)
1905.

and in some respects the Canadian rush to the land was more significant.

In 1903 I travelled with my brother from Moose Jaw to Willow Bunch, and for eighty miles saw no human sign. In 1915, I saw the same region from the windows of a railway coach. Much of the land was under cultivation. Farm homes and buildings dominated the plain; and half a hundred little towns had come into being. It seemed as if the prairies had been transformed overnight into a landscape of fenced and bounded fields. The cowboy cavalier, that we used to meet on the trail, in all his brave habiliments, had given place to the overalled farmer driving his wheat to market from the spring seat of a brightly painted wagon.

Many Métis families retreated before the inexorable advance of settlement, north beyond the River where the stubborn forest defied the plough of the settler and where elk, moose and wolves still lingered. The smoke of the new-built cities and towns darkened the prairie air. The plains and hills and valleys were still as of old; but nothing else was the same.

And so it seems fitting that I should end my simple chronicle here. More than forty years have passed since

provincial establishment. It has been a period of epic achievement, and there is much to tell; but that belongs to another epoch, and I may well leave its narration to abler pens.

I am of the old West and have many a regret at its passing. In memory I can still feel the acrid tang of the prairie fire in my nostrils as it roars down the hillside; hear the thunder of hooves as the horse herd sweep tumultuous through the valley; watch the graceful antelope merge into the prairie haze, or listen to the clang of the wild geese as the squadrons cleave the upper air. And out of the shadows of other years come well-remembered faces—Legaré, Father Hugonard, Père Lacombe, Davin, the great MacKays, Bob Edwards and many others. I can hear the very inflection of those long-silent voices as if they had just spoken. Neither time nor change can erase these memories.

If I have aroused some interest in events and scenes of other days, perhaps a useful purpose has been served. If I have helped to rescue some of the pioneers from the oblivion into which their memory was cast during the hurry of the changing years, I am more than content.

THE END

USA



401000609018

Shortt Library of Canadiana

